

CURRENT OPINION



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OThe Personal Leadership of Woodrow Wilson. N President Wilson's leadership more than anything else depends the future of politics and the alinement of parties." That is the view of A. Murice Low, writing in *Harper's Weekly*. It is the view of Colonel Watterson, writing in the *Louisville Courier-Journal*. Judging from the utterances of the press during the last month it is the view of practically all the newspapers of America. The one political topic of absorbing interest seems just now to be the amount of influence President Wilson is going to have on this administration. So far the personal note has entirely overshadowed the policies of the administration. The new tariff schedule is made public and the question of its industrial effect is subordinated to the question how far the President has gone personally in shaping it and will go in securing its passage. Japan, China and Mexico are giving our state department interesting matters of foreign policy to consider, but the foreign policy itself is treated as of less importance than the relations of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan in dealing with it. The President delivers his first message to Congress and the method he adopts for its delivery—in person—takes precedence in the ensuing discussion over anything the message contains. The engrossing question at this time is, How effective is President Wilson going to be as a leader? It was a Republican paper—the *Boston Transcript*—that exclaimed last month: "The President already has assumed such a grip on men and

things in Washington that no one would be surprised or alarmed to see him march up to the Capitol and use his official room therein like a managing director. When the idea was first exploited the Washington populace shrieked and then blew up; now Washington is prepared to see the President do anything and vote it 'a perfectly natural and proper thing for him to do.'"

Sixteen Ways of Smashing Precedents.

A LONG LIST of specifications was compiled by the *Chicago Record-Herald*, two weeks after the inauguration, showing sixteen different ways in which the new President had already smashed precedents. No office-seekers will be seen by him unless invited. Intoxicating drinks are banished from the White House. (Vice-President Marshall, Secretary Bryan and several other Cabinet officials have followed suit.) Reporters are permitted to quote the President directly in future interviews. Cabinet meetings will be held only when there is something to discuss. The President's aid is to dress in civilian attire. Proceedings of Cabinet meetings will be made public. When the President goes to the theater he will go as anybody else goes and buy his tickets; his box will not be adorned and the national anthem will not herald his arrival. On Sunday the White House is to be closed to the public and the Wilson family will, as heretofore, have a cold Presbyterian supper! When he goes to church he does not send out advance announcements and if he sees a crowd at the church en-

trance he will go elsewhere. And so forth and so forth, even down to the momentous fact that he shaves himself. Yet in this record-breaking course he has been singularly free of adverse criticism. Even the banishment of intoxicating drinks from the White House, which in the Hayes administration made many doubtful of the fate of the republic, has caused hardly a ripple of excitement. Even the *Louisville Courier-Journal* commends this, saying: "Nothing could be more truly representative of American society in the broader sense than a dinner without 'drinks.'" And the *Baltimore Sun*, a month after the new President entered the White House, feels justified in saying: "Fifty million or more critics have been watching him during that month and some of them, at least, have been ready to magnify any error or fault that appeared. Yet it is the simple truth to say that altho Woodrow Wilson has introduced several innovations, tho he has proved himself both industrious and aggressive, tho he has tackled big problems as well as small, he has yet to make his first blunder."

President Wilson and the Progressives.

THE leadership of President Wilson will be tested chiefly in three ways: his relation with his own party in Congress; his relation with his own Cabinet officials, especially Mr. Bryan; his relations with the Progressives, in and out of Congress. Taking up the last point first, it appears that the President has so far made very distinct headway in winning favor. The fact that Senator La Follette has been

invited to the White House in consultation about Wisconsin appointments is significant, as is also the following statement by the Senator in his weekly paper: "It is no time for trifling or playing politics, or trying to put the Wilson administration in a hole. It is no time for the Roosevelt-Perkins party or the Republican party to maneuver for 1916." Senator La Follette does not, of course, speak for the Progressive Party. But the tone of the journals of that party is also increasingly cordial. Mr. Munsey, writing in *Munsey's Magazine* last month, declares that if the Progressives were now to disband, at least three out of four would go to the Democratic Party. Nothing is clearer, he thinks, than that the new administration is to be progressive: "The chances are that the ground of the Progressive Party will be well covered by the Democrats under Wilson's and Bryan's leadership, and that the Democrats will even sweep far over into the territory of utter radicalism." The *Lewiston (Me.) Journal*, a Progressive Party paper, is equally candid. It concludes a laudatory editorial in the following words: "It is enough to say that if President Wilson continues to embody the common sense of business and of political honor in his administration, the Wilson administration will be written in history with that approval which over four millions of American voters gave on November 5 to the splendid administration of Theodore Roosevelt."

Relations Between Mr. Bryan and the President.

AS for the relations between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan, there are conflicting accounts. Nothing decisive has transpired, but there is evidently much apprehension on one side and hope on the other that something will soon transpire. But all the intimations, from whichever side they come, are to the effect that President Wilson is unquestionably master in the state department, as well as in the other departments. The Washington correspondent of the *New York Tribune* has a long letter on the subject. When the ambassadorship to Great Britain was offered to Richard Olney, a Cleveland Democrat, it was done, we are told, without Mr. Bryan's approval. The statement regarding our relations with South American and Central American countries was written by Mr. Wilson's own pen and issued by him without any reference to the Secretary of State. The attitude of this government toward the six-power loan to China was a matter initiated by the bankers through



THE NEW COCKTAIL

PRESIDENT WILSON (examining American Eagle's tongue). "My poor bird! What have they been doing to you? What you want is a good stiff Leave-It-To-Woodrow!"

—London Punch.

Mr. Bryan; but it was taken out of Mr. Bryan's hands and the conclusion was reached and announced while he was absent in the West. While he was still absent the ambassadorship to Great Britain was offered to Mr. Page and twenty-four hours after Mr. Page informed the newspaper men of the offer and his acceptance, Mr. Bryan denied knowledge of the fact. The recognition of the Chinese republic and Japan's protest against pending legislation in California are other matters which the President, it is asserted, has taken out of Mr. Bryan's hands. Says the *Tribune* correspondent:

"Since Mr. Bryan has been Secretary of State President Wilson has consciously or unconsciously pursued a course which has seemed strikingly to demonstrate that he shares the editorial opinion—somewhat unfortunately expressed in the light of subsequent events—of Walter H. Page, now chosen to be the Ambassador to Great Britain, who declared in his review of the Wilson Cabinet:

"The State portfolio the President must himself hold whenever important foreign questions come up."

President Wilson Already Charged with Usurpation.

BUT if any doubt remained of President Wilson's purpose to be an aggressive leader, his methods of impressing upon Congress his views concerning tariff revision have removed it. "When President Wilson in person delivered his message to Congress," says the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*,

"he removed all doubt as to his determination to be the personal leader." He followed this up by going a few days later to the "President's room" in the Capitol to confer with members of the Senate finance committee on the tariff. It was stated in the Democratic caucus of the House, a few days later still, by the floor leader, Mr. Underwood, that the two most sensational features of the new tariff bill were inserted at the urgent request of the President—free wool and free raw sugar. "No President," says the *New York Herald*, for once abandoning the tone of neutrality on its editorial page, "has ever contemplated such a course as is being followed by our Chief Magistrate, and no European ruler under existing constitutional conditions would venture to go so far." It declares that the tariff bill is not a bill of the Ways and Means Committee, but a bill "prepared in its final form by President Wilson on data supplied by Mr. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce." The members of Congress, it charges, have delegated their authority to the President.

Wanted: a Tariff for Competition.

THE President's message, read by him before a joint session of the House and Senate, was a little less than ten minutes long. It was devoted entirely to the tariff, but it did not enter into particulars concerning rates. It arraigned the tariff policy of the past as having long ago "passed beyond the modest notion of 'protecting' the industries of the country and moved boldly forward to the idea that they were entitled to the direct patronage of the government." Said the President:

"Consciously or unconsciously, we have built up a set of privileges and exemptions from competition, behind which it was easy by any, even the crudest forms of combination, to organize monopoly; until at last nothing is normal, nothing is obliged to stand the tests of efficiency and economy in our world of big business, but everything thrives by concerted arrangement. Only new principles of action will save us from a final hard crystallization of monopoly and a complete loss of the influences that quicken enterprise and keep independent energy alive."

The object of tariffs henceforth must be, said the President, "effective competition, the whetting of American wits by contest with the wits of the rest of the world." But we must not move toward that object with reckless haste. "It does not alter a thing to upset it

and break it and deprive it of a chance to change; it destroys it."

The President's Direct
Contact with Congress.

THE content of this message or address meant far less, the Springfield *Republican* thinks, than the President's presence in the House of Representatives. It made real his contact with Congress as man to man. There was no ceremony, no display of anything but an earnest purpose and the desire to use the most direct method of accomplishing it. The New York *Evening Post* sees in his course the first in a long series of steps. His act was symbolic. He plans to go to Congress again and again "as an earnest of his desire and determination to cooperate actively with Congress in the enactment of laws." Justification for the method, the *Post* thinks, will lie in its success. There lurks behind such a course a great risk as well as a tempting possibility of achievement. The N. Y. *Tribune* sees in this action of the President a chance of bringing the President and his Cabinet into closer touch with Congress and expresses the hope that the precedent thus established will be maintained. Another Republican paper, the Boston *Transcript*, hopes that our Governors will pattern after the President and deal with equal directness with their legislatures. The Chicago *Tribune* thinks the President's course dignified, wholesome and effective. The Indianapolis *News* also finds that course "far more

dignified than to send the message by a nameless messenger and have it read by the reading clerk." But William Randolph Hearst, in a long statement over his own name, attacks the President both on the nature of his tariff policy and on the way he has chosen for the delivery of his message.

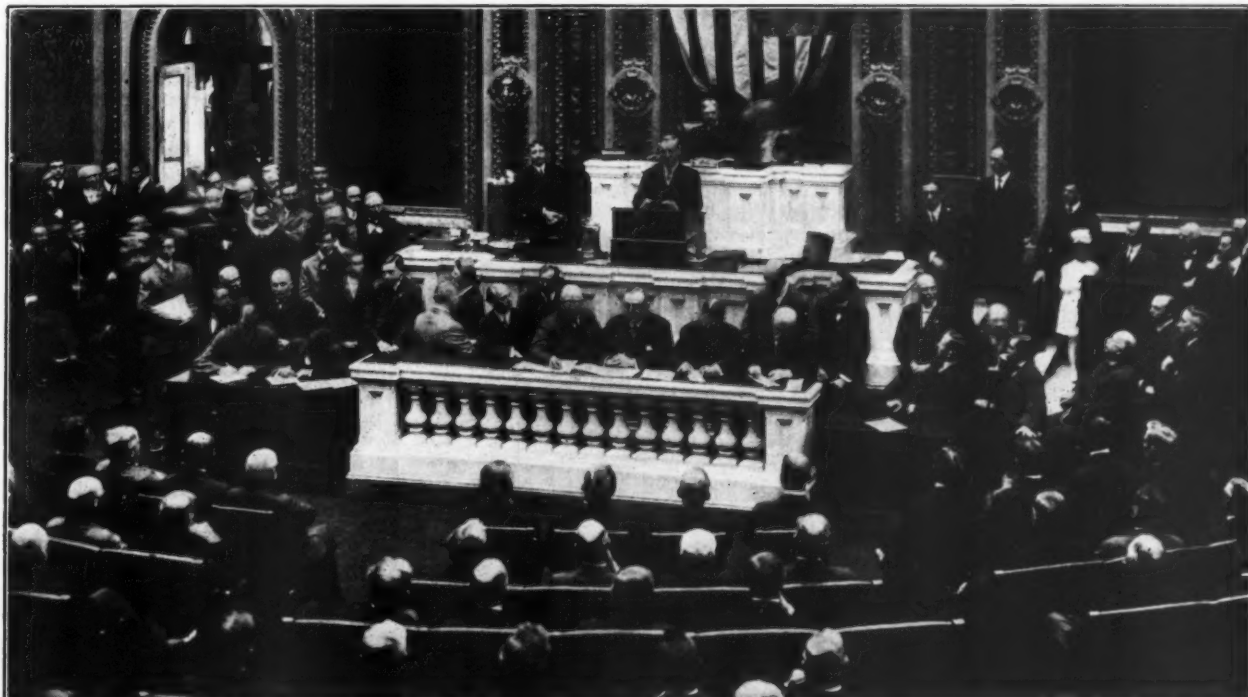
The Underwood Tariff
Running the Gauntlet.

TWO bulky documents constitute the deliverance of the Ways and Means Committee on the tariff question. One of them is the proposed bill, which consists of 218 printed pages treating of about 4,000 items. The other document is a tariff handbook of 816 pages, with explanations, historical data, comparative statistics, etc. Last month the bill ran its first gauntlet—in the Democratic caucus—and came forth with practically no mutilation. The next gauntlet is in the House of Representatives. As the Democrats have a majority of about 150, it will require a secession of about seventy-five to defeat the bill. No one expects any such secession. There is little doubt of a speedy passage through the House. Then comes the third gauntlet—in the Senate. Here there is every chance of a scrimmage. The Democrats, with a scant majority of five, cannot stand more than two defections from their ranks unless they gain recruits from the Republicans or the Progressives. The fourth gauntlet will be the joint conference committee. By the time this committee has finished, it is always a wise tariff bill that knows its own

father. The two sensational provisions of the bill are those for free wool at once and free sugar at the end of three years. Both these provisions have been inserted at the insistent request of President Wilson. Wool has been known as "the bloody angle" in a tariff battle and it is likely to keep this reputation in the coming contest. But there are other important additions to the free list in this bill, such as lumber, steel rails, iron ore, fish, coal, leather, wood pulp, printing paper (valued at not more than 2½ cents a pound), potatoes, cream, wheat flour, and meats of all kinds.

The New Tariff and the
Farmers.

THE line of attack when the bill gets into the House is likely to be directed upon the treatment of the producers as distinguished from the manufacturers. Free sugar will hit the planters in the South and the beet-growers in the North. Free wool, of course, affects all farmers that keep sheep. Free fish will draw lamentations from New England and from some Pacific States. Free meats affect the farmers of various sections. "On the face of it," so runs the objection of the N. Y. *Press*, a Progressive paper and strong for protection, "the Democratic tariff bill demands that the farmer—the backbone of the country"—shall take in the pit of his stomach whatever force there shall be to the tariff revision kick." The bill proposes, the *Press* goes on to say, "to put the



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"AFTER THIS I SHALL FEEL ENTIRELY NORMAL IN OUR RELATIONS"

President Wilson's first message to Congress was an address nine minutes long, reviving a custom that fell into disuse 112 years ago, when Jefferson became President. This photograph was made as the President began his address. Behind him are the Vice-President and a blurred image of speaker Clark. On the benches before him, which have replaced the desks in the House, are the Senators (in the first two rows) and the members of the House.

American farmers, stripped naked of all tariff raiment, upon the sacrificial altars." The Fort Worth *Record* (Dem.) attacks the bill at the same point. Producers, it insists, should receive at least as much consideration as manufacturers. Their failure to get it, especially in the wool schedule, is "rank discrimination which can not be excused." Hearst's *Evening Journal* declares that free wool will compel the farmer to give up sheep-raising and as a result the price of mutton will go up thirty or fifty per cent. But the woollen manufacturers, on the other hand, view free wool with "unfeigned satisfaction," according to the Boston News Bureau. This is also the opinion of Frank S. Turnbull, vice-president of Rogers, Peet & Co., clothing manufacturers. "Ninety-nine per cent. of the wool manufacturers," he declares, "are agreed that free wool is the logical thing." In other words, the new tariff bill is likely to force a sharper division than heretofore between producers and manufacturers. When that happens, the doom of protection will be heard, according to its opponents. They have strived for years to effect just such a division.

The Real Tariff Battle Yet to Begin.

ON the whole the first reception which the press has given to the Underwood tariff is favorable. "In its larger aspects, in its spirit," says the Chicago *Evening Post* (Ind.), "it seems to us to meet honestly and courageously the promises upon which the President ran for office." That sentiment is repeated over and over again in the newspaper comment. The Chicago *Tribune* (Prog.) pronounces the bill "a moderate protectionist measure such as low-tariff Republicans would have indorsed and have been contending for for years." The Jacksonville (Fla.) *Times Union* (Dem.) calls it the first honest tariff reduction in fifty-six years." The Springfield *Republican* (Ind.) says, it is genuine downward revision without any trickery, humbug or breaking of faith; and the Democratic party must follow the President's leadership as indicated in this bill or perish. The Brooklyn *Eagle* (Ind.) regards the measure on the whole "sane and worthy of American statesmanship." But the impression we get from a perusal of the press in general is that the real battle over the bill has not yet begun. The heavy guns on each side are yet to be unlimbered, and the press utterances are as yet like the random fire of the skirmishers before the actual engagement begins. "We have certain big guns that have not yet been fired," says President Farwell, of the Louisiana Cane-Growers' Association; and he intimates that they will be held in reserve until the bill is before the Senate. The real test of President Wilson's fighting qualities is soon to come.

Mr. Morgan Dies of Nervous Prostration.

YEARS ago, some one termed J. Pierpont Morgan as not so much a man as an institution. Comment on Mr. Morgan's death, on March 31, in Rome, "from nervous prostration," indicates that this description is accepted almost literally. His passing is regarded as the end, practically, of a financial system. It is not so much a case of "the king is dead; long live the king," as, the king is dead; there will never be another. The extent to which this view prevails, in Wall street as well as in the country at large, is most significant, as is also the undisturbed condition of the stock market in face of the changes thought to be impending. That market, indeed, is not in the habit of going into mourning over the death of its princes, provided it has a little time to prepare for such an event. Jay Gould died and the market advanced. Harriman died and it did the same thing. Morgan died and the advance was repeated. "The stock market," one financial writer explains, "when apprehensive of an impending event, usually goes so far in preparing for it that when it occurs the market improves, on the theory that the worst that could be apprehended has happened and is known."

Morgan's Preeminence as a Financier.

EULOGIES of Mr. Morgan are abundant and are very generally couched in superlatives. It is evident that his massive figure has stirred the imagination of the country and has aroused the enthusiasm of men who are used to decrying all enthusiasm. Edward T. Stotesbury, head of the house of Drexel & Company, in Philadelphia, says that Mr. Morgan was "the greatest financier the world has ever known." James Seligman, the New York banker, goes a step farther. As quoted in the *Wall Street Journal*, he says that Mr. Morgan was "the greatest man this country ever had or the world has ever known." The N. Y. *Times* does not go that far, but it affirms that, in the field of finance, "he has been the greatest figure of the past and the present century," and it includes in this statement Europe as well as America. Ex-President Taft regards him as having been "without doubt the greatest financier that America has ever produced and certainly one of the impressive world-figures of his time." The New York *Evening Post*, not prone to excessive praise, refers to the many conflicting views to be found of Morgan's career, and then says: "What all agreed upon was the fact that a figure more masterful than the financial world had perhaps ever seen before had risen in the domain of American finance, and had stamped its own individuality on the

financial history of the period as no predecessor in that field had done."

Criticism of Mr. Morgan's Methods.

BUT the comments on Mr. Morgan are by no means devoid of criticism, tho they are singularly devoid, so far as we have seen, of asperity and invective. And the criticism is almost invariably directed at the system with which he was identified rather than at his qualities as a leader. The N. Y. *Journal of Commerce* notes, as the chief ground for criticism, his policy of promoting centralization in the operations not only of finance but of industry and trade, and the methods he pursued, which involved an over-expansion of capital and a disregard of the claims of others than those directly interested. In a period of rapid development he played the chief part in preventing chaos, and performed a lasting service; but there nevertheless was in his work "a sacrifice of important principles which concerned the general well-being." *Moody's Magazine*, another periodical of weight with financial men, declares that Mr. Morgan's successor, if he has one, which is unlikely, must be an entirely different type of man. It goes on to tell why: "For Mr. Morgan was, more than anything else, a product of his environment; and the Wall Street environment of the future is going to be decidedly changed as compared with that of the past. The era of Morgan—that period from the final close of the Civil War, down to within the past year or two—is completed history. Times, points of view, ideas and ideals have changed. The Trust Era in this country will not be repeated; at least not for a generation or more to come." Mr. Morgan, the same writer adds, was not a builder of industries or a creator of wealth or an innovator of new commercial or productive methods through which the sum total of the world's wealth is augmented. "His work, when compared with that of James Watt, who invented the steam engine, Arkwright, inventor of the spinning frame, or indeed with that of any of the great inventors, such as Eli Whitney, Elias Howe, Richard How or Edison, pales into insignificance."

The Day Has Gone for One-Man Leadership.

THERE can never be another Morgan, remarks the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, "for the conditions that called him to the kingship of financial America have passed." That note is struck over and over again. The *Outlook* calls him "a preeminent representative of what may be called the feudal system of American industry and finance"; and the great industrial problem of our day is to discover a way in which such feudalism may be abolished. "He was the last of his

line," says the *N. Y. World*. "Never again will conditions of government make it possible for any financier to bestride the country like a Colossus." He should be regarded, we are told, "as a link between the financial barbarism of the Gould-Fisk régime and the financial democracy which is the next great promise of the republic." To quote further from *The World*:

"A halt has already come in the business of exploitation. Even Mr. Morgan's power was rapidly waning as government came more and more to assert its sovereignty over plutocracy. The system which he built up with so much skill and effort is doomed to crumble. The Morgan empire is one that the satraps cannot govern and will not be permitted to govern. In time little will remain except the feeling of bewilderment that a self-ruling people should ever have allowed one man to wield so much power for good or evil over their prosperity and general welfare, however much ability and strength and genius that man possessed."

The *N. Y. Times* agrees that conditions have so changed that "Wall Street is beyond the need or the possibility of one-man leadership," and that Mr. Morgan will have no successor in the years to come.

The Place of Morgan in History.

WHEN we come to the comment of the more radical papers, the tone is not essentially different, tho there is less disposition evinced for hero-worship. The *Louisville Evening Post* resents the suggestion that Mr. Morgan will be ranked in history with Alexander Hamilton. With Mr. Morgan, it asserts, anything that related to government was only a means to an end. He "contributed nothing to a permanent adjustment of the country's finances," and "his fame may be expected to wane rapidly." The *N. Y. American* asserts also that he "did not possess the genius of invention nor of enterprise; he created no new industry; he discovered no new sources of wealth; he did not make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before,"—in short, "he did not do anything in business that others did not do before him, but he did some things on a larger scale than any others had done." The *N. Y. Call* gives us a Socialist view of the case:



THE UNMARRIED DAUGHTER OF J. PIERPONT MORGAN

Anne Morgan has for years been well and favorably known to the public for her active but unostentatious interest in civic and social movements. She is an especially careful student of upheavals such as the cloakmakers' strike and the trouble in Lawrence, Mass., where women are directly involved.

"The Morgan represented by the press was an allegory—almost a myth. It had no real existence. It was the substance of social wealth that was used to materialize the shadow-shape of Morgan, and the result was a caricature of capitalistic individualism, a dummy, furbished up to embody and symbolize vast social productive forces concentrated and concealed in the figure of a worn-out, senile and decrepit old man. That Morgan was no more the controller and director of those great social and industrial forces than the simple-minded old Pope is the director and controller of the great Catholic Church, or than the driveling, weak-minded, half-insane Czar is the real 'autocrat of all the Russias.' There was power there, not in the individual, but in the system that he typified. He passes; it remains."

Mr. Morgan, says *The Call*, will be remembered only for the part he unconsciously played in making Socialism realizable.

Morgan's Qualities as a Man.

BUT Mr. Morgan was a man before he was a financier. What were his qualities as a human being; what his value as an art collector; what the nature of his impulses as a

citizen and a social being? These sides of his nature come in for more or less comment, of which the following from *Life* is especially interesting:

"Nobody else, no other rich man, was at all in his class. Along with great powers of will and intellect, he had sentiment and affection and sporting blood. He even had religion; had it very strongly. He never ceased to be a man, or degenerated into a cash register. He loved life and lived it as fully as any man of his day; loved art, loved beauty, loved people. And he got back in kind, for there was more affection for him than for any other very rich man of his time. There was a friendly feeling about him that one might have about a great, powerful mastiff: expensive to feed, but handy when anything happens!"

Mr. Morgan was senior warden, for many years, of St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church. The former rector, Rev. Dr. Birckhead, pays tribute to him as follows:

"Mr. Morgan was not only the greatest man I ever knew, but the most enthusiastic American. His love for his country and his belief in its people and its institutions put many of us to shame, especially when we consider how well he knew the great European nations and how conspicuously he was honored by them and by their rulers. All the other countries of the world were of interest to him only so far as they helped to glorify our own country. He gathered their treasures for us, led their commerce to our shores, and sought personally to establish our good name in every court in Europe. And next to his own immediate family in his love and care came his church. While in New York he never missed a Sunday in his pew, and to his rector he gave unstintingly of his counsel and encouragement."

Dr. Birckhead adds—what will be news to many—that Mr. Morgan was extremely shy as well as reserved; and when he talked he never talked of himself or boasted of his own deeds. Bishop Greer speaks of him as a man of highest character, and also comments on the fact that he was most shy and modest.

Why Morgan Deserved to Go to Heaven.

TRIBUTES to Mr. Morgan as a benefactor are infrequent but enthusiastic. Jules S. Bache, the *N. Y.* banker, says he was much more than a financier; "he has been Amer-



"LOOKS JUST AS HIS FATHER LOOKED FORTY YEARS AGO"

J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr. (who is no longer junior but head of the family), is larger than his father was physically. He stands six feet two, with broad shoulders and deep chest. He is a hard worker, is less brusque and more suave than his father was, is patient, generous and popular. The question, Has he his father's genius? is yet to be answered.



THE EXPERT ON COMMERCIAL BANKING

Before William H. Porter became a Morgan partner he was president of the Chemical National Bank. He is said to be one of the greatest students of commercial banking in the world, and knows just what a thousand important concerns are doing and trying to do. He is a doctor of laws, an accomplished man in many ways, and belongs to many clubs.

ica's leading citizen, and no great movement of recent years has been undertaken without his cooperation. To mention the numerous crises when Mr. Morgan assumed charge of the measures for relief would be, to mention practically all such crises during the past thirty years." Edward E. McCall, chairman of the Public Service Commission, speaks in similar strain of his leadership "in every movement that tended to alleviate the suffering and to provide for the care and sustenance of those who are unable to care for themselves." "To all religious, educational and charitable institutions," says Marsden J. Perry, "his benefactions covering a lifetime have been enormous; but, what was more valuable, he gave of his own time and council. His work in this direction would have made him eminent among the philanthropists of all times." "In all probability," says Holland in the *Wall Street Journal*, "none but his family will ever know the magnificent aggregate of the money which he gave privately to friends who were in need, to lost causes and to forlorn hopes." The *N. Y. Evening Journal*—Hearst's paper—pays tribute to this side of Mr. Morgan's character. Referring to one of his New York benefactions, it says:

"He built a magnificent hospital for women pregnant, and in the greatest city of the richest country provided the only decent place where a child could be born and the mother cared for without money. If the real heaven that he hoped for exists, he will find there many mothers and babies to welcome him and thank him for saving them from pain and shame. Because of what he did for them, and in spite of what he did to others, it seems entirely probable that he is at this moment in that real heaven, if it exists."

Posterity Will Know
Morgan as an Art-Collector.

NEXT to Mr. Morgan's supremacy in finance came his preeminence as an art-collector. In this respect, he probably stood first among all the men of his time in the size of his expenditures and the value of his collections. It would take a small library to describe his activities in this direction and their results. Two large volumes have been issued on his collection of miniatures alone. "Some day," says an intimate acquaintance of his, quoted in the *Wall Street Journal*, "the people will appreciate far more greatly than they do now how inestimable was the service which he rendered to the people through the edu-

cation of the public in art and letters and in those fields which, altho they have nothing to do with the commercial side of American life, yet yield harvests which make the life of the nation rich, abundant and productive." A writer in the *N. Y. Times* thinks that posterity will know him as an art-collector even more than as a financier. It says:

"To-day no serious European student of the history of art can complete his education without a visit—a prolonged visit—to the United States; no connoisseur of ancient books can possibly speak or write about the written or printed treasures of the world without giving a place, a prominent place, to the treasures in this country; even the scholar who would write an exhaustive book on Assyrian tablets, or Coptic manuscripts, or Egyptian papyri, has to come to America."

Morgan's Indifference to
Modern Art.

YET even as an art-collector criticism is made in influential quarters because of his "indifference to current art." The art of his own day received comparatively little encouragement from him. Says the *N. Y. Evening Post* on this point:

"He outlived two artistic revolutions, marked by the success of the Barbizon



YOUNGEST OF THE MORGAN PARTNERS

Fifteen years ago Thomas W. Lamont was a cub reporter in New York, earning \$5.00 a week. He is still fond of printer's ink and has an interest in a number of successful magazines. His genius for salesmanship has carried him far. At forty-three he is one of the financial magnates of America.



"THE MOST ACTIVE MAN IN THE HOUSE OF MORGAN"

Henry P. Davison once taught school in the winter and worked on a farm in summer near Troy, Penn. Twenty years ago he walked the streets of New York looking in vain for a job. He began his banking career as a messenger boy. If Morgan is to have any successor, he is as likely as any to be it.

school and that of the Impressionists, but his taste was deeply touched by neither. He employed, to be sure, the best architect in America to build his beautiful private library, but it never occurred to him to summon a mural painter of highest distinction to complete the work. The only portrait painter whom he consistently and enthusiastically employed is an artist of inferior talent."

In the opinion of the same writer, this attitude of Mr. Morgan was due, in part at least, to the defects of modern art, which, subdivided into specialties and maintained largely by esoteric cults, appeals but slightly to those robust characters who do the world's work. His enthusiasm for the great art of the past has made possible "an illimitable extension of our esthetic life"; but he did much, by the prices he was willing to pay, to produce "the present demoralization of the art market."

Wind, Flood and Fire
In Alliance.

AND the rain descended and the floods came and the winds blew." Thus, in language used nearly two thousand years ago, the disasters that swept over the middle West a few weeks ago may be described in the simplest possible way. One thing should

be added: after the wind and the flood came the fire. Not only two thousand years ago but twenty thousand years ago mankind was wrestling, as it wrestled last month, with what used to be considered the three primary elements of nature—air, water, fire. And today, as in the days of the Neanderthal man, nature, when she exerts herself a trifle, can make us feel our helplessness. The earth shivers and San Francisco is in ruins. The air swirls and Omaha lies stricken. The clouds open and Dayton is submerged. We can't cope with these things even now. All we can do at times is to run. And the principal advantage we have over the Neanderthal man is that, by means of our couriers of earth and air, we can send warnings that outstrip even the tornado and we can run faster than the floods.

Exaggerated Estimates
of Loss of Life.

ON Tuesday, March 25, the mayor of Dayton, telephoning to the mayor of Springfield, estimated the dead in the former city at 5,000. Intimations were made by others that the number would go to 7,000. On Wednesday, the Governor of Ohio, in telegrams to the press, described the disaster in Dayton alone as "absolutely without parallel in the history of the

republic," and of the effect of the floods throughout the State he said, "there has never been such a tragedy in the history of the republic." By that time, however, the estimate of the deaths in Dayton had been reduced to "not less than 1,000." On March 30 the business section of Dayton was fairly free of water and the places where the greatest number of bodies were looked for had been explored. Then the number of deaths was estimated as "not in excess of 200." By April 1, the estimate had been reduced to "not more than 100," and estimates of the entire loss of life in all Ohio and Indiana by reason of the floods went in some cases as low as 200, which is probably considerably under the mark.

Millions of Property Loss
in Ohio.

THE exaggerated estimates first published simply show the force with which a dramatic event of this kind appeals to the human imagination. New Orleans, knowing this from experience, has been sending out warnings in advance asking that the press reports of flood damage there be received with caution, as they are always much exaggerated. It is to be hoped that the reports of property loss have also been exaggerated. The loss in Ohio alone is reckoned all the



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FOOTPRINTS OF THE TORNADO

Scores of homes were wrecked, scores of lives sacrificed and millions of dollars' worth of property destroyed in Omaha by the windstorm that swept through the city in the closing days of March.

way from two hundred and fifty to three hundred millions. About one-third of this falls on the State, the counties, and the municipalities, in the way of washed-out bridges and culverts and roads; another third falls to the railroads, and the remaining third will fall on individuals. The amount recoverable from insurance companies is said to be small. In most of the policies written for that part of the country "damages by flood" seem to have been excepted. The indirect losses were heavy. For instance, seventy out of ninety blast furnaces within a radius of 100 miles of Pittsburgh were reported out of commission, and over 80 per cent. of the steel-making plants in the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois were reported idle.

Thirty-Three Billions of Tons in Motion.

NEARLY 6,000 millions of gallons of water fell out of the clouds upon the soil of Ohio in four days' time. In the entire Ohio Valley above Louisville 9,000 millions of gallons fell. These are the estimates made

by weather bureau officials. The weight of this water was about thirty-three billion tons! It would have taken eighty-seven reservoirs, each twenty miles long, one mile wide and twenty-five feet deep, to hold it. It had to go somewhere, and when thirty-three billion liquid tons are moving in the same general direction something has to give way. Plans have been worked out for storage reservoirs at the head of the Ohio river to take care of the surplus water in floods; but no plans have ever been made to take care of such a flood as this. According to M. O. Leighton, chief hydrographer of the U. S. Geological Survey, no work that could have been built by the hand of man could have prevented the disaster in Ohio. As reported in the N. Y. *Tribune*, Mr. Leighton says:

"It is one of those things that no human agency could withstand. Old Noah himself could not have dealt with a situation like this. It could not have been overcome any more than the San Francisco earthquake. It was simply a deluge of water of unprecedented proportions, and

no reservoir system that has even been contemplated in that region could have afforded protection against it. It was as if some vast power had moved over the states of Ohio and Indiana and turned loose a great sprinkling pot. The water-fall exceeded all known records. So far as I can see, there is nothing for us to do with respect to a situation like this but to repair the damage as best we can, and then stand by and take our medicine, knowing that, sooner or later, we may expect the same thing again, but hoping that it will not come within our generation."

Causes and Remedies of Floods.

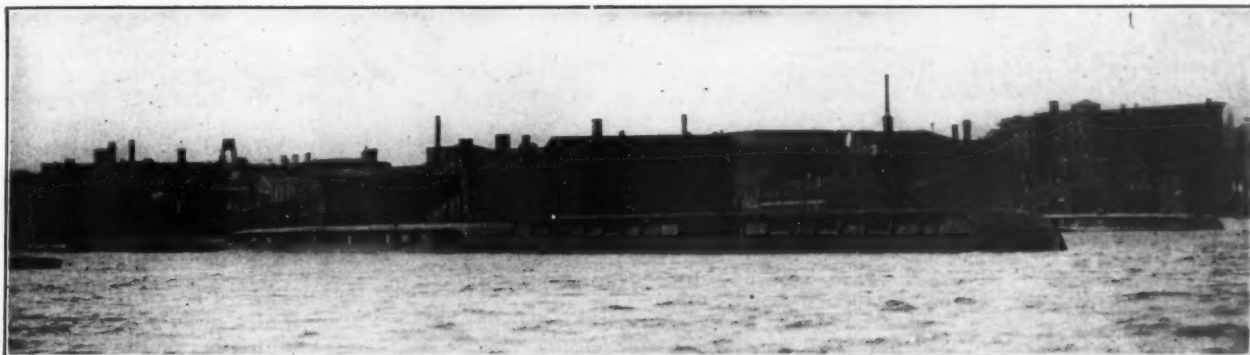
BUT while a flood of such unprecedented size can not be rendered innocuous, it is well within the power of man to lessen its danger and to take care of the ordinary floods that come each spring. The trouble at Dayton, for instance, says Secretary Lane of the Interior Department, was simply that the neck of the bottle was too small for the water to run out. He would enlarge the neck of the bottle, and by widening and deepening the channels of rivers and streams here and there all the way to the sea give the water an unobstructed course in which to flow. Senator Newlands, of Nevada, has for years been urging on Congress a bill to establish a national commission to prepare plans for a vast reservoir system. Secretary Lane approves this, but believes that the first work should be upon our river channels. In long stretches of territory in the Mississippi basin reservoirs can not be created without dikes, and in a flood like the recent one such a reservoir may become an additional peril. A writer in the *Century Magazine* last August, in speaking of the "suicidal policy of forest destruction," went on to apply his words to the very region so recently inundated:

"There is not a river or stream flowing into the Ohio River the flow of which



ROOM FOR ONE MORE? NOT ON THIS VEHICLE

These are refugees in Dayton trying to find a dry place. Out of a population of 50,000 in the immediate district only one hundred are thought to have lost their lives.



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WHY THE RAILROADS WERE PUT OUT OF COMMISSION

In the foreground (or should we say forewater?) you see the tops of the cars of a stalled train in Cincinnati, overtaken by the flood and almost entirely submerged. Out of 10,000 miles of railroad in Ohio, only 1,000 miles were free from damage.

could not be regulated by preserving the forests and woodland cover on the watersheds, preventing denudation and erosion, storing the excess flood flow in artificial lakes, and thereby regulating, and, so far as possible, equalizing and standardizing the flow throughout the year. This system of control would develop power for industrial purposes that would more than justify State and National Governments in carrying out the project solely for power for industrial uses and in aid of navigation and interstate commerce, with supplemental excess storage provided for unusual floods."

The Nation's Greatest Physical Task.

FLOOD regulation, says the Chicago *Tribune*, "presents the mightiest physical task ever confronted by the nation, and, perhaps, by any nation." The solution of it, in the opinion of the N. Y. *Tribune*, will represent "the final triumph of civilization on this continent over nature's rude and pitiless forces." It calls attention to the fact that most European countries have harnessed their navigable streams and turned them to wholly beneficial uses. The problem is far more difficult here because of the size of our territory and the immensity of our river basins. The Chicago *Record-Herald* accuses Congress of a "policy of neglect and waste," and calls for immediate steps looking to cooperation on a broad scale between the national and state governments. Mr. Roosevelt, in *The Outlook*, calls for an act of Congress that will provide funds and establish a policy for the control of the floods in the whole Mississippi basin "from the mouths of streams to their sources." The N. Y. *Times* demurs, if this is to mean that the federal government is to pay all the costs. It quotes approvingly the *Engineering Record*, which says that there is too much of a tendency to-day to look for federal aid in this matter and which thinks the federal government, while administering the work of flood-prevention, should be reimbursed by the States and cities benefited. At the National Drainage Congress held in St. Louis last month, one of the speakers,

Mr. Isham Randolph, made a suggestion that is exciting comment. Conceiving that the problem is one necessarily for the federal government to solve, he said: "This great government needs a new department, the Cabinet a new portfolio. We need a national department of public works, and its executive head should be a member of the President's Cabinet."

When the Flood Came in Dayton.

WHAT happened in Dayton, Ohio, and, in a less dramatic way, in many other cities and towns of the same State, as well as in Indiana, West Virginia and western Pennsylvania, has been vividly told by many special correspondents who were rushed to the scene. Dayton, with about 125,000 residents, has been one of the show cities of Ohio and one of the most beautiful in the country. From the north comes the Miami river—normally about 600 feet wide—and about a mile above the city it is joined by the Stillwater, and just as it reaches the city by the Mad river. The triple river swings around the best part of the city in a curve. Dikes have been erected to retain it in its channel. The

highest previous flood carried the water to a height of 21.3 feet, and the dikes were built to hold a flood of 23 feet. The flood last month rose to a height of 29 feet! What happened is thus described by Peter C. Macfarlane in *Collier's*:

"Somewhere about eight-thirty o'clock [Tuesday morning, March 25], the river seemed suddenly to swell up and over the levee, at many places pouring down the streets from three sides like small Niagaras. The first big tide came down Main street with a crest four feet high, and so fast that men in motor cars could barely dodge around it. These crested streams shot into side streets as they passed, and met other streams coming from the west or southwest. They overturned pedestrians, they overturned street cars, they burst in doors, they smashed through plate-glass windows, they swept stocks of goods from shelves and floors of stores and carried them out into the streets on the return eddy.

"One man tells of seeing a flotilla of pianos sailing grandly down the gutter, another of a taxicab driver who stopped to crank up and the yellow water smothered his engine, drove him to his machine, then to the top of it, and in a few minutes compelled him to swim from that vantage ground. Human beings for a few min-



A RESCUE PARTY IN COLUMBUS

Nothing but the roofs of the houses were above the water in some districts, and for three days in a number of cases people had to sit on the roofs waiting for rescue.

utes scuttled about like rats and then disappeared or were seen floundering into trees, up telephone poles, or working their way into the upper stories of buildings. Hundreds of horses, liberated that they might at least have a chance for life, appeared swimming in the flood clambering upon doorsteps or splashing wildly through windows."

The Rush for Escape.

IN places the water rose to within a few feet of the electric light cables and some of the refugees escaped by walking on these cables. "One great tree with spreading boughs was so thickly hung with women and children in their various colored clothing that, in the light flashing occasionally on the dripping branches and figures, it looked like some Brobdingnagian Christmas tree hung with huge, misshapen dolls." Fires broke out here and there and some of the flaming houses went drifting down the tide spreading the flames. Six hundred persons were imprisoned in the Union Station and driven to the upper levels where, three days later, they were found by rescuers standing "packed together like sardines." Cold rain and snow followed the flood. The river, instead of 600 feet wide, had become nearly four miles wide and perhaps 50,000 persons were marooned. The immense plant of the National Cash Register Company, located on high ground, was promptly turned by its president, John H. Patterson, into a rescue and relief institution, manufacturing flatboats, housing refugees, organizing relief expeditions, and becoming "the stricken city's brain, nerves, almost its food and drink."

The Scene After the Flood Retired.

THE scenes as the flood retired and the three rivers returned to sanity are described by Arthur Ruhl, special correspondent of *The Outlook*. The litter in the streets was almost indescribable, but the scenes in the homes were still more distressing:

"Except to those who have seen a city emerge from such a flood, the ordinary adjectives convey little meaning. You must see this chaos concretely and in detail—crushed houses everywhere, the barn from a block away tossed into your front yard, trees torn up by the roots and jammed through second-story windows, pianos pasted about like stamps, dead horses sprawling along sodden streets. And you must see and smell and slip in and become smeared with the universal mud.

"This mud—fine, black, slimy river silt—was in and over everything. It was as if the first story of all the houses and shops and office buildings—and there were eight or ten square miles submerged in the heart of Dayton—were a mold into which had been poured so much of this infinitely penetrating thin plaster. When the water left, everything that it had touched—walls, furniture, pictures, books, carpets, the goods on merchants' shelves—was coated with this uniform filth. It lay three or four inches deep on all floors—black, sloppy, evil-smelling.

"From every door, up and down miles of streets, this fair spring morning, they were shoveling it forth. With snowshovels, pans, pails, they pushed it across carpets to the front door, and thence, slopping and splashing, down the steps over the sidewalk into the street. Through these open front doors you could see it smeared over stairways, dripping from chandeliers."

Looking on the Flood's Bright Side.

YET, strange to say, the water, gas and sewerage systems were not seriously damaged, the public buildings remained intact, and what injury was inflicted on the city, while running into many millions of dollars, is of a sort easily repaired. As in the case of San Francisco after the earthquake, the very novelty of the situation and the universal sense of human sympathy actually put a new zest into life. "The spirit of a new Dayton," said Mr. Macfarlane writing even before the business streets were dry, "both is seen and sensed." Signs began to appear on stores such as: "WILL BE READY IN A FEW DAYS. HURRAH FOR GREATER DAYTON," OR: "WILL RESUME BUSINESS AS SOON AS WE CAN GET STOCK." The indomitable spirit of the pioneers, which the sons and daughters of Ohio inherit from their grandparents, rose to meet the challenge of fate almost blithely. One of the first rescue parties tells of the gay salutations it received from victims on housetops and in attics, such as, "we are happy but hungry." "We will venture to say," remarks the *N. Y. Tribune*, "that very little suicide or insanity will be found to have resulted, but, on the contrary, that there was everywhere a brave and cheerful acceptance of conditions, hard as they were after the usual courageous American fashion." Even the vast financial losses may be counterbalanced in part. It is very probable, remarks the *Springfield Republican*, that what damage was done "has been more than balanced by the direct benefit to the soil of the whole middle West by the downpour."



VENICE? NO. THIS IS DAYTON, OHIO

The carpentry department of the National Cash Registry plant was turned into a boat-factory on short notice, turning out a gondola like the one in the picture every five minutes. The men not employed thus became impromptu gondoliers.

Pius X. Causes the Vatican Anxiety.

EUROPE made up its mind last month that Pius X. had come to the end of his pontificate. The impression, altho not verified by events, served to reveal how completely Mariano Cardinal Rampolla, Marquis del Tindaro, has captured the imagination of the world's press. He was picked by many a daily of anti-clerical tendencies abroad as the successor to Pius X. Even his title—Leo XIV.—was tentatively chosen for him by the *Indépendance Belge* of Brussels. At the last moment there was so decided an improvement in the condition of the reigning pontiff that the press abroad lost interest in the next conclave. His Holiness was found to be suffering from a complication of ailments described sometimes as a weakness of the heart, again as Bright's disease. The Pope's private rooms, consisting of no more than a bedroom very plainly furnished and a chapel where he says mass on rising, were surrendered to his physician and his sisters. The dining room and the adjoining guard room occupied by the papal guard became a hospital. Even the larger audience room, hung with the familiar red silk, was transformed into a possible operating theater by the physician of His Holiness. Preparations so elaborate led to the most sensational reports in Rome, the accounts in the *Tribuna*, a ministerial organ, being taken in preference to the more optimistic versions of the Pope's illness in the *Osservatore Romano*, which is an inspired Vatican daily. At last accounts it was impossible for any journalist to penetrate to the ante-room leading to the Pope's suite. That detail gravely impressed newspaper correspondents in Rome, for there have been few Vatican secrets throughout this pontificate. Pius X. is amazingly popular with European journalists.

Causes of the Debility of the Pope.

NO ATTEMPT is made by the physicians in touch with the Vatican to deny that for several years Pius X. has lived under somewhat unsanitary conditions. With the late Doctor Lapponi died the last of what the Rome *Tribuna* calls the "ar-



THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF OF THE HOLY ROMAN CATHOLIC AND APOSTOLIC CHURCH

His Holiness Pius X. took for his motto when he ascended the pontifical throne the words: "the restoration of all things in Christ." No pontiff ever displayed a greater zeal for piety and the salvation of souls as distinguished from the secular glory of the church and its temporalities.

chiatri pontifici," a somewhat technical term signifying a pontifical medical man of very high rank indeed. Lapponi, we read, enjoyed a position of peculiar importance at the Vatican under the late Leo's reign, "as there were frequently lodged within its area crowds of pilgrims of every nationality and clime, necessitating the most vigilant sanitary, hygienic and medical supervision." Lapponi displayed equal intelligence and skill, nowhere more than in the heating apparatus, which was admirably effective. Things have run down sadly under Pius X. The most exalted ecclesiastics, it seems, shiver with the cold in winter. The Pope's kitchen is so notoriously mismanaged that he would scarcely ever taste soup hot were it not for the interference of one of his energetic sisters. His Holiness will be starved one week and overfed the next.

What Complicates the Pope's Illness.

PIUS X. would not be a source of so much concern to his physicians, according to the Paris *Matin's* despatches, were the therapeutic agencies of the Vatican less

neglected. There has ensued in recent years a hopeless disorganization of the medical staff created by the late Leo XIII. That pontiff, say the Roman dailies, took a personal interest in the biological laboratory, "down to examining the splendid microscope and the various cultures of micro-organisms which Doctor Lapponi used to submit to him from time to time." Pius X., however, has no such curiosity, according to the Rome correspondent of the London *Lancet*, caring only less for the novelties of practical hygiene, while contenting himself in the matter of heating with a simple brazier placed in the corner of his private apartment. Every time he grants an audience he emerges from a chilled room into one that may be heated well-nigh to suffocation. His practice of fasting until past noon, when he officiates at high mass, and then sitting down to badly cooked food—if he gets any at all—brought on a kidney complaint. Matters have mended lately, but the Pope's constitution has been undermined by his years in Rome.

The Vatican of To-day and Foreign Countries.

FEW European dailies commenting upon the crisis of last month at the Vatican fail to note how completely the administration of Pius X. is out of touch with foreign lands. The very friendly Paris *Figaro* detects the same remissness. "It would be little short of a miracle," to follow the elucidation of the authority referred to, "were a Pope of the training of Pius X., whose whole life previous to his election was spent in one Italian province, suddenly to display that grasp of entirely different conditions which is a question not of genius but of experience." Equally natural but no less regrettable to our contemporary is the marked distrust of non-Italian or of non-Latin elements which has characterized the "creations" of the new cardinals throughout this pontificate. His Holiness has refused to bestow a red hat upon any prelate in the United States unless the ecclesiastic had received a training in Rome itself. Not that the Pope has refused to listen to criticism of his course. The rise and progress of disputes with Roman Catholic nations brought him suggestions innumerable, to which, the



A NEW BACKGROUND FOR THE GHOST OF THE HERO OF LADYSMITH

In this country house lived Sir George White after the events of the Boer War had glorified his career and here lived his widow until the Pankhurst people set the place afire to advertize votes for women.

Figaro affirms, he listened patiently. He has never been swayed by a pecuniary consideration or by an argument purely political. His invariable reply has been that time would vindicate the soundness of his policy. One proof is Spain, which has just renewed diplomatic negotiations with the Holy See after the long interregnum under the rule of the late Señor Canalejas. Yet another is France, where a movement to reestablish the nunciature is encouraged by dailies like the *Gaulois*. Indeed, the old quarrel between the Church and her eldest daughter has been followed by a period of pacification so complete that anticlerical organs like the *Action* fear a revival of papal influence.

How the Pope Gets
Along with Italy.

RELATIONS between the united Italy of King Victor Emmanuel II. and the Vatican of Pius X. have not of late been so strained as the world at large suspects, we are told by the *London Post*. Since the accession of the present Pope, it says, who has been known to bless liberal deputies for their devotion to his and their common country, and who has urged members of the clerical aristocracy in Rome to send their sons into the Italian army, the attitude of the Holy See towards the monarchy has steadily improved. "Even the doctrinaire liberal Prime Minister, Zanardelli, who was in office at the time of the last conclave, expressed his satisfaction at the election of the Patriarch of Venice as Pope, and Signor Giolitti, who has been in office or at least in power almost continually since then, has had no scruples which would hinder him from using the clerical vote at elections for the return of ministerial candidates." Thus, while at the time of the great Milan riots, Leo XIII. made

an "unnatural alliance" with the republicans and the socialists against the monarchy, Pius at recent general elections charged good Catholics, in constituencies where the bishop of the diocese advised participation in the polling, to vote for ministerial candidates in order to keep out the Socialists and the anticlericals. This conditional suspension of the non expedit (or prohibition from voting) has made the bishops and the prefects—the latter the humble servants of Giolitti—the real arbiters of elections in a large part of southern Italy. The political power of the Vatican is really great.

The Career of Pius X.
in Politics.

DEPRIVED tho it be of its temporal principality, the Papacy can not fail to be a political force, observes the well informed Roman correspondent of the *London Post*, a point cheerfully conceded by the Socialist Paris *Humanité*. The British organ regards the circumstance as benign, but to the French daily the interpretation must be sinister. A church that has its devout adherents in every land under the skies, to follow our more benevolent commentator, "must of necessity take an interest in the public affairs of this world, and it has generally been found in practice that the most saintly of men—a Celestine V. or a Hadrian VI.—does not make the best or at any rate the wisest of Popes." The reign of the sovereign pontiff in the Vatican to-day must be viewed from this standpoint. Pius X. is not a diplomatist, like his immediate predecessor. It is true that the diplomacy of the late Leo XIII. was not particularly successful, whether in France, in Ireland or in Italy. Then it is a manifest disadvantage to any man, in public life at any rate, to speak no language but his own. "It shuts

him off from every source of information that is not published in his own idiom, forcing him to rely upon translators, whom the Italians term traitors."

More Trouble with
Japan.

ONCE more trouble looms up with Japan. The efforts of the California legislature to deprive the Japanese of the right to hold or lease land in that State have brought forth a protest by the Japanese government, fiery denunciations by the Japanese press and calls for war by a fiery stump-speaker or two in Tokyo. Japanese farmers and fruit-growers in California have been making rapid strides at the expense of their American competitors. So rapid has been this advance, in fact, that a well informed British observer, Lancelot Lawton, sees danger of their practically owning California in the not remote future. The State legislature, therefore, has been earnestly wrestling with bills that will not violate our national treaties, will not deflect European capital or labor, and yet will not too badly discriminate against a particular nation. The assembly has passed a bill (not retroactive) prohibiting all aliens who are not eligible to citizenship from hereafter acquiring land by deed or lease. The upper house of the legislature is struggling with a different bill. Just what law will emerge is still uncertain; but whatever it is, it is certain that it will have to go to the Supreme Court to determine its validity.

Terms of Our Treaty
with Japan.

ALL treaties made or which shall be made under the authority of the United States shall be the supreme law of the land," so runs Article Six of the federal Constitution. Our treaty with Japan, ratified only two years ago, runs as follows:

"The citizens or subjects of each of the high contracting parties shall have liberty to enter, travel and reside in the territories of the other, to carry on trade, wholesale and retail; to own or lease and occupy houses, manufactories, warehouses and shops; to employ agents of their choice to lease land for residential and commercial purposes, and generally to do anything incident to or necessary for trade upon the same terms as native citizens or subjects."

It will be seen that as long as that treaty is in force the work that the California legislature is cutting out for itself is a very difficult one. "A treaty cannot be the supreme law of the land, that is of all the United States," said Justice Chase (*Ware vs. Hilton*), "if any act of a State legislature can stand in its way." As the Japanese are not, under our law, entitled to become citizens, it is difficult to reconcile the pur-

pose of the California legislature with the treaty. The American press, under the circumstances, have refused to grow very excited over the situation. The Japanese have no need to resort to arms to defend their legal rights. They have recourse to the Supreme Court.

California Exasperates
the Japanese Gov-
ernment.

FIRM as is the purpose of the Japanese Premier, Admiral Yamamoto, to foil the schemes of California with reference to his countrymen there, the official correspondence on the subject between Washington and Tokyo is unimpeachably correct. So much is affirmed by the *Paris Temps*, which is in close touch with Japanese officialdom. The government of Yoshihito cherishes, it seems, no illusions on the subject. It expects that the technicalities of American constitutional law will in the end find a way to exclude the Japanese from California while observing the amenities of diplomatic intercourse. The situation is exasperating to foreign organs which, like the *London Times*, uphold the Anglo-Japanese alliance, and enjoyable to those dailies abroad which, like the *Berlin Kreuz-Zeitung*, never forget the yellow peril. There will always be tension between Washington and Tokyo, suspects the *Paris Débats*, when, as at present, American naval power is on the decline. The delicacy of the position of Admiral Yamamoto, who remembers the riots with which his ministry was ushered in, may, it is hinted, incline him to a "patriotic policy." He has had to endure the taunts of certain Tokyo sheets of which the *Kokumin Shimbun* is a fair specimen and to which the ministry seems, on the whole, rather weak.

Japan at the Mercy of
the Vested Interests.

JAPAN has for the time being passed under the control of her vested interests. European comment on the dispute over California brings that detail out with piquancy. The British complain of their recent exclusion from Japan's coasting trade. The Germans insist that the Emperor's subjects have been expropriated by the land laws of the past decade. The grievances have been created by the rapacity of local interests. The huge sums invested by Tokyo capitalists in Japanese enterprizes on the Pacific coast or, rather, the revenues derived from these sources, explain to French dailies the virulence of the pres-

ent storm over California. There is the further fact, noted by London papers, that Japan is for the moment ruled by the policy of the Satsuma clan, representing the navy, as against the Chosu clan, representing the army. The Prime Minister himself is a naval hero. For several years the Satsuma clan has practically had its way, with occasional interruption, in the matter of expanding the navy. Such a development, as Paris papers tell us, invites crises like the one over California. When the party which fears Russia gains the ascendant all else is neglected in an effort to increase the army in Korea.

England's Militant Suffragets Score Again.

UPON the release of Emmeline Pankhurst from Holloway Jail the other day, the British Home Secretary, Reginald McKenna, let it be known that he never meant to allow the hunger-striking militant to die. No one was so well aware of the fact, he hints, as the lady most concerned. Nor can the Home Secretary see that the law, as he administers it, has broken down as a result of the emancipation to which Mrs. Pankhurst reduced herself. Those of her followers who have been released because they starved themselves, explains the *London Standard*, one of the most savage critics of militancy, are few. "Most of them are released because of heart

trouble, pleurisy, epilepsy and paralysis." Reginald McKenna denies vehemently the stories of cruelty connected with the forcible feeding of the Pankhursts and their followers. The Home Secretary admits that the state of the law in England leaves him unarmed for the fray now so rapidly approaching the worst of its many crises. A partial remedy is the new act permitting militant suffragets to be let out "on license," like ticket-of-leave men. "Mrs. Pankhurst will not be liable to rearrest," it seems, "so long as she behaves herself." That point was made clear to the House of Commons, in which the war precipitates hot debates, when Reginald McKenna arose to reply to a torrent of questions. He is going to release the hunger strikers, he said, whenever their health suffers. He absolutely refuses "to accept the responsibility of letting a stubborn, hysterical woman die when release would save her life." The alternation of groans and cheers as Mr. McKenna unbosomed himself to parliament reflects the divided sentiment of the London press in commenting upon the feminist Bedlam.

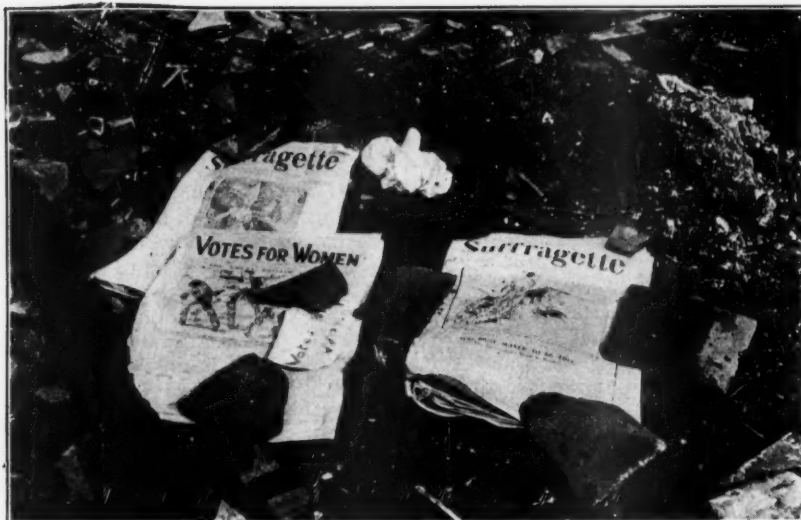
What England Thinks
of Forcible Feeding.

ONE notable feature of the Commons debate upon the militant suffragist Armageddon was the suggestion by Lord Robert Cecil, himself an advocate of votes for women, that the "women criminals" in Mrs. Pankhurst's ranks be deported. It is the duty of the Asquith ministry to find a way out of the deadlock into which it has been dragged by the Pankhursts. If the Prime Minister is not equal to the emergency, let him resign. Thus Lord Robert Cecil amid applause. He is warmly upheld by the *London Times* and the *London Post*. "These misguided women," says our last-named contemporary, "have used violence in their efforts to force the government to grant them and their sisters the vote. They have been encouraged to use such inexcusable means of agitation by liberal ministers, whose remarks on the subject are notorious, and by the traditional liberal attitude towards such acts of mob violence as the burning of Nottingham Castle and the pulling down of Hyde Park railings." There is to this daily something truly comical in the way these liberal Mother Carey's chickens are now coming to the Home Office under Reginald McKenna to roost. Lord Robert Cecil told the Commons that the hunger strike is an invention of the



I DO 'OPE SHE'LL EAT

—Minor in St. Louis Post-Dispatch



BOOMING THE CIRCULATION

These papers urge the methods of Superwoman—arson, riot and the dire yell. They lie in the house burnt down near London by some Pankhurst ladies, who edit them.

Russian Nihilists, "whose political martyrdom has so often drawn tears from the eyes of the English radical," and the Russian people will, the *London Post* suspects, be interested to learn that Reginald McKenna is being advised and is sympathetically meditating the creation of a Siberia somewhere within the British Empire. The trouble is to find a ruler for it.

The Extreme Measure in Punishing Suffragets.

IF HE had the power he would be glad, said Reginald McKenna last month, to banish Mrs. Pankhurst and her people. He has no such power except, seemingly, in the case of aliens like the young American lady who was made to swallow chicken broth amid her own piercing screams. The

young French lady who chased the Chancellor of the Exchequer into a pastry shop, crying "à bas l'entente!" refuses her liberty upon condition that she return to her native land. American young ladies, threatened with deportation, assert in the organ of the London movement that the British metropolis will grow too hot to hold the new United States ambassador if he fails to avert the catastrophe. It is an open secret that Mrs. Pankhurst has planned to provoke an international "incident" if driven to bay by a movement against her American and French followers. It is probable that deportation, therefore, will rust as a weapon in the armory of Reginald McKenna until the scheme to kidnap a member of the Cabinet has actually been carried out. Even if one of the Pankhurst young women were put aboard a boat bound for some remote isle there is no certainty, as the Home Secretary concedes, that she could not starve herself on the way out. He favored the Commons with what the *London Mail* deems a very remarkable account of the devotion of all these women to their cause. "These fanatical, hysterical women," he observed, "no more fear death in fighting this battle than a savage in the Sudan feared death when fighting under the banner of the Mahdi." And again: "Some of them pretend to take the food and surreptitiously starve themselves in order that they may become so weak and exhausted that they can not be dealt with at all for no other reason than the intention of dying in prison."

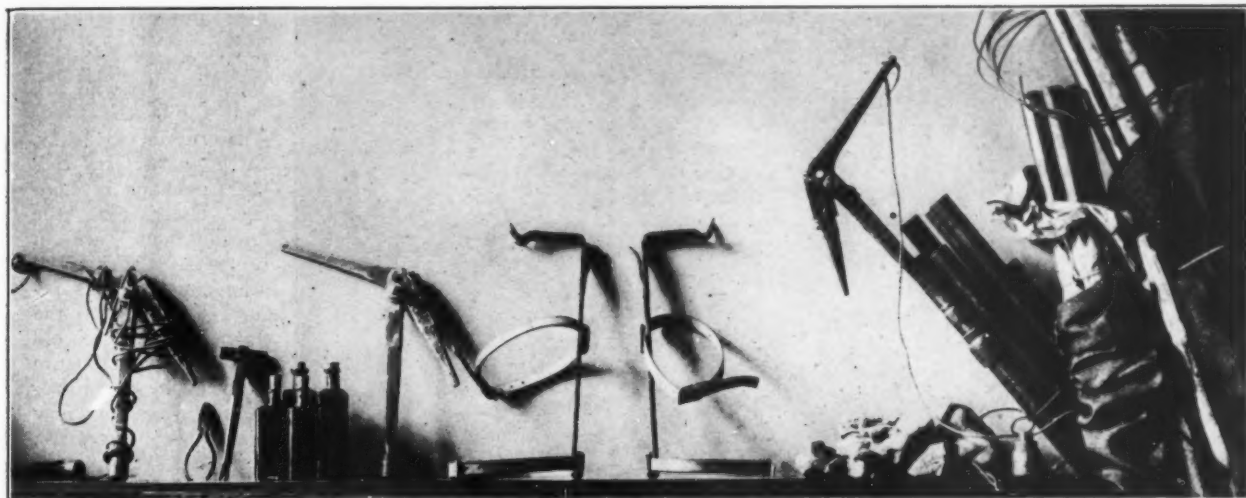
The Wave of Fanaticism in the Suffraget Ranks.

MILITANT suffragists will never win their war in England until some, at least, among their number have died for the cause. That hint was thrown out by Miss Christabel Pankhurst from the seclusion of her Paris retreat to a *Matin* reporter. It has been repeated in *Votes for Women*, London organ of the agitation. It is confirmed by the assertions of the Home Secretary himself. One of the prisoners, he told the Commons, sponged herself all over with warm water and then lay on the bed without any bed-clothes during the whole of an extremely cold night. She had no other object than Reginald McKenna can imagine than "to catch her death of cold in order to die in prison." Some of the imprisoned suffragets have refused not only food but water. If all this were embodied in some report penned in Siberia by a humane but unsympathetic officer of the Czar, comments the *London Standard*, "it would no doubt have stirred the radical press to its muddiest depths." The *London Post*, while not refusing a tribute to "the fanaticism of these mis-



GULLIVER—LATEST AND MOST EXPENSIVE EDITION

—Rogers in N. Y. Herald



TOOLS OF THE MILITANT SUFFRAGET'S TRADE

Nowhere has the utilization of mechanical appliances of all kinds been so rapid and so complete as in the business of securing votes for women by the Pankhurst process. Hammers for smashing windows, clubs for assault at long range, egg throwers, leg binders for kidnapped statesmen—all these were found in a suffraget headquarters by the London police.

guided women," feels bound to say that "as to give them a vote would be a national calamity," their obstinacy is "injurious" to British justice.

Why McKenna Stays as
Home Secretary.

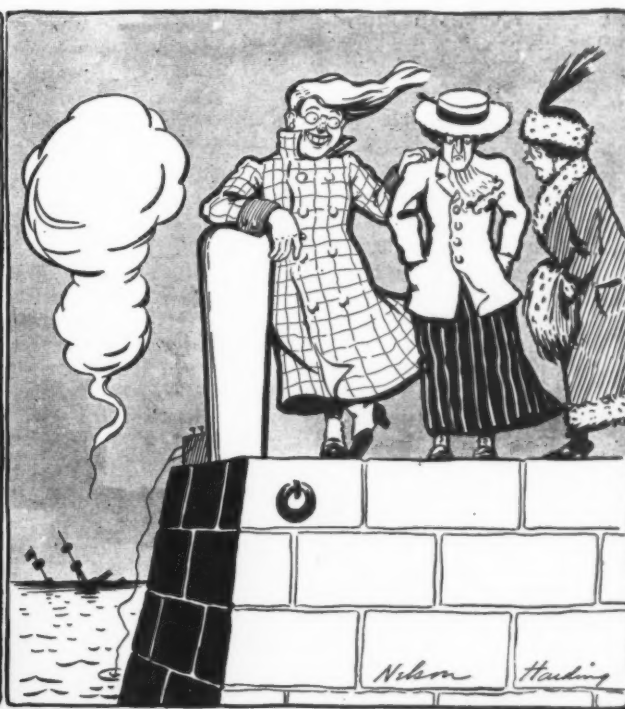
WERE it not for Prime Minister Asquith's reluctance to let Mrs. Pankhurst score heavily, he would, observes the *London Mail*, be very glad to accept Reginald McKenna's resignation as Home Sec-

retary. It is no secret that Viscount Gladstone, now ruling South Africa, was driven out of the Home Office because of his incapacity to cope with the suffragist campaign. Then there is the difficulty of finding a statesman of eminence in the Liberal ranks who feels capable of rising to the Pankhurst emergency. Mr. McKenna, for his part, refuses to rest under the implication that, owing to his culpable weakness, English law has been brought into contempt by militant hunger strik-

ers. The echoes of his heated speech had scarcely died away when the prediction that Mrs. Pankhurst would be out of jail after the briefest possible hunger strike verified itself, to the intense disgust of the *London Standard*. That paper became so virulent in its comment upon the militants as to bring them down upon the editor himself. He was the target of a shower of missiles as he left his office one evening, the provocation being comments of which the following is typical:



**Lily smashed the Royal Gems
And drowned the keeper in the Thames!
What does this girlish prank denote?
Oh, just that Lily wants to vote.**



**"There!" said Anne in triumphant tones,
"I've just sent a Dreadnought to Davy Jones!
The crew were saved, so it's less sublime;
But cheer up, girls! Better luck next time."**

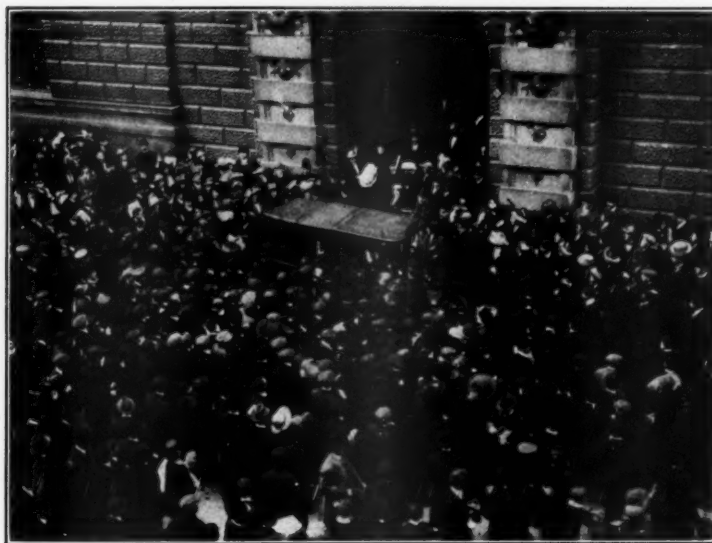
RUTHLESS RHYMES FOR MARTIAL SUFFRAGETS

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle.

"We may, of course, assume that the burning of Trevethan, Lady White's house in Surrey, was due to the female anarchists who call themselves militant suffragets. The usual placards and notices were found; and even without them the source of the crime could be traced, tho perhaps not the actual criminals. Nobody else would be likely to commit an act of such wanton and purposeless mischief. It could only be the work of those whose crazed brains are obsessed by the notion that they will somehow or other get what they want by making themselves a nuisance and a danger to society at large. It is the mania for destruction, a malady long recognized in our lunatic asylums. The victims of this mental disease must always be destroying something. They will wreck furniture, break windows, shatter crockery, tear up their clothing, if they are not restrained. This is the frame of mind into which a certain number of half-demented women have worked themselves. . . . It is not easy, among people accustomed to treat women with consideration and respect, to take appropriate measures against a combination of female ruffianism and female fanaticism. Some effectual policy must be found if the suffragist movement is not to expire in bloodshed or be crushed by mob brutality."

Yuan-Shi-Kai and the Parliament of China.

YUAN-SHI-KAI resolved at the eleventh hour not to open in person that new Chinese parliament which for the moment is the supreme factor in the destinies of the Asiatic republic. The great statesman gave as his reason the fact that "presidents of republics do not, like kings, go in state to inaugurate parliamentary sessions." His true reason is found by some French dailies to be a well-defined uneasiness on the subject of the presidential election. Hitherto Yuan-Shi-Kai, as the *London Times* explains, has been president of the republic in a provisional capacity alone. "He has been governing with the nominal aid of a national council, which has paid scant heed to its duties." Until the last moment, Yuan happened to be the solitary candidate for the chief magistracy. That circumstance is explained in the *Berlin Kreuz-Zeitung* as the result of Yuan's notoriously summary way of dealing with opponents of his aims and utterances. To the British daily, there seems in sight no other Chinese politician sufficiently gifted to cope with the crisis



HOW SHE DID HER THREE YEARS IN NINE DAYS

Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst had just been given her drastic sentence to a British prison when this picture was taken. The suffragettes who crowded the court room the street, where they formed a shrieking throng as their leader emerged defiant. In little more than a week the prisoner had won a hunger strike for freedom.

confronting the nation. It has been predicting all along the triumphant election of Yuan. It is rather less certain that he will be able to assert his authority with success. That explains his somewhat autocratic action in postponing the assemblage of the new parliament for a fortnight. The elements dominant in the body are too radical to invest the executive with much power. Yuan declines to be a mere figurehead. Late despatches from Peking attribute the deadlock to this controversy. According to the constitution, its proclamation must be confirmed by the Senate and the House sitting together. For the moment China's republican government is suspended in the air.

President Wilson Gives Yuan-Shi-Kai a Fillip.

ALTHO the enemies of Yuan-Shi-Kai strove to make capital out of the withdrawal of the United States from the six-power group which financed China through her dynastic crisis, German dailies deem the development a blessing to the great man at Peking. China, says the *Vossische Zeitung*, had been pawned to the bankers. Yuan was about to face a parliament excited over that issue. Suddenly China gets back her administrative independence, for that is what President Wilson's action amounts to. The mortgage on the eighteen provinces is left unsigned. Yuan is far too astute, according to the *Paris Matin*, not to see that he receives full credit for this. The inspired organs of the great powers in Europe express chagrin. They note, as does the *London Times*, that President Wilson has been the means of postponing a pecuniary transaction from which China must

have profited immeasurably. Nobody at Peking seems to have found out yet who will lend China the funds Yuan needs so badly. Sir Edward Grey told the Commons in London lately that the "negotiations" are in progress. Official Peking announces its refusal to deal with the financiers on the old basis. If the influence acquired by the Europeans through a "new deal" be excessive, President Wilson, according to the *London Times*, may be expected to act with characteristic vigor—just how is conjectural.

The Rebels in China Oppose the New Republic.

ASSUMING the continuance of Yuan-Shi-Kai at the head of affairs in China, the prospect of civil war on a large scale seems to European dailies most ominous. That follower of Danton and Robespierre who has set up a cooperative commonwealth in the province of Kiang-Si, openly defied the central power at Peking last month. He has organized an army, adopted a Roman motto "from the republican period," professed "liberty, equality and fraternity" and invited all Chinese to rally. His agitation is taken so seriously that Yuan has ordered a considerable force to the scene. Rather more reactionary is a movement in Shan-Si, where republican institutions are disliked. The wholesale appearance of armed bandits in Kuang-Tung is noted likewise by the *London Times*, from which we extract these particulars. Military mutinies are reported by our contemporary in Sze-Chuan and Yunnan. "These events," we are assured, however, "need not be taken too gravely."

Woodrow Wilson and the Independence of China.

EUROPE has not as yet understood "the independence of China" to mean or to imply the freedom from control by "diplomacy" which is allowed to a great power like Italy, for instance, observes the *Berlin Post*. President Woodrow Wilson, it adds, has rather surprised the world by his hint that he wants an independence for China as real as any fully civilized state enjoys. This is to overlook the detail that the Chinese are, after all, Orientals. The same idea occurs to more than one French daily, the *Temps* wondering, indeed, if the

policy of the Washington government is to be ideal rather than real. "The President's first decision on a question of foreign policy," we read in the *London Post*, "shows that Mr. Woodrow Wilson means to follow a line of his own in this sphere." This inspired organ of the London foreign office, as some deem it, expected that the return to power of the Democratic party would mark the opening of a new epoch in the domestic affairs of the United States. The British daily is now surprised to find that the fresh departure affects American world policy as well. It is anything but pleased that the United States severs its connection with the six-power group. "That group has engaged in negotiations with a view to advancing a large sum to China for the purpose of enabling the new republic to escape from its financial difficulties." The United States was admitted to the six-power group at its own request. Washington now withdraws abruptly and with scant ceremony. The organ of British aristocracy makes no concealment of its disedification.

China Relieved by the
Act of President
Wilson.

AMERICA has completely vindicated her good name in the far East by President Wilson's withdrawal from the financial clique in China, according to the *London Telegraph*. Mr. Taft had seriously compromised us in Chinese eyes, insinuates the same daily. Six great powers had entered into a combination to force an odious monopoly upon the Chinese republic. It seemed for a few dire weeks as if the schemes of high finance had triumphed. The Chinese millions were to be taxed like the Egyptian fellahs prior to the arrival of Lord Cromer in Cairo. With a "far-reaching and well-considered memorandum," President Wilson foils the schemers. Yuan takes new heart. The young patriots gathering at Peking in their national parliament hope once more. There will be insinuations and sneers in the financial press of Europe. The bankers will have to swallow their chagrin. In truth, they wear a smile. Inwardly they rage. Thus is the situation outlined for us in the Peking despatches of the great London paper. European organs of the liberal school of thought incline to the same view, with an occasional exception. Woodrow Wilson has shown at the outset of his executive career a firm hand. He has saved China.

Opium as a Factor in
the Fate of China.

YUNNAN will for the next few months be the fiery cloud on the Chinese horizon. That is the greatest of the opium provinces. Opium, observes a well-informed corre-

spondent of the *London Outlook*, is the key to the Peking crisis. The world forgets that a government in the throes of revolution can not conduct a campaign against opium. For that reason, the world's great opium conference has been more or less of a farce. "With the collapse of the Manchus, all stability of government departed from western China." Viceroy's absconded unless they were slain. Cities proclaimed themselves independent. Anarchy was supreme. "The country was at the mercy of petty mandarins, tribal chiefs, and robbers, each of whom stirred up those tribes or factions whom he thought might best serve his own ends." There had been a wild outcry against Yuan-Shi-Kai for outlawing opium. The relaxation of all authority was a golden opportunity. The region became a flaming mass of red bloom, "a perfect godsend to the people." The central power at Peking sent orders to exterminate the poppy. The rebels on the spot laughed at the message. The question of opium may decide the future of China:

"What is true of Yunnan is true in an even greater degree of the still more remote province of Kansu, and of Ssüchuan, the richest province in the empire. Opium is now thrown into the scale along with weighty geographical and racial arguments for ultimate independence. Yunnan will grow more opium this year than she has ever grown before; her population will thrive and almost certainly increase by emigration from parts of China which have been rendered intolerable as a result of the revolution, and the Tibetans and tribes will once more assume their former prominent position. If China was cynical enough to mortgage her provincial opium revenues to-morrow, she should be able to raise all the loans she requires in a very short time. The chances of an independent Western China will thus be enormously increased with growing prosperity. Autonomy without that vassalage which has long held the remote provinces of China together must instil more strongly into the people that local and provincial patriotism which has, amongst people risen from adversity, given birth to new empires in the past."

The Struggle for Mon-
golia Between Rus-
sia and China.

MONGOLIA complicated the situation of China a fortnight ago by figuring in directly contradictory official utterances from Peking and St. Petersburg. To Yuan-Shi-Kai, Mongolia remains subject to his orders as executive of the republic. To the Czar's Prime Minister, Mongolia is an independent nation with which the government of Russia has diplomatic relations. That we learn from the *Novoye Vremya*. A curious situation exists to-day throughout the length and breadth of Mongolia, says that high authority, Putnam Weale, in the *London Telegraph*, there being war and

yet no war, peace and yet no peace. "Republican China has proclaimed that Mongolia is an integral part of the new republic—has even given Mongolia a stripe of her own on the five-barred republican flag. Mongolia, indifferent to such allurements, and indeed tempted from another quarter, snaps her fingers at China and goes her own way." Yuan himself, realizing his own incapacity to test the issue on the field of battle, eager, in fact, to find a peaceful solution of this and all other dilemmas, assembled nevertheless a force on the Mongolian frontier. The past six weeks have been spent in conferences with Mongol princes. Yuan learned to his chagrin that St. Petersburg is behind the scenes of the comedy staged for his discomfiture. The Mongolian metropolis at Urga is filled with Russian soldiers, euphemistically called "guards," who were introduced clandestinely. How many other bodies of Russian troops may have been despatched to remote frontier regions of the Chinese republic, awaiting a cue to march upon fresh stages as yet unset? The query puzzles certain London dailies, puzzles Yuan-Shi-Kai most of all and inspires manifold European newspaper conjectures that the far East is about to provide world politics with one more surprise.

Has Peace Been Rees-
tablished in Europe?

MONTENEGRO defied all Europe in arms last month. She could do so with perfect impunity, we are told by the *Paris Figaro*, because she is so very small, so very insignificant. King Nicholas declined to withdraw his forces from Scutari, the place he has so vainly besieged ever since the outbreak of the war in the Balkans. These operations were denounced by Sir Edward Grey, Britain's minister of foreign affairs, as a war of conquest. King Nicholas will find his ports besieged by warships, but diplomacy refuses to take the "crisis" very seriously. The supreme strain was relieved when the powers united to bring an independent Albania into being. The accord was arrived at just in time, admitted Sir Edward Grey last month, to avert a new war. In the face of this situation, even the Young Turks, according to the *Vienna Neue Freie Presse*, must see that they are beaten. Janina has fallen into the hands of the Greeks. Adrianople is held by the Balkan allies. Scutari does not heed the bellicose Montenegrins. King Constantine reigns over Samos, refusing hints to order his troops away. The Turks have put themselves unreservedly in the hands of the great powers, we read in the well-informed *London Post*. Terms are discussed by diplomatists acting as intermediaries between the Sultan and the Balkan

states. What Ferdinand and Peter and Nicholas and the other little kings might have accepted prior to the renewal of the war by the Young Turk will not be adequate now. The Balkan allies clamor for an indemnity and for everything that was Turkish before the peace was broken—everything except Constantinople. If peace be not made soon, the allies will talk of taking Constantinople, too. Ferdinand throws out that hint.

the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*, had its way in everything. The Hapsburg dynasty triumphs all along the line. "Austria-Hungary," reflects the London *Post*, "is the most wonderful country in Europe." Its nine or ten races hold together most firmly when the logic of events proves that they must fly apart forever. "They are all governed on the same bureaucratic system of which the wires are pulled in Vienna and Budapest." When the Balkan war ar-

cis Joseph and the Emperor William prefer the Sultan to the Balkan kings. The Balkan kings stand for national ideals, ideals fatal to the Hapsburg dynasty. The Turk stands for a privilege of economic exploitation out of which Emperor William's realm has profited vastly. "Thus the timidities of the powers make a balance which sways just enough towards Turkey's side to prevent her suffering the full consequences of her weakness." The Sultan will stay on the shores of the Marmora.



ANOTHER REASON FOR THE HIGH COST OF LIVING IN THE BALKANS

The two kind old gentlemen whose trousers do not fit are exalted functionaries of the Sultan's commissariat who would like to get the bread in the basket to the front.

Why the Balkan Allies Feel Wronged.

DIVIDED as are the Balkan kings on many points, they all agree, according to the Paris *Action*, that the great powers have combined to despoil them. It is hard for the Balkan kings, concedes the London *Post*, "after the visions of expansion inseparable from victory and conquest," to find themselves shut in by the wishes of the powers. They expected to parcel Albania. That land of mountaineers is to become independent. The King of Greece would like to enter Constantinople. He must not. Ferdinand, abandoning the Turkish capital with a sigh, must yield something to the Austrians besides. Servia, eager for Durazzo, is told by Austria to keep her hands off. Nicholas of Montenegro, claiming Scutari, finds this same Austria blocking the way. The last straw is the refusal of the European concert to listen to any suggestion of a war indemnity from the Turk. The Balkan kingdoms must even bear a share of the redistributed Ottoman debt. Fierce is the fury at Belgrade, at Athens, at Cetinje and at Sophia. Earnest are the homilies addressed to Balkan states by inspired foreign office sheets.

Why Austria Got Her Way in the Balkans.

NO POWER in Europe emerges from the crisis of the Balkan war with such enhanced prestige as falls to the lot of Austria-Hungary. The Dual Monarchy, observes

rived and there were Servian victories, a spark of Serb nationality fired the Hapsburg regions inhabited by Serbs. "A tremor of fear ran through the Empire, of which the expression was a policy of objection to the expansion of Servia and Montenegro." But the spark passed through Russia, too. "Russia has helped Servia and Montenegro in times past, as well as Bulgaria, and her national feeling would not let her look on idle if these smaller states were too harshly treated." Behind Francis Joseph was William II., dreading the new wave of national spirit in the Balkans. So Germany stood by Austria-Hungary in the crisis just past.

The Forces Behind the New Peace in Europe.

ITALY might have wavered in accepting the new peace of Europe were it not for her complications in Tripoli. So much we learn from the *Indépendance Belge* of Brussels, a daily which reveals the intimacy of the negotiations between Nicholas of Montenegro and his son-in-law Victor Emmanuel. The Italian sovereign could do nothing for his wife's father. Austria-Hungary had mobilized in haste all around him. Italy, it is hinted, was too afraid of Austria to slip out of the Triple Alliance. That held firm. The result was the compromise in which it seems to the British daily which most faithfully reflects London diplomacy that Austria-Hungary has most of her way, "conceding a little in order to gain everything that matters." Fran-

Turkey Defies Europe to the Last.

ALL last month Constantinople seemed quite unaware that the end of the Ottoman empire in Europe had actually arrived. Young Turk leaders were discussing a fresh campaign, their inspired organs, the *Tasviri*, mouthpiece of Enver Bey; the *Hakikat*, edited by a secretary of the Grand Vizier, and the *Terdjumani*, champion of Pan-Islamism, uniting in hurling all manner of defiance at Europe. These dailies insist that Turkey has not placed herself in the hands of the great powers. They clamor for a renewal of the struggle until the forces of the Sultan have achieved a "splendid triumph." No one, except the Islam populace and the Young Turks themselves, takes these remarks seriously. The Grand Vizier, through his inspired organ, the *Sabah*, suggests that Turkey means to arrive at a separate understanding with Greece, now that the new king is asserting himself. The great enemy of Greece, says this commentator, is Slavism. The Greek Premier made a fatal mistake in entering the Balkan confederation, a fact his countrymen fully realize now. The assassination of the late King of Greece was arranged by the Bulgarians, if we are to accept the same source of information as reliable. The Turkish plan embraces a combination of Greece, the Ottomans and the new Albania as a makeweight against the Slav in the Balkans under the suzerainty of Ferdinand.

Ferdinand of Bulgaria Jealous of Constantinople of Greece.

FERDINAND OF BULGARIA is said to have held out angrily against the terms of peace suggested to the Balkans by the great powers. This explains the long delays of the past five weeks, declares the Paris *Matin*. Ferdinand felt in the end that the Greek King might effect some arrangement to his undoing. This, be it noted, is but one of many stories relative to the rival ambitions of Balkan potentates, stories that sometimes contradict one another. In the end, the Balkan allies accepted an offer of mediation based upon the cession by Turkey of Crete as well as the

Aegean Isles. The Sultan, moreover, is to yield up his dominions on the continent except the peninsulas of Gallipoli and Constantinople. There is a mysterious reference to an "indemnity" in the note of the Balkan allies; but no king concerned takes the word seriously, according to the *Paris Débats*. There may be compensation to particular persons for special damages. There is to be no indemnity in the sense enforced by Bismarck upon France. The Belgrade *Pravda* reports from an excellent source that the Balkan allies will waive an indemnity from Turkey on condition that they be not obliged to take over Ottoman debts contracted in the purchase of supplies for the war and guaranteed by the revenues of the European provinces of the Sultan. The whole financial complication may have to be adjusted by a separate conference of all the powers, a point upon which, it seems, France will insist at the behest of the Rothschilds.

The Crisis Over the Fate of Scutari.

SOME weeks have passed since Nicholas of Montenegro and Peter of Servia memorialized the powers on the subject of Scutari. The place, they insist, must return to the possession of that portion of the Servian nation which forms most of Montenegro. The Bulgarians and the Greeks support their Servian allies in this demand. The Turks seem to the London *Telegraph* to have practically surrendered Scutari to the allies by ceding to them all the territory lying to the west of the boundary of Thrace. Then it was that Austria-Hungary and Italy came forward to declare that Scutari must belong to Albania, the coming autonomous state. The failure of the Russian Czar to veto the plan is said to have infuriated old King Nicholas so much that he forbade all mention of that one among his daughters who married a Grand Duke. The old lion next turned to the King of Italy



THE RETURN OF THE TURK, OR OLD HOME WEEK IN ASIA MINOR

This melodrama, staged by the Balkan powers and presented by Ottoman talent, shows the refugees settling on the Asiatic side of the Sultan's empire after a most unsuccessful series of one-night stands in Macedonia and Thrace.

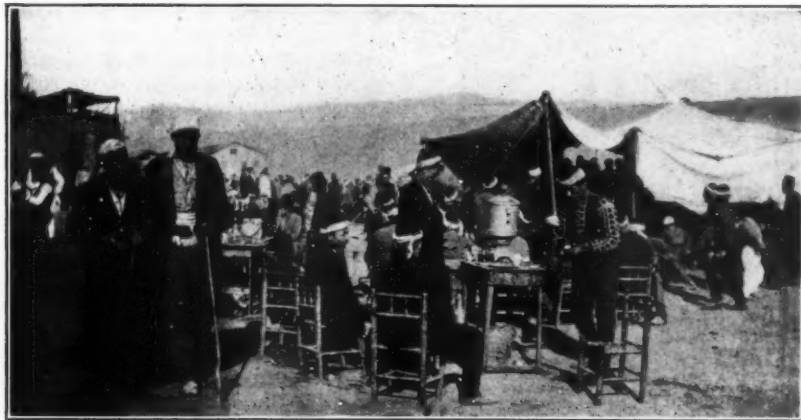
without result. At last accounts he was facing the world in arms and sending scorching telegrams to the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*. There is an unconfirmed story that Russia has at the eleventh hour perceived that her diplomacy is at fault. In any event, it seems to be too late to "correct" Albanian frontiers further. Balkan dailies tell the Czar that an Albanian Scutari, fortified by Austrian engineers, is a menace to the security of Montenegro and Servia both.

Montenegro as a Maker of Trouble.

SINCE the war in the Balkans has long "outlasted its excuses," the liberal Manchester *Guardian* is glad that Austria has set out to chastize Montenegro. That petty kingdom has been forcing Roman Catholics at the point of the bayonet to deny their faith, even killing a priest who would not abjure his religion. West of the Chatalja lines, the British daily notes further, the war against Turkey has come to an end and the fighting is now between Albanian and Slav. "When the Montenegrins began the war their main pretext was a desire 'to reach out

our hand to our brothers in misfortune and to the noble Malissors.' But the noble Malissors are Albanian, and tho they might side with the Montenegrins against the Turks, they have no interest in fighting against their own nationality." Later, as we are reminded by the *Times* special correspondent at Cetinje, the Montenegrins put forward as their chief claim to the possession of Scutari that 'its population, through the mouth of the Catholic Archbishop of the town, demanded in emphatic terms the help and protection of Montenegro.' This claim, too, we are told by the *Guardian*, has broken down, for the civil population is now fighting on the side of the Turks, and the besiegers of Scutari are accused of directing their fire on the civilian buildings. These are the circumstances under which Austria has intervened. Says the Manchester paper:

"But this is not the whole case of Austria. Throughout the last few months the Ambassadors of the Great Powers have been meeting in London under the presidency of Sir E. Grey to concert a policy with regard to Albania, and they have attained a remarkable degree of unanimity. If Russia ever backed Montenegro, she has now ceased to do so, for all the Powers are agreed on the northern and eastern frontiers of the Albania which they propose to set up. As we expected, they have reached this agreement through compromise. Austria has carried her point that Scutari, when it ceases to be Turkish, shall belong to the new Albania, while Russia, by way of compensation, has obtained for Servia some territory round Djakova, which is peopled mainly by Albanians. It may not be an entirely satisfactory compromise, but at any rate it is the accepted policy of the Powers. It is putting that policy to some strain to allow the further continuance of hostilities against Scutari, which are not to be allowed to affect the political future of the town."



THERE WAS A PANIC AND A MAD FLIGHT, BUT SEE THEM RALLY!

These Turks, knowing that Paradise awaits them if they die fighting, will live long enough for a cup of coffee as they travel towards Asia Minor after a collision with the Bulgars. Some of these are Turks and some are Young Turks and some are even younger Turks, but not one of them can come back to Europe.

The last woe of King Nicholas of Montenegro was the intimation of the Czar that Russia will not risk a shot for the little realm.

Persons *in the* Foreground

THE QUANDARY OF WILLIAM VINCENT ASTOR

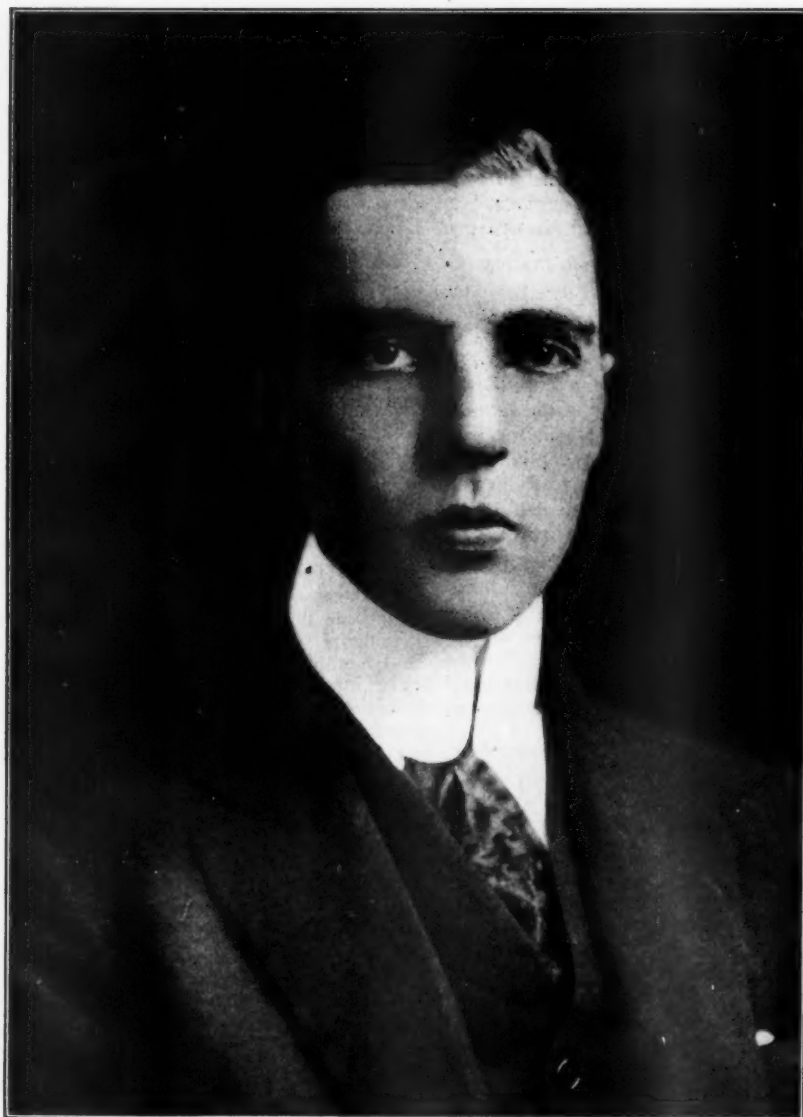
IF YOU were a young man of twenty-one, and had an assured income of ten thousand dollars a day, and were the head of your family, what kind of a career would you choose? The answer would not be so difficult if you were living in Europe. There are several well defined channels there in which the energies of a man so placed may be di-

rected. But in this, country life does not seem to be organized with such young men in view. They can not find a suitable career in the army or navy, unless they have gone to West Point or Annapolis. They can not enter a House of Lords and choose a career of governmental service. They can enter into business and continue the effort to pile more millions upon those they al-

ready have; but the millions are pretty sure to add themselves without effort, anyhow, if the money is well invested. You would probably be in a deep, deep quandary if you were to find yourself, at the threshold of life, suddenly your own master, and the master of an estate whose value is variously estimated all the way from sixty-five to one hundred and fifty millions.

Well, William Vincent Astor is in such a quandary. The sudden death of his father, on the *Titanic*, left him heir at the age of twenty, to all those millions. When he came of age a few months ago he found himself not only in control of the estate as his father and his father's father had been before him, but in an undisputed control such as no other Astor has had since the family fortune was first founded. The plan of bequeathing first one-half of the estate "in trust," then the other half, by which it has been kept together under the domination of the dead hand, was abandoned apparently in the late John Jacob Astor's will. The plan was clever and has been effective. Under it, the master of the estate held every alternate lot "in trust" for his children. He could not dispose of that part. When he died, the lots held by him in trust became the outright possession of his heirs; but the other lots would then be placed in trust for the coming generation. Thus the law against entail was observed and yet the estate held together as effectively as if there were no such law. All that has been changed now, it seems. Young Astor holds the whole estate in his own hands. The dead hand has loosened its grip.

But that does not help young Vincent Astor out of his quandary. After consulting various authorities on the subject, among others Governor Sulzer, it is announced that he will, for one thing, devote his fine farm at Rhinebeck, N. Y., to experimental farming, trying to solve the scientific problems connected with the production of food supplies. Then he has taken steps to join the naval militia. And in addition he has been devoting about eight hours a day to mastering the details connected with the administration of his estate. Thus he is feeling around for a career worthy a normal man and worthy the head of a house which, if we have an aristocracy in this country, certainly stands at the head of it.



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HIS INCOME IS TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS A DAY AND HE CAN'T AFFORD TO GO TO COLLEGE

William Vincent Astor was a freshman at Harvard when his father died last year. The sudden care of a vast fortune rendered it impracticable for him to continue his college career. One might paraphrase the play and call him "the poor little rich boy" if it were not for the fact that he measures over six feet in height.

Young Astor is described as measuring six feet and one-half inch in height and weighing about 150 pounds. He is not athletic. His shoulders are slender, his chest somewhat hollow, and he has a tendency to stoop. His health in childhood was very delicate, and it was only by the utmost skill that he was reared to manhood. He was operated on for appendicitis at the age of twelve. He was kept at Mount Moritz, in Switzerland, for several years, to save him from tuberculosis. He loves out-door life, but not one of strenuous physical endeavor. He plays tennis a little and baseball a little. He does not golf. He was in the Freshman year at Harvard when his father died and he went in for rowing. But the best he could do was to get an offer of a place in the sixth Freshman crew. He rides horseback at times and he goes yachting at times. But he seems to be more enthusiastic over racing automobiles than over anything else, and next to them he delights in a speedy motor boat. He has been "up" time and again for exceeding the speed laws. At Tarrytown he ran into a mechanic on a motorcycle, colliding with a tree in the vain effort to miss the man. At Newport he ran his car into Mrs. Ogden Goelet's, smashing the latter badly. He was up before the police magistrate in Newport at another time and reprimanded. He had a like experience at Fall River. When his father died he came into possession of about thirty

automobiles; but the day after he came of age he paid \$6,000 to Caleb Bragg, of Cincinnati, for an automobile that had won a race in a speed of 100 miles an hour. But all this love of speed is probably due, first, to the natural effervescence of youth, and, second, to a marked love for mechanics. He began to act as his own chauffeur at the age of fifteen; and any boy of fifteen in a high-power racing automobile is an open bid for death and disaster. The worst that has come of it so far in young Astor's case has been a broken rib for the Tarrytown mechanic and a smashed car for Mrs. Goelet.

Young Astor has seen but little of society. He was a shy boy and has not outgrown his shyness altogether. Like most shy lads, he has been very fond of girls. Between the ages of six and sixteen he contracted an "undying" affection for at least five little charmers in succession, beginning with Molly, the blue-eyed gardener's daughter. After sixteen he kept on falling in love with pretty girls, especially blue-eyed ones, but not in such rapid succession. He went to Eton to prepare for college, and on his return, in his eighteenth year, he was even incited to poetry over a beautiful young girl in Newport who is a pure blonde, with eyes of heaven's own blue, hair like the gold of the sunshine and cheeks like wild roses in May,—all of which details are noted in his poem. He has had several other cases since, but his heart seems to keep

returning to this beautiful blonde after its wanderings, as the wavering needle returns to the magnetic pole. One of these wanderings was caused by an actress in the "Quaker Girl" company, whom he met while at Harvard. But the Newport girl's gentle influence overcame even the glamor of the foot-lights. She is described as not intellectual, not artistic, not athletic, and not ambitious for a "career"; but she is sweet and gentle and beautiful, and an heiress herself.

Young Astor has lacked the wholesome rough-and-ready association with other boys. His delicate health was partly responsible for that. Even at Harvard, it is said, he did not associate much with the other undergraduates, and "would rather sit or dance with a pretty girl than indulge in any of the other sports or amusements at the command of young millionaires." He would probably have outgrown this shyness with other boys, which is not a bad sign in a Freshman, had he stayed a year or two at Harvard, but the death of his father and the sudden burden of responsibility which that entailed upon the son made it necessary for him to leave Harvard at once before he really got into the swim of college life, with its glorious companionships and its golden memories in after life. He found himself so very rich all at once that he could not afford to finish his college course! That sounds paradoxical, but it seems to be the exact truth.

WALTER H. PAGE FORERUNNER OF THE NEW AMERICAN DIPLOMACY

SOME one has called the appointment as ambassador to the Court of St. James "the blue ribbon of American politics." That blue ribbon has been bestowed by President Wilson upon a new type of American diplomat. When you look upon Walter Hines Page, the last thing he would be apt to remind you of would be an ambassador, that is to say if you have the traditional idea of an ambassador which most Americans have. There is, to begin with, no hint of ceremonialism in his appearance. He is not stiff or starched in the slightest degree. He has no air of superiority. He does not speak with a note of command. And even when he is having his picture taken he does not know how to pose effectively. "Did you see how he stood," said one camera-man to another the other day, out at Garden City, where they had been training their machines upon the new recipient of ambassadorial honors. "I did," sighed the second. "He looked awful. Even the flaps of his pockets were inside and he did not know it. I had to ask him

to let me pull them out." That gives you a line upon his personal appearance. He looks like a man who never bestows any thought upon his clothes. There is nothing shabby about him, nothing outré, nothing offensive. He is just easy-going in his manner and in his dress, and if you were to ask him who his tailor or haberdasher is, he probably couldn't tell you. He is a man who can wear the flaps of his coat-pockets inside, or, worse still, one inside and one outside, and not know it.

The selection of Page came as a public surprise. At a dinner given by the Lotos Club to Thomas Nelson Page, the author, a few weeks before, every other speaker had some reference to make to his probable advancement to ambassadorial honors, preferably at the Court of St. James. Walter H. Page was one of the speakers and he probably knew then who the next ambassador to that court was to be. But not an inkling of the fact appeared, not a suspicion seems to have dawned upon any one in all the discussion then going on in the papers. Thomas Nelson Page is a member of one of the historic

families of Virginia, and his wife has wealth enough to sustain with comparative ease the social splendors which American ambassadors have been wont to display in the past. His selection for one of the high diplomatic posts would seem to be a very natural thing, and it is still expected. But Walter H. Page was never in the public eye, for the simple reason, probably, that his appointment means a marked departure from the methods of the past. He is not a rich man, tho he is a partner in the successful publishing house of Doubleday, Page & Co., and so is not poor. He has never, apparently, had social ambitions. He belongs to but two clubs in New York City, after a residence here of many years. He flourishes no honorary college degrees, and if he has them, even "Who's Who" hasn't found it out. Nor has he taken any place in the political limelight. His appointment marks, it is likely, a striking change in our diplomatic service—a reaction from the elaborate social functions which have marked our embassies abroad under the régime of such men as Whitelaw Reid and



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"EVEN THE FLAPS OF HIS POCKETS WERE INSIDE AND HE DID NOT KNOW IT"

This was the horrified comment made the other day by a camera-man who had been taking a photograph of Walter Hines Page, selected for ambassador to the Court of St. James. There is no ceremonialism about Mr. Page and he is not made of money; but he has mingled on equal terms with scholars and statesmen and men of affairs for many years, and England seems to feel that the choice is a compliment to her good sense.

Charlemagne Tower, until the idea that no one but a very wealthy man can afford the honor of serving the republic in high diplomatic posts has gained wide acceptance. Mr. Page's appointment and acceptance may thus mark an historical epoch, and be as distinguishing a mark of the new administration as the passage of a new tariff bill.

The career of Mr. Page has not been marked by any dramatic events or picturesque incidents. He was born near Raleigh, N. C., in the little town of Cary, some fifty-eight years ago. He went to Randolph Macon College and then to Johns Hopkins University, being one of the first twenty fellows of the latter institution. He then went west and engaged in newspaper work, but the work of reconstruction in the Southern States interested him and he took a tour of observation, interviewing public men—among them Jefferson Davis—and publishing his articles in a syndicate of daily papers. As a result

of this enterprising stroke, he was invited to join the staff of the *N. Y. World*, writing office editorials at first and becoming a traveling correspondent later. Still later he started a progressive paper of his own in Raleigh, and bent his best energies toward the social and industrial rejuvenation of the South, laying less stress than usual upon politics and more upon good roads, good schools, rotation of crops, intensive farming and new manufactures. He thus became one of the builders of the New South before he entered the magazine field. And he has remained an active participant in constructive work ever since. He has been for years a member of the General Education Board, a member of the Southern Education Board, a member of the Sanitary Commission for Eradicating the Hookworm, and a member of the Country Life Commission. He has kept in close touch with men of affairs, as well as scholars, in all sections of the country, and is one of those

rare men who can think in continental terms. "Mr. Page," says a writer in the *N. Y. Sun*, "is a quiet, unassuming man, leads a very modest life and shuns publicity. It is only his keen interest in the welfare of the people that has led him into activities which have made him a public figure."

His career as a magazine editor began in 1890. In that year he became editor of *The Forum* and for five years conducted that magazine on a plane it has never been able to reach since. For four years he was editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* (being also literary adviser to Houghton, Mifflin & Company), and it is doubtful if, among all the illustrious editors that magazine has had, it has ever had one who put such vigor into it as it received from Mr. Page. He attained then nearly if not quite the top notch among magazine editors of America. He left his position there to join hands with Frank Doubleday in forming a new publishing house, which now has several prosperous magazines and a large book business. For the last thirteen years, Mr. Page has given most of his time to the editing of *The World's Work*, which was started on original lines by his publishing house before it was a year old.

Mr. Page is a man of force not only with his pen but also with his voice. He has none of the academic air in talking. He speaks freely, with or without notes, and gives the impression of being able to hold his own in a rough and tumble debate. "He is the rarest of all combinations," says an editorial writer on the *Indianapolis News*,—"a man of culture and a self-made man." The same writer, a personal acquaintance of long standing, adds these touches:

"Mr. Page has always shown a deep interest in public affairs. He is one of the comparatively small number of men who have the true democratic viewpoint. An admirer of Walt Whitman, he has absorbed much of the old poet's philosophy. Those who were fortunate enough to know him in the days in New York, when he was 'so happy and so pore,' can, we feel sure, even now hear him reciting 'Me Imperturbé.' The present writer can recall his laugh when some one asked him whether he thought that Whitman had 'established a permanent literary form.' A good man and true, one who represents the very best traditions of this republic—is also to represent this nation at the Court of St. James."

The story-writer, "O. Henry," once said of the new ambassador: "Walter Page can write a letter declining a contribution with thanks and word it so sweetly that the recipient can take it to a bank and raise money on it." That knack of graciousness will stand him in good stead in the next four years. His friends have no doubt about his ability to conduct affairs in

London with distinguished success, even tho he is unable to rent Dorchester House for his home. Just how strongly he may appeal to the social upper class of England may be a matter of doubt; but to the aristocracy of intellect he is likely to make a successful appeal. He is a true democrat, without the bumptiousness and vain-glory of the counterfeit democrat. He is a democrat because he has thought things out that way, and can give a reason. He has said:

"The only advantage that Americans have over their kinsmen of the Old World is the advantage of free democratic training. We are no more capable by nature than the English, and we are not as well trained as the Germans, but we have greater social mobility, which is the very essence of democratic training. We have built a type of society that permits more men to find their natural place in it. And thus it is that the greatest contribution to social science, to the science of training men and of building States, is the demonstration that we have made of the ever recreative and ever renewing quality of democratic society."

Writing at another time Mr. Page said:

"Society forever needs reinforcements from the rear. It is a shining day in any educated man's growth when he comes to see and to know and to feel and to admit that it is just as important to the world that the ragamuffin child and his worthless neighbor should be trained as it is that his own child should be. Until a man sees this he cannot be a worthy democrat nor get a patriotic conception of education, for no man has known the deep meaning of democracy or felt either its obligation or its lift till he has seen this truth clearly."

And in another place he has said: "I believe in the perpetual regeneration of society, in the immortality of democracy and in growth everlasting."

Mr. Page's family consists of a wife, a daughter and three sons. The daughter, Katherine, is a senior in Bryn Mawr College. One of his sons, Arthur W., is managing editor of *World's Work*. His other two sons are cotton planters in North Carolina, where Mr. Page himself owns a tract of, it is said, about a thousand acres, to which he

fondly hopes some day to retire as a farmer. His wife, while not fond of lavish display, has decided social inclinations, and, with the daughter's help, will rule with grace and dignity over the ambassadorial home. Mr. Page has no idea of resorting either to ostentatious extravagance or to ostentatious simplicity in the social life of London. At least one British paper rejoices in the change. Says the *London Nation*, an influential weekly: "In offering the London Embassy to Mr. Page, President Wilson has made an interesting experiment. He has boldly reverted to the scholar diplomat as the type of man most qualified to represent the United States abroad. In doing so he has paid a silent but striking compliment to the good sense of the British people. He has assumed that what we most value in an American Ambassador is not his wealth and his ability to lavish it on magnificent houses and huge entertainments, but his personality and his achievements and the extent to which he brings with him the true flavor of American life."

REGINALD McKENNA: THE BRITISH HOME SECRETARY WHO FORCIBLY FEEDS SUFFRAGETS

NOW that the leader of England's militant suffragets, Emmeline Pankhurst, has been released from a long prison term, the crisis in forcible feeding brings fresh fame to Reginald McKenna. For this eminent politician, in his capacity as Home Secretary, decides who shall be forcibly fed and how, who shall be released at the critical stage of a hunger strike and who that throws missiles at a cabinet minister is a "first-class misdemeanant." In a word, that department of the machinery of English law with which militant suffragism comes into collision is regulated and controlled at all stages by Reginald McKenna. Possibly that is why so many sections of British opinion tend now to make this philosophical radical the scapegoat of the crisis that has arisen over the long war in favor of votes for women. His mismanagement, aver conservative London dailies, has allowed the Pankhursts and their followers to get out of hand. Nay, it is hinted that Reginald McKenna is in secret a supporter of the ladies who disturb public meetings and smash plate glass windows. This alleged sympathy is attributed to the charming young lady he married a few years ago. She is suspected of clandestine attachment to the "cause," of having conveyed a warning to Christobel Pankhurst when that maiden had to leave in a hurry for Paris. Whether the rumor concerning Mrs. Reginald

McKenna be true or false, the fact remains according to the *London Post*, that the Home Secretary has so far been the best ally the Pankhursts could possess.

He is the one conspicuously puny figure, the one indubitably petty mind, in a British ministry which has made more history than has been made by any other in our generation, that is the summing up of Reginald McKenna provided for us by the *London World*, which reflects the pessimist view of the Home Secretary most clearly. The chronicler of the future, we read, will shake his head over Reginald McKenna and wonder whether there can be any mistake in the authorities on English politics in the early twentieth century. What is this sawdust creature, he may ask, which sprawls so considerably over the stage? The historian finds him first, in going over the whole Reginald McKenna career, as an insignificant pleader, whose character shows no traces of the university education he is supposed to have received. As a reward, apparently, for an initial failure in an electoral contest, he was given the reversion of a safe seat in Wales. Then came ten dull years in the House of Commons, during which, we are invited to believe, "not a shred of his insignificance was lost." At the end of this blank period we find Reginald McKenna appointed financial secretary to the treasury, an office notoriously on the threshold of the cabinet.

In this capacity he appears to our disgruntled pessimist to have done nothing whatever.

The inactivity of Reginald McKenna was rewarded, it next appears, by promotion, for his inactivity is always of the most masterly kind. He became head of the education department at a critical moment. "The withdrawal of Mr. Birrell's education bill had come as a sharp reminder to the radical party that there were limits to the power of a majority of over three hundred, and the way was clear for compromise." The new Minister brought in an education bill, which was smothered as soon as it was born. For what is the destiny of Reginald McKenna—to hover on the edge of achievement, to seem to be actually about to do something at last, and to lapse, in the end, into his inevitable nullity. It is a fascinating nullity, agreeable to contemplate, and it brings him all the glory won by other men only after hard work and much running after opportunity. It is opportunity who runs after Reginald McKenna, and he has never let her catch him yet!

The historian familiar with the ways beloved of British radicalism—still to follow the hostile interpretation in the *London World*—would expect to behold a peerage bestowed upon Reginald McKenna. That is the way of radicalism with its failures, and this man is the most conspicuous of all its failures. But a surprise is in store



THE BRITISH STATESMAN WHOM THE MILITANT SUFFRAGETS MEAN TO DRIVE FROM OFFICE

Reginald McKenna, home secretary in the Asquith ministry, is called upon to decide who shall be forcibly fed in prison and who shall be let out after a hunger strike. He is denounced by the anti-ministerial press as having caused by his weakness the whole suffraget crisis.

for us still. As a result of his delightful incompetence at the education office, Reginald McKenna was put in charge of Great Britain's first and last line of defense—her navy. His record in this new office is pronounced by our wrathful contemporary "positively shameful." His tenure of it happened to coincide with a time of crisis in naval affairs. An increase in the estimates "brought the simmering patriotism of the radical party" to a head. Reginald McKenna, in his capacity as first lord of the admiralty, came down to the House of Commons and made certain statements as to German naval construction which have subsequently turned out to be wrong. Even at the time they had no effect. It is too difficult to take Reginald McKenna seri-

ously. The situation was saved by the intervention of Prime Minister Asquith. From that time of naval scares Reginald McKenna "practically ceased to exist." He is there, but that is all.

One redeeming trait in Reginald McKenna as head of any department of the British government is that no one need pay the slightest attention to him. In effect, nobody does—not even the militant suffragets. Not one among them would be bothered knocking his hat off—an attention bestowed so often upon Lloyd George that he appears in public bareheaded. When first lord of the admiralty, Reginald McKenna went around among the squadrons "worrying admirals who took no notice of him." It is, therefore, not surprising to our student of

the man that Reginald McKenna had to go—as first lord. "Here, at least, our imaginary future historian would conjecture that the end of a futile career had arrived." Not so. The politician had conducted himself with so egregious a fatuity that, some two years ago, he was promoted again—this time to the post in which he is concerned with suffragets in prison, that of Home Secretary.

In all this "amazing history," one thing alone remains unchanged, we read further—the insignificance of its hero. Reginald McKenna counts for as little to-day as he did when he entered parliament in the nineties. Great economic upheavals have occurred during his incumbency of the Home Office. The government has been forced to intervene in strike after strike, in suffragist demonstrations without number, but the Home Secretary has not been one of the committee of three which has represented the cabinet in handling the gravest crises that ever arose in British home affairs. No one is so little concerned nowadays with home affairs as the Home Secretary. He has a perfect genius for never knowing what is going on. "Since he came into office, Reginald McKenna has, indeed, done nothing except reveal the vulgarity of his mind by refusing to read, on account of their objectionable character, passages from a play which has since been staged without shocking the public conscience." For, as other statesmen rise to renown by insisting upon doing things, Reginald McKenna has become famous by insisting upon doing nothing.

How can we explain the remarkable advancement of this singularly little man? Our London contemporary asks the question many times in varied forms. Yet the explanation, it avers, is simple. "Reginald McKenna represents the pure spirit of modern radicalism. He has all its spitefulness, all its false modesty, all its tactlessness, all its meanness, all its vindictiveness." There is nothing more thoroughly radical than the scheme for "the spoliation of the Welsh church," a Godless work to the conservative organ. Reginald McKenna, it tells us, was precisely the man to champion the plan. He despoiled the church with enthusiasm because he has no reverence. He has no insight into anything, no imagination, no fancy. His mind is a desert, dull, level, monotonous. Those who doubt it may read his speeches. "They are speeches containing nothing that has not been said and better said a thousand times. They are unredeemed by one single flash of genuine passion, undignified by one single sentence of polished rhetoric." They serve the need, to be sure, they work out the details of some bit of spitefulness to which a nobler

mind would never descend. He is perfect in little business, an artist of the petty, most himself when stooping to the spoiled imbecility of a child. One might call him womanish were it not, our contemporary insists, that he is too narrow and too mean to be called that. "It would be unreasonable to suggest that we should not despise Reginald McKenna." Yet, it is admitted, he must not be underrated as an influence. No man is more useful in keeping the Asquith ministry in touch with the party, no other man in that party is so well able to express the party's thoughts. The harmony between this minister and his audiences is often amazing. The outsider—and the pessimist we follow is a rank outsider—wonders what all these people can possibly see in such a nonentity, how they can listen to him, much less cheer him. But they do. "The key to the riddle lies in the fact that he

can set forth in language naked and unashamed the cupidities of their hearts."

But how differently we see the same personality when its secret is laid bare by a friendly interpreter—the *London News*, for instance. Reginald McKenna, it would seem then, has the cold, logical mind of John Stuart Mill in the nervous organization of a Disraeli. He has that supreme genius for self-effacement of which born leaders are made. He talks of everything and of everybody except himself. He reads men as if they were books. He interprets them to themselves. One revels in his company with a consciousness of being understood at last. He is devoid of that pettiness which makes so many public men ache for notoriety by interfering with things they do not understand. When he administered the navy, for instance, he did not assert his authority on points

of detail. He left the technical details to the experts paid to attend to them. His mind is so large that it touches the summits of things only. He knows how to be merciful, as all suffragists know, and he can be severe upon occasion, as the militants will find out. Only a nature so generous could have made the hateful work of disciplining women like the Pankhursts a mild and peaceful thing. Reginald McKenna, again, is so free from personal vanity that he will not stoop to defend himself. His is that rare radicalism which vents itself in no exaggerated and sentimental rhetoric. His public speeches, while extemporaneous, have all the beauty of an essay by Ruskin. He is that incarnation of human power, the silent man, until the rare occasion when eloquence is best, and then none can convince like Reginald McKenna. He is, we read, a coming Prime Minister of England.

THE FIGHTING KING OF THE HELLENES

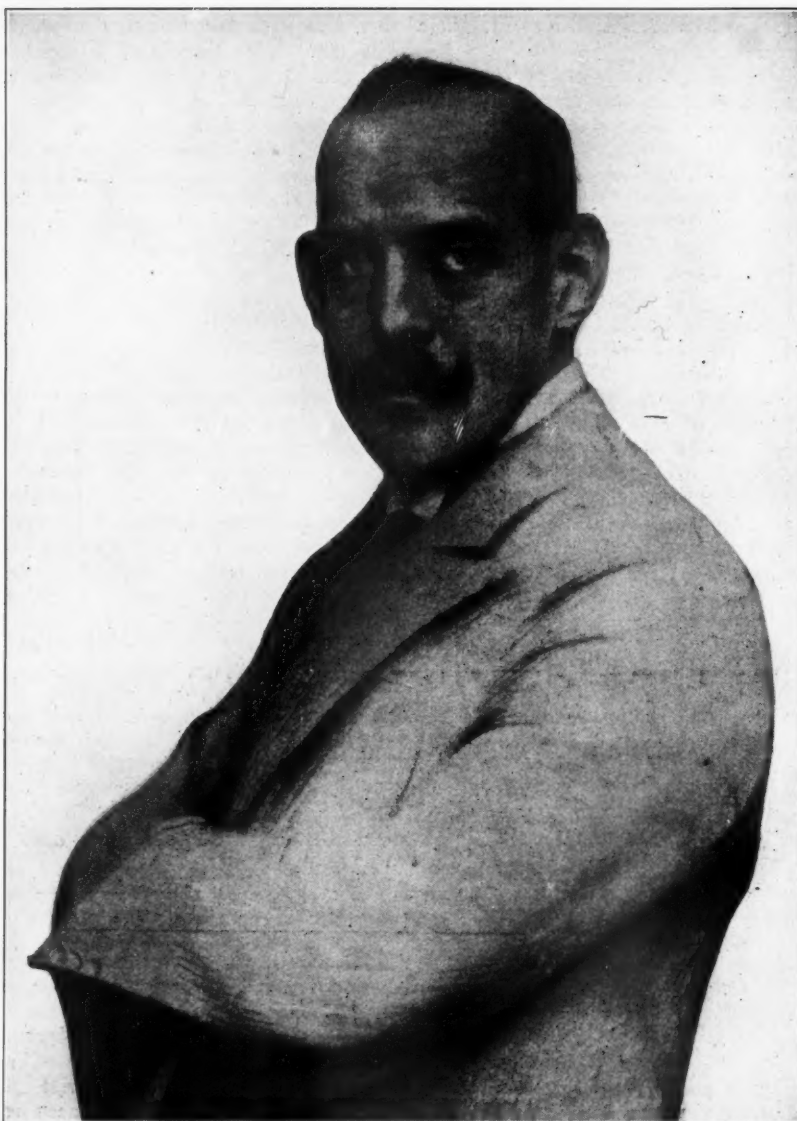
FATE placed a large fly in the ointment of Czar Ferdinand's life when she summoned King Constantine to the throne of Greece. These two strong men incarnate, each in his own person, ambitions that threaten to tear the Balkans asunder in many a convulsion of the near future, or Europe misunderstands them egregiously. There is not room enough in the near East for a pair of wills so strong as theirs, dreams of empire so opposed. Ferdinand sees upon his brow already, as European dailies suspect, the crown of a new empire more splendid than William's. The new King in Athens accepts with pious faith the old Greek tradition that when a royal Constantine weds a Princess Sophia their son shall reign at Constantinople. Sophia is the name of the new Queen of the Hellenes and she is the sister of a potentate to whom traditions are oracles—Emperor William. Born at Athens nearly forty-five years ago, reared in the Hellenic spirit and imbued with the teachings of Greek orthodoxy, Constantine embodies to his people that racial hostility to the Bulgar which led indirectly to the taking off of the late King George. Salonica, the scene of the assassination, was an apple of discord between Greek and Bulgar. Each strove to take it when at last the war came. Hellas captured the prize. Ferdinand sent the crown prince of Bulgaria in hot haste to Salonica to outrank every Greek there. The Hellenes retorted by despatching their own sovereign, George, to the scene. The crisis was growing more acute when the world was shocked by the murder of the King on the fiftieth anniversary of his accession.

Constantine impresses the French dailies as a spiritual type, fired with the crusading spirit and yet not ignorantly fanatical. He is serious, we read in the *Gaulois*, pious, believing in the divine character of the mission entrusted to him by a high destiny. No wonder, then, the Hellenes deem his accession, and the tradition connected with it, as a gesture from above, a plain intimation that the day of their glory has come. Constantine is as the poles asunder from his late father, who was only a perfect gentleman with a sense of humor too keen to sustain a Quixotic mood. The life of the late King was social primarily, varied by sojourns in Paris and deep interest in the arts. Constantine is a child of the camp, inured to long marches and the sanguinary field. He uses the pure Greek of the classical age and he commends himself fervently to the saints. He reads little but he prays much. His father was at one time the best waltzer in Europe. The son is unable to keep time to any music but that of the drum. The late King George read the proclamations of Ferdinand of Bulgaria with loud laughter. The new King Constantine grows pale with anger at every mention of the name of the brigand of the Balkans.

What thrills the Hellenes when they think of their new King, we read in the *Vienna Neue Freie Presse*, is the prowess he has shown as a fighter, the purity of the faith animating that prowess. God is with him and he knows it. His kingliness is of the religious sort, prompting him to ask the favor of Heaven during any pause in the fury of a fray. His most characteristic behavior is tinged with the flavor of his peculiar piety. There was

the famine episode at Sarandaparo, for instance, when the army ran out of bread. The troops were living on maize. As one regiment passed by to the front in the heat of battle, Constantine caught a soldier in hungry contemplation of a loaf in the royal hand. The Prince ran forward. "How long since you've eaten bread?" It was two days. "I had a taste of bread yesterday," said the Crown Prince, "and you must be hungrier for it than I." He handed the man his own loaf and the regiment moved on. During the fury of the fighting at Janina, Constantine saw a letter on the field. It proved to be from a girl in Athens admonishing her lover. He had been notoriously remiss at his prayers and the fact worried her. Constantine had the man before him. "Do you still neglect your prayers?" "Not now," was the reply, "for whenever I see your Highness pray, I pray." Constantine at once procured leave for the youth to return on a furlough to be married.

The blend of soldier and priest in the character of Constantine, a combination of pugnacity with religion, enables him to kindle the noblest rage for glory in the Greek troops. They were never highly esteemed, affirms the *Vienna daily*, until Constantine took the field at their head. At the crisis before Janina, when it seemed that the effort to storm the place must end in a fruitless expenditure of lives and ammunition, the crown prince made his appearance among the gunners and proceeded to assist in serving one of the pieces. For five weary hours he toiled incessantly, asking the names of those around and noting them in a little book. "I thank you," he said quietly at last, "you have taught



THE SOVEREIGN WHOSE SON IS TO RULE IN CONSTANTINOPLE

This is the prophetic point of view from which the world regards the new King of the Hellenes, Constantine, whose queen is Sophia. The tradition beloved of the Greeks has it that when a Constantine who reigns in Athens takes a Sophia for a consort their son shall reign in Constantinople.

me more about artillery than I ever learned at Berlin." Not that he is of the expansive type. Constantine is described by those who know him best as cold, even ungenial. Nevertheless, he has adopted as his favorite maxim that famous saying of Napoleon's: "Men must be led by an iron hand in a velvet glove."

A marked reserve of manner did as much as anything else to win for Constantine the indifference with which the Greeks regarded him until the war revealed his exceptional military capacity. He is not to the French daily already cited either majestic in aspect or magnetic in personality. He has all the solid qualities without any of the brilliant ones. The extreme seriousness with which he always takes himself afforded the sarcastic an opportunity to refer to his inglorious campaign against the Turks when he

was twenty-nine. He had hurried to the front to take supreme command then, only to retreat with his forces in disgraceful rout until the shameful collapse at Larissa. That campaign proved the grave of his military reputation. The whole nation seemed in revolt when a few years ago he was forced to retire from the army. Great was the amazement of Europe when this same Constantine led the main Greek army in a series of unbroken triumphs by way of Elassona, Veria and Yenidjeh, to the occupation of Salonica. The climax of all this glory was the taking of Janina, a feat which the German military experts had pronounced impossible. The cool daring with which Constantine ventured upon his final enveloping movement, massing his troops behind screens of cavalry—to be technically accurate, mounted infantrymen—and leading the

supreme assault in person, has quite robbed Ferdinand of Bulgaria of his laurels as the great captain of the war. Ferdinand, observes the Paris paper, may plan campaigns, but Constantine conducts his in person. The King of the Hellenes received from his German instructors the training of a cavalryman, a circumstance explaining, it seems, the failure of his military career in its first stage. At the age of thirty he began life over again in the artillery.

In personal appearance the new King of the Hellenes strongly suggests, we are told, the dashing Russian Grand Duke who was one of his grandfathers. From that source he inherits his piety as well as a dislike for the esthetical traits of his father's people, the Danes. There was always a temperamental opposition between Constantine and his father. The latter, indeed, spoke very badly the language of the people he ruled and made no concealment of his indifferent attitude to their religious faith. Constantine prides himself upon having a traditionally Greek face. The brow and chin have been made familiar by native sculptors as examples of Hellenic physiognomy. The eyes are of a steely hue, rather far apart and lacking, some critics think, in vivacity. He has the rather long neck of the royal Danes and the quiet, pleasing voice of his mother Olga, a true Romanoff. She is famed for the romanticism of her temperament and a burning zeal for religion. In handing these qualities on to her son, she transmitted her perfect gravity of facial expression likewise. Constantine, it is said, does not know how to smile and his mother could not teach him.

No king was ever a better husband. Sophia, said to be even more pious than her brother, the German Emperor, has much of his personality. The new Queen of the Hellenes rules her three sons and her two daughters, according to Paris gossips, as if they were all in the nursery still. Her Majesty has the Hohenzollern smile, said by our foreign contemporaries to be fully as intimidating as the Hohenzollern frown. She looked upon her husband's late father as little better than a reprobate owing to his fondness for Parisian jaunts and to his amiable sarcasms at the expense of pious persons. It is affirmed of the new Queen of the Hellenes that she can tell from memory at any moment just how many napkins there ought to be in the royal linen closet. She is likewise disposed to mention too frequently that the greatest living ruler is her own brother. We understand from the Paris *Matin* that the lady is somewhat of a dowdy, her opposition to the introduction of the *directoire* styles a few years ago being based upon considerations relative to her own figure. Her Majesty, in short, is not at all "smart," but she organized the Greek sanitary service.

Music and Drama

"ROMANCE"—EDWARD SHELDON'S WINSOME PLAY OF TWO GENERATIONS

THE progress of Edward Sheldon has not been as direct as his admirers may have hoped, and his brief career has not been without its failures. But, remarks the New York Sun, it can rarely be said of his plays that they are commonplace. "Romance,"* in the opinion of the same reviewer, is a fair exhibition of that sort of invention in which Mr. Sheldon surpasses any of his colleagues in the American theaters. The play has an imaginative and picturesque charm which is not to be resisted. Departing from the stricter form of play, the author has divided his work into a prolog, three acts, and an epilog. "Romance" is, in effect, a dream play, with the single difference that the action which it reveals has taken place long before the beginning of the drama. How the present generation may repeat the mistakes of its predecessors and refuse to be guided by the wisdom of others is shown forth by Mr. Sheldon's peep into the past. The device, to quote the New York Evening Post, is not new, but it is effective, and provides—like "Milestones," which may have helped Mr. Sheldon with his idea—an opportunity for portraying contracted periods.

In the prolog Harry, an ardent youth, aided by his sister Suzette, breaks the news of his engagement to a beautiful, gifted but penniless actress, to his grandfather, the Reverend Doctor Armstrong, a tender old bishop. The latter remonstrates with him gently. The youth accuses the Bishop of being a stranger to romance.

BISHOP. (Suddenly, with a sharp intake of breath.) A—ah!

HARRY. (Sympathetically.) Your rheumatism, sir?

BISHOP. (With a smile.) Don't mention rheumatism now, my boy. (He stands for a moment above his desk and shuts his eyes.) I'm only twenty-eight years old! (Taking a bunch of keys from his pocket, he unlocks a lower drawer and after some fumbling comes up with a small box of mahogany which he lays on the desk before him.) Do you know what's in this little box?

HARRY. No, sir. What?

BISHOP. (With a radiant smile.) Romance, my boy, the perfume of romance!

HARRY. How—how do you mean, sir?

BISHOP. Look! (He opens the box and tenderly takes out a little wisp of lace.)

HARRY. (Awe.) What is it, grandpa? A handkerchief?

BISHOP. (Nodding.) A handkerchief. (He undoes it and discloses a few old flowers.) White violets. (He sniffs them, then smiles and shakes his head.) They're dried and yellow now. Their sweetness is all gone. I'm an old man, Harry, but somehow, why, it seems like yesterday.

HARRY. (Wonderingly.) What sir?

BISHOP. (Turning out the desk-lamp, and crossing to his chair again, holding the flowers and handkerchief very carefully in his hands.) Ah, that's what I'm going to tell you now! Sit down, my boy. (As Harry sits on the floor by his feet looking up at him.) Are you comfortable there? That's right! Well, it was over forty years ago—forty years—dear me how the time flies! And I was the young Rector of St. Giles you know. That was before I married your grandmother—God bless her!—altho I'd known her nearly all my life. Well, Harry, one night—in November it was—I went to an evening party at old Cornelius Van Tuyl's house and—and then in the kaleidoscope of crinoline and jewels, the great adventure of my life began. (Harry is seated, looking up into the Bishop's face. And as the latter speaks, there is music and the whole scene melts into the dark. The music swells, growing sweeter and louder, then falls and dies away, as the lights come softly up, revealing the stage set for Act I.)

Bishop Armstrong reappears as a young clergyman, the popular rector of Saint Giles. The first act takes place in the year 1867, in the house of the rich banker Cornelius Van Tuyl, the young Rector's oldest friend and senior warden. Armstrong is a deeply religious, unsophisticated young man, the favorite suitor of Susan, the banker's niece. Van Tuyl is giving an evening reception in honor of Madame Cavallini, the brilliant prima donna who has taken New York by storm. With this enchantress the young parson is suddenly confronted. He has heard ribald stories about her and rumor has linked her name with that of Van Tuyl in the past. The prima donna is interested in the youth at once. William Courtenay, who plays the part of the parson, admirably shows how the young man is torn between sex attraction and a youthful sense of his own dignity.

Doris Keane charmingly portrays the impulsive singer and delightfully renders her quaint pronunciation. Tom—such is Armstrong's first name—is not when he first meets her aware of the identity of his charmer, Rita Cavallini, peacefully reposing on a couch. In reply to a jesting remark on her part, he severely replies, "Madame, I am the Rector of Saint Giles."

RITA. R-r-rector?

TOM. Yes, I mean I—I own it. I'm its minister, its clergyman—

RITA. (Quickly.) Oh, cler-gee-man! I have forget! 'Ow bee-aautiful! An' St. Giles—Who vas 'e? Some leetle American saint, hein?

TOM. (Sternly.) St. Giles is one of the most important figures in the great history of the Church of England.

RITA. (Softly.) Is dat so? Anodder cler-geeman—ye-es? (He nods.) 'Ow fr-rightful-ee nize! Ve never-r 'ear of 'im in Ital-ee!

TOM. (Struck.) In Italy! Why, you don't live in Italy?

RITA. I have a house in Flor-r-rence an' a villa on de Lake of Como—yes.

TOM. (With a relieved laugh.) Oh, that's all right, then. Do you know what I thought for a moment?

RITA. No. What you t'ink?

TOM. I thought that you might be Madame Cavallini—or lini or whatever her name is! You know, the opera singer!

RITA. (Laughing.) You funnee man!

TOM. Forgive me, do!

RITA. It vill be 'ar-rd! You 'ave not seen La Cavallini here?

TOM. I? Oh, no. I don't go to the opera!

RITA. (Confidentially.) You have not meess much when you meess La Cavallini. She is of a fatness (With gesture), oh, like dat!

TOM. You're sure?

RITA. (Nodding.) She eat twelve poun' of spaghetti every day!

TOM. No!

RITA. (Enthusiastically.) An' uglee, oh, Madonna! 'ow dat woman is ug-lee!

TOM. Well, I suppose her figure is what makes them say—

RITA. (Interrupting.) I tell you it somet'ing ter-r-rible! 'Er dressmaker in Paris, she tell me dat! Now what you t'ink—ch?

TOM. (Rising.) Do you really want to know?

RITA. Yes, tell me, please!

TOM. (Very sternly.) I think, ma-

* Copyright, 1913, by Edward Sheldon.

dame, you have been guilty of the grossest cruelty!

RITA. What?

TOM. (*Oracularly.*) Yes, cruelty, I repeat the word! To hear a woman, on whom an all-wise Providence has showered its choicest gifts, deride, hold up to scorn and gloat over the physical failings of a less fortunate sister—for, madame, you are sisters in the sight of God!—I say this heartless act deserves a far more serious rebuke than any I'm at liberty to offer.

RITA. (*Shaking as with grief.*) Don't—don't!

TOM. (*Pompously.*) I am glad my very few, poor simple words have touched you. Never forget them, and, should the temptation come again, remember that a soft sweet tongue is woman's brightest ornament!

RITA. (*Unable to control herself.*) Tschk! Tschk! Tschk! (*She presses the handkerchief over her mouth.*)

TOM. (*Suddenly, taking a step toward her.*) Madame!

RITA. (*Dropping the handkerchief and screaming with laughter.*) I cannot 'elp it. Oh! Oh! Oh!

TOM. (*Grinding his teeth and striking one palm against the other as he turns away.*) Madame! You—a-ah—

RITA. (*Exhausted, gasping.*) Oh! Oh! (*Wiping her eyes.*) My Lor-r-rd! (*A liveried servant comes from downstairs carrying a silver tray with glasses, a carafe and a decanter of wine.*) P-put it 'ere on dis leetle table. (*She indicates the little table by the head of the couch.*)

TOM. (*Stiffly.*) Good night.

RITA. You are not going?

TOM. After what has occurred, I see no reason for staying.

RITA. (*Carelessly.*) All r-right. (*She half rises and occupies herself with an elaborate mixing of the wine and lemon juice and water.*)

TOM. (*Lingering.*) Aren't you sorry for making fun of me?

RITA. (*Intent on the drink.*) Oh—so fr-r-rightfull-ee sorr-r-ry!

TOM. (*Doubtfully.*) You don't look it.

RITA. (*As before.*) Is dat so? Good-by. (*Tom walks to stairs, pauses, hesitates, then slowly comes back and sits down.*)

TOM. Madame—

RITA. (*Turning to glance at him.*) Oh, I t'ought you go!

TOM. (*With dignity.*) So long as you're sincerely sorry, so long as you truly repent—(*He pauses expectantly, awaiting her corroboration. But she whistles gaily and pays no attention to him. He finishes somewhat lamely.*) I don't suppose there's any need of my going.

RITA. (*Gaily, as she pours the drink from one glass to another.*) Look—see, 'ow bee-eautiful I do it! (*Her voice softening.*) Someone who was vonce ver' fon' of me, 'e teach me dis! (*He stares, hypnotized. She finishes and fills both*



TWO CHILDREN OF THE WORLD

Madame Cavallini and Van Tuyt, the banker, whose relations, while unconventional, are singularly unselfish.

glasses.) Der-re! (*She holds one out to him.*) Dat is for you!

TOM. (*Rousing himself.*) Thanks, I—I don't take stimulants.

RITA. (*Very softly.*) Not even when I give dem? (*A pause, she holds out the glass and smiles. At last he takes it.*) Ah, dat is r-r-right! (*She lifts her own glass.*) Now what ve dreerk to, eh? (*Suddenly.*) Ecco! Dat nice ol' cler-r-reege-man—St. Gile! You don' like dat—no? (*She pauses and considers, gazing at him. At last in a slow, mysterious whisper.*) Den 'ow you like it if I dreerk to what I see in your eyes an' you dreerk to what you see in mine? (*A pause. She stares at him steadily with a mysterious smile. He cannot take his eyes away. Together they slowly lift their glasses to their lips and drink, their gaze never faltering. From outside can be heard very faintly the music of a waltz.*)

TOM. Who are you? Tell me. I don't understand!

RITA. (*Slowly and mysteriously.*) I am a cup, all full of sacr-r-red vine! I stand upon an altar built of gol' an' pearls an' paid for wid de blood an' tear-rs of men! De steam of per-rfume dat fills all de air, it is de t'oughts of me in poets' 'ear-rts. De white flowers lying at my feet, dey are de young boys' bee-eautiful deep d-r-reams. My doors are open vide to all de vor-r-rld! I shine in dis gr-r-reat dar-rkness, like a living star, an' somewhere, some time every man 'as

'ear-rd my voice. "Come, o you t'irsty vones, come, dere is vine for all!" (*Pause.*)

TOM. (*At last, almost in a whisper.*) Who are you? What's your name?

RITA. Ah, vhy you ask?

TOM. (*Always looking at her.*) Because I want to see you again, and again. I want to ask you things—(*His voice rising.*) I want to know you.

RITA. (*Interrupting.*) Ah, poor young man, all dat can never be!

TOM. (*Rising.*) It must, it's got to be!

RITA. (*Gently.*) Ssh! Don' make a noise! (*Impulsively.*) Come 'ere! (*He comes up to the side of the couch.*) Kneel down. (*As he does so.*) Dere, like dat! Close, close so ve can talk. (*Picking up her bouquet.*) You see my violets 'ere, so sweet an' fr-r-resh an' bee-eautiful? 'Ow long you t'ink dey last?

TOM. A long time, if you treat them well.

RITA. Now, look! (*She pulls the flowers in handfuls from the bouquet.*) I pr-r-ress dem on my face an' neck. I feel dere fr-r-resch-ness on my eyes an' 'air-r, I dreerk dere sweetess like I dreerk new vine.

TOM. (*Warningly.*) You're crushing them!

RITA. What does it matter? I have keess dem, an' dey were bor-rn to die! (*Taking up two great handfuls and covering his face with them.*) Don't t'ink sad t'oughts of vhat mus' be. Jost laugh an' love dem. Dat is all

dey need! (*Giving him more.*) Take dese—an' dese—take mor-r-re—oh, take dem all. (*She throws a last handful into the air. The flowers fall all about them.*) Dere! (*Showing the bouquet holder.*) It is empty. Not vone is left to take 'ome when I go. You on'erstan'?

TOM. No, tell me!

RITA. (*Tenderly.*) Our meeting 'ere to-night, vhat is it but a bunch of violets? Of flowers dat ve smell an' love an' t'row into de air? Vhy should ve take dem 'ome vid us an' vatch dem die? I t'ink it is oh! much mor-r-re vise to leave dem her-r-re like leetle memor-r-ries, all sweet an' -white an' scatter-r-red on de gr-r-roun'!

TOM. Couldn't I keep just one or two?

RITA. (*Smiling.*) Dey vere not meant for keeping. Dere whole life was to-night!

TOM. (*Simply.*) I know, but I'd like to try. (*A little pause. She looks at him and shakes her head.*)

RITA. Ah, you are so young! (*She picks up a few flowers from where they have fallen and puts them in his button-hole as he kneels beside her.*) Dere! (*Then, with her fingers still at his button-hole.*) I vish—(*She hesitates.*)

TOM. What do you wish?

RITA. (*Very simply, almost like a child.*) I vish I knew some flowers dat would never die! (*There is an instant's pause, then quite suddenly he seizes her hands and kisses them again and again.*)

The second act takes place in the Rectory of Saint Giles, a charming, old-fashioned, spacious New York house. Cavallini appears with her little pet monkey, whom by way of tribute to a colleague she has christened Adelina Patti. Tom is badly smitten with the prima donna. He proposes to her, and is even prepared to follow her across the seas. She interposes various objections, even confesses that, in her youth, she was guilty of at least one indiscretion. He forgives her, until the suspicion ripens in his mind that the guilty partner to her first amour may have been Van Tuyl.



I VISH I KNEW SOME FLOWERS DAT WOULD NEVER DIE!

Such is the emotion inspired in Madame Cavallini, the great prima donna, by the simple Rector of Saint Giles.

RITA. If I say "yes, it is true!" would you—would you again forgive me?

TOM. (With a cry.) Ah! then it is—it is!

RITA. (Wildly.) No! no!

TOM. You said it, I heard you say it.

RITA. Dat is not so!

TOM. Well, didn't you?

RITA. No, no, no! (Pause.)

TOM. Will you swear it?

RITA. Ye-es, I vill swear.

TOM. Put your hand here, on my mother's testament.

RITA. (Obeying him.) So?

TOM. And say after me—

RITA. Ye-es?

TOM. "I swear there has been nothing between Mr. Van Tuyl and me."

RITA. (Faintly.) Oh! Madonna!

TOM. Swear it!

RITA. (Opening her eyes.) What?

TOM. You won't?

RITA. I svear dere 'as been—vhat you say?—noding wrong between Meester Van Tuyl an' me.

TOM. (With a sob of relief, as he catches her in his arms.) Oh, my darling, forgive me. I've been a brute to doubt you. I'm—(Suddenly.) What's the matter? Rita, Rita! (Her head has fallen. She has fainted. He carries her over to the settee, lays her on it, runs to the desk, pours out a glass of water, returns with it, kneels by her side and tries to make her drink.) My poor little girl. It's all right. I'm never going to bother you again. Forgive me, oh, my darling, just forgive me this once. (She is gradually reviving, under his caresses and endearment.) I was out of my head. I didn't know what I was saying. Please, please. (She sits up dizzily.) What's the matter? Aren't you going to speak to me? (She rises unsteadily to her feet.) Rita! (He takes her hand.)

RITA. (Interrupting.) I vant to go away, you don't believe me; you don't lo-ove me.

TOM. Yes, I do! I love you more than anything in the world. I love you and I'm going to marry you.

RITA. (With passion.) Vhy you make me svear dose t'ings? Vhy you make me?

TOM. Forgive me, dear, please.

RITA. Good-by.

TOM. No, wait! (He stops her at door, taking her hands.)

RITA. I say good-by! (He stares into her face. Her eyes drop.) Oh, let me go, please! I mus' r-r-retur-rn to de hotel. It is so late. You know I al-vays sleep before I sing an' (suddenly, trying to pull herself from him) let go, I say, let go.

TOM. (Trying to control himself.) I believed you when you swore just now. I want it understood that I believed you.

RITA. Vell?

TOM. So, if you don't mind, I think—I think I'll ask Mr. Van Tuyl to come down here.

RITA. Vhat?

TOM. And then we'll tell him we're engaged.

RITA. (As the door closes.) I vill not stay.

TOM. You've got to.

RITA. Remember my perfor-r-rmance.

TOM. (Snapping his fingers.) I don't give that for your performance!

RITA. (In desperation.) I will go.

TOM. (As if struck.) Rita, don't tell me you're afraid.

RITA. Oh, let me see 'im fir-r-rst for jost vone leetle meenute. It vill be all r-r-right.

TOM. (His suspicions returning.) I won't.

RITA. (Shrugging her shoulders.) Ver' vell. I don't care. (She sits down at the piano and begins playing a brilliant Chopin waltz. The door opens and Van Tuyl appears.)

VAN TUYL. (Generally as he enters.) Ah! Still here? We thought you'd— (Noticing Tom's face.) Why, what's the matter, Tom? (Rita stops and sits at the piano, looking at the two men.)

TOM. (Trying to speak naturally.) Nothing, sir. I asked you to come down because I wanted you to be the first to know of my good luck.

VAN TUYL. Good luck?

TOM. Yes. Madame Cavallini has been good enough to— We're engaged.

VAN TUYL. (In an expressionless voice.) Engaged?

TOM. (Harshly.) Yes, engaged—engaged to be married. (Pause.)

VAN TUYL. (Calmly.) My dear boy, I congratulate you.

TOM. (Choking.) What?

VAN TUYL. I congratulate you. Madame Cavallini stands alone, as I have always said. And while I confess I am a bit surprised, I am flattered (turning to her with a bow) that she has chosen one of my friends and countrymen for this great honor.

TOM. Then it's all right? You approve, you give your consent?

VAN TUYL. (Turning to him.) Consent?

TOM. Yes, for the parish, I mean, represented by yourself as senior warden and chairman of the vestry.

VAN TUYL. Most certainly, my dear boy. You know you can always count on me to wish you every happiness.

TOM. (Baffled.) Why, you talk as if you liked it.

VAN TUYL. (Not understanding.) I don't quite.

TOM. (Interrupting.) All I can say is, you must have changed your mind since Saturday.

VAN TUYL. Since Saturday?

TOM. Why, don't you remember warning me with tears in your eyes to keep away from this—this lady?

VAN TUYL. (Smiling.) Ah, that was Saturday!

TOM. (Interrupting.) And now, sir, I want to ask you here, before us both, if you were absolutely frank on Saturday.

VAN TUYL. What's that?

TOM. (His voice almost breaking.) If there were any argument against my—my attachment, which you did not see fit to offer at the time. If there was, sir, tell it now, tell it for God's sake—or (Pause.)

VAN TUYL. I don't see why you're so excited, but, if it gives you any satisfaction to know, I said all I could on Saturday.

TOM. (Quickly.) You held nothing back?

VAN TUYL. Why, no, of course not! What's the matter, Tom? *(Tom turns away in silent agony. Rita makes a sudden movement. Van Tuyl suppresses her with a glance. A moment's pause. Tom faces them again, controlling himself with difficulty.)*

TOM. I—I want to apologize beforehand for what I'm going to say. I know I'm acting outrageously, but—I can't help it! *(Van Tuyl makes a movement towards him.)* No, wait! You're my best friend, Mr. Van Tuyl! *(To Rita.)* And you're the woman I want to make my wife, so I—I'm sure you'll both of you be sympathetic and make allowance for me.

VAN TUYL. *(Heartily.)* Of course, my boy, of course!

TOM. *(Still with difficulty.)* Madame Cavallini has been very frank and open with me, sir. She's just told me about certain portions of her career, and, of course, knowing as I do how hard it is for girls when they're poor and young and alone, why I should be only too glad to tell her it's all right and blot it out from my memory forever. But—but *(he pauses, unable to go on, then rises, gripping the edge of the desk with both hands and leaning over it, haggard and terrible)* before I can do that there's one thing I've got to be sure of.

VAN TUYL. Yes, Tom?

TOM. It seems you've been an admirer of hers for some time. *(As Van Tuyl glances at her involuntarily.)* For God's sake, don't look at her now! And what I've got to be sure of is that there never has been anything, you know, between you two—

VAN TUYL. What?

TOM. *(Going on very quickly.)* I've asked her and she's denied it and I believe her implicitly, of course; but if you'll be good enough to deny it, too, oh, merely as a matter of form! why, I—I shall be much obliged. Well?

VAN TUYL. *(After a slight pause.)* There's one thing I'm not going to deny; and that is my very deep and very true affection for Madame Cavallini. *(Looking at her.)* It is a sentiment none the less deep and true because it has lived for years with no response from her, and I am proud of my hope and my belief that it will continue so long as I'm alive to cherish it. *(Turning to Tom.)* As for the rest of your question, Tom, when you're yourself again you'll agree with me that it deserves no answer. Good-by. *(To her.)* Good-by, Madame. I offer you the best of wishes. *(He is turning toward the door when Tom stops him.)*

TOM. *(Seizing his hand.)* No, wait! You shan't go until I've begged your pardon. I've been a fool, sir, a perfect fool, but if you can, I want you to forgive me!

VAN TUYL. Don't you think, my boy, you'd better ask Madame Cavallini's pardon first?

TOM. *(Turning to her.)* Rita, darling, I don't know just what to say; but I think if you forgive me again I can promise I'll never, never—you do forgive me, dear—don't you? Please, oh, please.

RITA. *(Suddenly pulling herself away.)* No, no, I cannot! It is too much.

TOM. What?

RITA. *(Straightening herself up and looking at him.)* I, I—love you, I must speak de trut.

VAN TUYL. Be quiet!

RITA. *(To Tom.)* It is all lies what we've said, all lies—lies!

TOM. *(Crying aloud.)* No, no!

RITA. I was 'is mistr-ress till the night I meet you!

TOM. Not Mr. Van Tuyl's—not *(he chokes).*

VAN TUYL. Tom, listen to me for one minute.

TOM. *(Turning to him.)* You thief—liar!

VAN TUYL. For God's sake, Tom, don't.

TOM. *(With a cry.)* A—ah! *(He rushes at Van Tuyl to strike him down, but she stands before him.)*

RITA. *(Gasping.)* 'E lied for me I tell you, 'e lied for me. *(Pause. Tom stands fighting for his control. He regains it, exhausted, and turns to the desk.)*

The third act takes us to Cavallini's rooms at the Brevoort House after her farewell performance, an unparalleled triumph. Tom, half mad with passion curiously intermingled with religious ecstasy, makes one final appeal to "save her soul," even if he knows that marriage is impossible under the circumstances. He surprises her after a supper with Van Tuyl, whom she has finally dismissed, a fact of which Tom is unaware. His behavior is so eccentric that the prima donna is seized with fear.

TOM. *(Turning to her and speaking with sudden tenderness.)* My dear, I wouldn't hurt you for the world. It's love I'm offering you. *(As she makes a quick movement.)* No, wait, my poor child, the love I bring you to-night is God's alone!

RITA. God's lo-ove?

TOM. Yes, His, the mighty tenderness that moves the stars and understands when little children pray.

RITA. What you mean?

TOM. *(Always staring at her.)* Little lost soul, I am ready to carry you home! Little tired heart, eager for joy, follow me and find it in His arms!

RITA. *(Looking at him.)* I don't quite on'erstan'—

TOM. I thought our meeting was the work of chance, but no! God drew you to me, over land and sea, that I might be the engine of His word! You are a bride, but ah! not mine—*(His voice dropping.)* not mine!

RITA. A br-r-ride—me? No—no—dat is impossible?

TOM. *(His eyes gleaming.)* Don't you hear the midnight cry: "Behold! The Bridegroom cometh. Go ye out to meet him!" Don't you see Him coming from the wilderness like a pillar of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense? His eyes are as a flame of fire, on His head are many crowns. He wears a garment dipped in blood and on it a name is written, Lord of Lords and King of Kings! Hark! He is outside knocking at your door! Rose of Sharon, Lily of the Valley, cease your slumber, for the hour has come!

RITA. Your eyes, dey bite me! Oh, dey bur-r-ri me up.

TOM. *(Breathing fast and deep as he comes nearer.)* My dear, he's tired. Don't keep him standing there.

RITA. Meestair Tom, Meestair Tom! Tom. *(Hoarsely.)* Darling, open your heart; for God's sake let Him in.

RITA. *(In a spasm of nervous horror, as he finally seizes her.)* Don't touch, don't; let me go! *(She drops writhing at his feet. He holds fast to her hands and speaks quickly, bending over her.)*

TOM. *(Changing his tone.)* So you're proud? You think you can close your soul against the Lamb? Well, let me tell you now that unless you repent the day will come when your pride lies broken, shattered by His wrath!

RITA. *(Beginning suddenly to cry like a frightened child.)* Oh! Oh! I am afr-r-raid!

TOM. *(Going on.)* Don't you hear that Great Voice like a light that blinds? I made you keeper of my vineyards, but your own vineyards, you have not kept. So you shall be cast into the bottomless pit and the lake of fire, and there in the midst of your eternal torment you shall hear the "Allelulias" in the rainbow round my Throne! *(He sinks into chair and buries his face in his hands. A pause. Rita, who has risen, now comes nearer him.)*

RITA. *(With some difficulty.)* You are ver' kin' to t'ink of me so much aftair all de tr-r-rouble I've breeng; but, dear, you can forget me now, it is all r-r-right. Your vor-r-k is done.

TOM. What's that?

RITA. *(Her eyes shining.)* I vant to ma-ake my life all goo-ood like your-r-s. Ah, ye-es, I know dat vill be 'ar-r-d, but I don' car-re, an' mebbber de kin' Madonna she vill 'elp me—when she see me tr-ry. *(She clasps her hands, the dawn of hope on her face.)*

TOM. *(Staring at her.)* Your lips drop as the honeycomb, your mouth is smoother than oil, but your feet go down to death, and your steps take hold on hell.

RITA. *(A little anxious.)* You tink God, 'E will forgive me—no? *(Smiling.)* Ah, foolish vone—'E vill. Did 'E not make my face so men 'ave al-vays lo-ove me. Did 'E not put voice 'ere to de-light de wor-r-rld? Did 'E not give vone poo-oor leetle girl who ask 'Im not'ings so much to carr-ee dat she lo-ose 'er way? 'E will not be sur-pr-rise she stumbles so-ometimes. 'E will not scol' much when she make meestake. 'E vill jos' smile an' keep 'Is candle bur-r-ning, an' in a leetle while she see it, an' co-ome 'ome.

TOM. Promise me something.

RITA. What?

TOM. Promise me never to give yourself to any man again.

RITA. *(Turning away in agony.)* Ah, why don't you tr-r-rust me. Why you doubt me so?

TOM. I remember that you swore before—

RITA. *(Shrinking as she understands.)* No, no.

TOM. You looked up, just as you're looking now—

RITA. *(Putting up her hands as if to ward off a blow.)* No, stop it.

TOM. And you lied, and lied. You lied to me.

RITA. No, don't, please. It is all different now.

TOM. Different? I don't see it. Why, it's just the same.

RITA. No, no, I tell you. I am differ-

ent. I 'ave change. I am go-oin' now to be goo-ood.

TOM. But, can you?

RITA. Listen. (*Suddenly.*) Dere ar-re so-ome nuns near Genoa who nur-r-se de seeck. I vill go str-r-raight from Napoli, lear-n 'ow to 'elp an' vor-k until my flesh fall fr-rom de bone.

TOM. You'll do that, just to show me you're sincere?

RITA. (*Imploringly.*) I will do all you vant, ye-es, any'ting. On-lee believe me or else I die.

TOM. (*Deeply moved.*) All right.

RITA. (*Hardly daring to believe.*) You mean it?

TOM. (*Huskily, his face working.*) Yes, God bless you, dear; good-by. (*He turns away.*) Before I go, there's something I forgot. Oh, yes, your pearls, you left them at the house. (*Laying pearls on table, he sees Van Tuyl's card. A moment's pause.*)

RITA. (*Turning. Her voice changes as she sees his face.*) What is it?

TOM. (*Trying to point.*) That card. (*He chokes suddenly.*) Van Tuyl—

RITA. (*Anxiously.*) Meestair Van Tuyl. Ye-es?

TOM. (*With difficulty.*) He's been here, then?

RITA. (*Looking at him.*) Si-si.

TOM. (*Putting his hand to his throat.*) To-night?

RITA. Ye-es—

TOM. (*Hardly able to contain himself.*) When?

RITA. Jos' be-fore you co-ome.

TOM. (*With a yell of rage, seizing the card and crumpling it in both hands.*) Oh, what a fool I've been, what a fool. What a fool, what a blind, miserable, wretched fool!

RITA. What you mean? O dea-r Lord, what you mean?

The discovery of two chairs set for the dinner suddenly changes Tom's religious exultation to amorous fury. In vain Rita affirms that she has refused Van Tuyl's renewed advances. "You lie," Tom cries fiercely. "Look at those two chairs. They look like a refusal, don't they? And those glasses—champagne!"

RITA. No, no, it is quite diff'ren'. You ar-re meestake.

TOM. (*More and more fiercely.*) A private orgy, planned and thought out days ahead! Your last caresses—(*He has seized the table cloth with both hands.*)

RITA. Oh, ta-ake car-re!

TOM. (*Between his teeth.*) A farewell debauch! (*He pulls the cloth and drags everything to the floor with a crash.*)

RITA. (*Closing her eyes.*) Oh!

TOM. (*Turning on her.*) Now, will you dare deny Van Tuyl's your lover?

RITA. (*Her eyes still closed.*) Yes! Yes! I do! I do! (*Beginning to sway a little as she speaks.*) I 'ave refuse 'im an' I tell you vhy! I t'ought it vas because I vant so much to be goo-ood! But now I know dat vas all meestake. I br-r-reak vit 'im because I love anodder.

TOM. (*Almost ready to kill her.*) Who is he?

RITA. (*Half fainting as she opens her*

eyes and sways towards him, holding out her arms.) You.

TOM. (*Turning sharply as if she had struck him with a whip.*) Don't!

RITA. (*Pulling herself together.*) Forgive me.

TOM. (*Twisting his hands as if in prayer.*) Oh, my God, oh my God!

RITA. (*Her back to him, holding the chair for support.*) If you don't min', I mus' ask you now to leave me. It is almos' midnight. You 'ave your sair-vice in de chur-r-ch an' I myself mus' tr-r-ry to sleep a leetle. (*Turning with an enormous effort and holding out her hand with a smile.*) So goo-ood night! I 'ope you—(*her words die away as she sees the expression on his face; then, in a sudden paroxysm of terror.*) Why you loo-ook at me like dat? (*A brief pause.*) Please go 'vay! (*He doesn't move.*) Go 'vay!

TOM. (*Starting, wiping his forehead nervously, and trying to speak in his natural voice.*) All right. I'm going, yes, I'm going. (*His tone deepening.*) But first there's something we must do. What is it? I forget! Oh, yes, of course. We must pray together, that's it! Pray for your soul and for your soul's salvation.

RITA. (*Nervously.*) No, go now! I'm in God's 'ands. 'E vill take car-re of me. (*In quick fear, he comes towards her.*) Oh, what you vant?

TOM. (*Quickly.*) Come here! (*He seizes her by the arm.*) Kneel down! (*He sits on the couch and draws her down before him between his knees.*) There! That's right! Give me your hands! (*He fumbles, finds them, holds them tight against his breast. A silence, then they look into each others eyes.*)

RITA. (*Suddenly, in wild terror as she looks up at him.*) Pr-r-ray. Why don't you pray! pr-r-ray—(*In a silent fury of passion he has leaned forward and, in spite of her struggles, now draws her up and crushes her in a terrible embrace.*)

TOM. (*Triumphantly, as he holds her tight against him.*) It's all over. I thought I came here to save you, but I didn't. It was just because I am a man and you're a woman and I love you, darling. I love you, I love you more than anything in the world. (*He is kissing her frantically.*)

RITA. (*Half fainting.*) Oh!

TOM. (*Between his kisses with a laugh.*) We're here together and the night is ours.

RITA. (*Terrified.*) No! No!

TOM. It's our—the whole, long, splendid night; it's ours, I tell you, every marvelous minute.

RITA. (*Struggling.*) Don't please! Oh, take away your 'ands—

TOM. I won't!

RITA. It is because I lo-ove you.

TOM. (*Leaning forward to kiss her.*) Ah! I knew!

RITA. (*Pushing him away from her.*) An' so, be-cause I lo-ove you, I mus' sa-ave you fr-rom your-self!

TOM. It's too late.

RITA. Now, leesten, please! It is you who 'ave teach me vhat is lo-ove! I 'ave nod'ings, nod'ings till you show me all!

TOM. Till I? (*He breaks into a peal of jangled laughter.*)

RITA. To lo-ove a man is jos' vone beeg forgetting of von's self, to 'elp 'im when 'e need 'elp, if it cost your life.

TOM. (*Laughing again.*) Oh, darling, you don't really think that's love?

RITA. I know it now. (*With a sudden sob.*) But, oh, I lear-rn it in such pain an' sor-r-ow. (*In passionate entreaty.*) Don't take it fr-r-rom me now dat it is mine!

TOM. Oh, that's not love. (*Almost drunkenly.*) Love isn't thinking or forgetting, love's just feeling.

RITA. (*Interrupting.*) Don'. You mus' not talk dat vay.

TOM. (*Moistening his lips.*) I love you.

RITA. (*In despair.*) Oh, t'ink of dat beeg lake, de lake of fir-re, de smoke an' tor-ment dat you tell me of.

TOM. (*Recklessly.*) I know I'm lost, I'm done for, damned forever! But I'll have had this night, so I don't care!

RITA. But I care, I care!

TOM. (*Close to her.*) You won't! Oh, my darling, my darling.

RITA. I am all alone. I have not the strength. I cannot fight you any more; but before it is too late remember, remember what I have to say. This is the one big moment of my life. The kind of woman I am to be it is for you to say now. And oh, Mr. Tom, please, let me be good, don't, don't teach me as the others have. Don't let me be bad again. You are the man God sent to help, the word I need; you help me. Go away. My heart it will be with you always. I don't care, only let me keep my soul.

(*Pause. They are both breathing deeply. Tom, biting his underlip and never taking his eyes off her face, is crawling softly up on her other side, crouched like a beast prepared to spring upon her unaware. Then, in the silence, just as he is ready to leap is heard the first note of the midnight bell. The full, deep tones strike solemnly and slowly up to twelve. Then, as it continues, the sound of a choir of men's voices, sturdy and sweet, are heard from far away, gradually growing nearer. They are playing and singing the old Lutheran hymn "Ein feste Burg." As Tom hears them, he gradually straightens and his old look and manner come back to him. He goes rather unsteadily. He stands for a moment looking out; then turns to Rita, passing his hand over his forehead as one recovering from a dream.*)

Calmed again, the young Rector passes out into the night. He reappears in the epilog, finishing the tale begun in the prolog, and dwelling upon the good that this first fiery trial has wrought in him. The lesson he conveys to his grandson is the opposite of what he intended, for the young man now announces his firm resolution to get married at once. The Bishop, stirred by his own memories, agrees to officiate at the wedding. Suzette returns to continue her interrupted reading from the newspaper to the Bishop. She discovers an item that Cavallini has just died at her villa on the Lake of Como. Then she goes to bed, leaving the bishop alone with his grief, while—a somewhat doubtful touch—a phonograph plays to him Cavallini's famous love song of Mignon.

LEGITIMIZING THE MUSIC OF THE NEGRO

IN spite of the widespread appreciation of the folksongs of the American Negro, and the debt of American music to them, no systematic efforts to preserve this music and to encourage Negro composers of the present day to find in it an inspiration for further endeavor have been made until quite recently. As early as 1867 William F. Allen, Charles P. Ware and Lucy McKim Garrison gathered together a collection of slave songs, and in the early '70s the Jubilee Singers did much to awaken the interest of the musical public in this virgin field. Even at that time German, English and Dutch scholars took a keen interest in the Negro folksongs and folklore. The Hampton Institute has taken an active part in encouraging a love of the primitive melodies among its pupils. But perhaps the first organization with the sole aim to legitimize the music of the Negro is the recently established Music School Settlement for Colored People in New York City.

Recent concerts given in the interests of the Music School Settlement and of the Hampton Institute have brought forth some interesting appreciations of the music of the Negro, as well as warnings against the danger of spiritual corruption that it is supposed to face. "The faculty of creation is quickly atrophied in the field of folksong," H. E. Krehbiel warns the Negro musicians in the New York *Tribune*, "when the psychological springs are closed—when the occasion and need of expression come to an end. After the period of creation comes that of imitation, and it was as grievous to hear the Clef Club celebrate the emancipation of the slaves in a song ('Freedom' is

its name, and it is printed in the Hampton collection) which is compounded of phrases of 'Lily Dale' and 'Rally 'Round the Flag,' as it was to have the Philharmonic Society seek to do honor to President Lincoln's proclamation by playing a rhapsody on a



COMPOSER AND CONDUCTOR

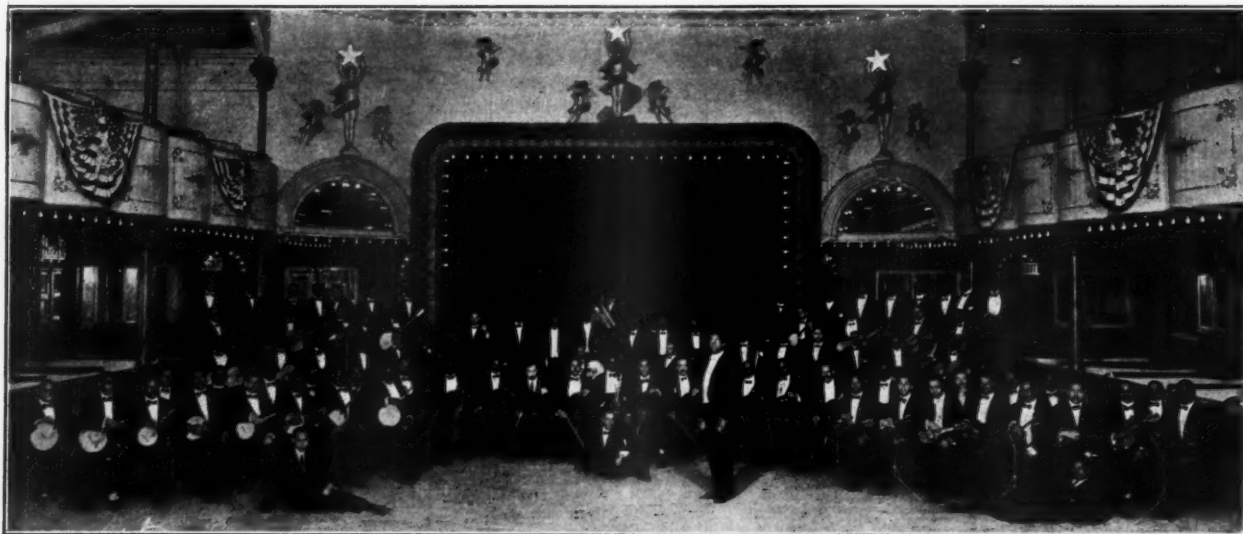
James Reese Europe leads the hundred and twenty-five members of the Clef Club. He has a strong sense of organization and is a composer of pronounced ability.

vulgar West Indian dance tune." Mr. Krehbiel would have the folksongs perpetuated as they were originally sung. He advises the Music School Settlement to take this as its mission.

"Let not only the colored people but also the whites who love folk melody

learn and perpetuate these songs as they were created and sung. The Clef Club sang an admirable specimen, 'Rise and Shine,' but neither leader nor singers showed appreciation of its most striking melodic element—the use of the flat seventh. The writer has pursued this subject with interest ever since he heard the first concert given by the Jubilee Singers north of the Ohio River forty-two years ago. He was not a little amazed two or three years ago to discover that the Hampton Quartet, whose performance was technically and esthetically of almost matchless excellence, had entirely overlooked the same intervallic element in so familiar a song as 'Roll, Jordan, Roll,' and that they robbed other songs of their charm by harmonic sophistication. There are songs which admit of elaborate harmonizations, and some submit to even the most modern harmonic garb, but not all, and intelligence and taste are necessary if they are to be made to play a part in modern music. Of some arrangements which we have heard, as well as of some transcriptions of Indian melodies, it may be said, as Mistress Ford said of Falstaff's professions and performances, 'They do no more adhere and keep pace together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of "Green Sleeves."'"

Among the Negro composers who have been true to race, Miss Natalie Curtis tells us in *The Craftsman*, is Will Marion Cook. Cook is said to have been the first to introduce "rag-time" to the American public. The American music publishers, says Miss Curtis, would not take the better things he had written. Cook realized that the heritage of the Negro composer was the music of his ancestors, the music in which the Negro slave poured out his sufferings and his aspiration, his patient submission to the bondage of this



A MULTITUDE OF COLORED MUSIC MAKERS

This is the Clef Club orchestra which cooperates with the Music School Settlement. Many of these musicians are waiters, porters, elevator boys, barbers and tradesmen. Most of them have "picked up" the ability to play. It was a novel and original sensation, says the New York *Press*, to hear them manipulating banjos, mandolins, guitars, violins, cellos, double basses and pianos, with extraordinary rhythmical precision and contagious swing, to listen to the voices of those spirited players mingling in robust harmony with a big resonant body of instrumental sound. The Clef Club has been called the American Balalaika.

world and his vivid hope for the world to come. It is an expression "full of pathos, religious devotion and emotional power on the one hand, and on the other overflowing with humor and irresistible spirit."

"And Cook has had the imagination to see and to feel this. His music is the conscious response to that same unconscious musical impulse through which the very soul of his race found voice, and he is justly proud of the upward struggle of the freedman. Tho his compositions so far are little more than an indication of the larger work that he might do, he is already seeking to interpret the character of his people in music, and to carry the untaught musical language of the Negro into the realm of art. And everything that he writes is true in melody, rhythm and form to the racial utterance, so that his music, even in its most external aspect, is distinctive and characteristic. A love of strong, rich harmony, a keen dramatic sense, and a restraint that avoids excess are all qualities that help to round out and balance a highly-gifted nature."

The *Richmond Times-Dispatch* calls attention to the fact that John Powell, a pianist and composer of note, has used Negro themes in one movement of his violin concerto, which was recently played in New York by Efrem Zimbalist. Thus it would seem that the cultivation of Negro music is an important step—one of the most important steps—in the development of American music. The *Times-Dispatch* emphasizes this: "The South is keenly aware of the musical value of such original motifs. It seems not unlikely that the native genius of the Negro for melody will be reflected by the composers of both races in the endeavors to reflect the manifold spirit

of America. Negro and Indian survivals are all we have of what may be called original music."

Miss Curtis believes that in the encouragement of the musical expression of the Negro, a new solution of the race problem may be found. In the appreciation of this special gift of the Negro, mutual respect between the white race and black may be developed. In her discussion of the Negro's contribution to American music she asserts:

"An unexpected force for better understanding between whites and blacks has been liberated in this conscious admission of the Negro into our musical life. Music has always sprang from people who labor out-of-doors,—simple people who sing as they work and pray and dance. Whether the Negroes, any of them, will develop into great artists is not the present question; what we hope is that the Negro of to-day shall carry into his free industrial life in ennobling form the same love of song that upheld him spiritually in the days of bondage and made slavery bearable. For us, the fact is here, that the untaught Negro has already unconsciously given to this coun-

try the elements of a type of music that the people love, while the Negro with a little education now gives us the promise of a development of that type. The folksong of the Negro has something to give to art,—something that is original and convincing because it speaks directly from the heart. Like all music born of the need of song in a people, it appeals to the listener with that elemental truth of feeling in which race has no part and humanity is one.

"If anything can bring harmony from the present clashing of the two races during this difficult period of problem and adjustment, it might well be the peace-giver—music!"



WORDS AND MUSIC

Will Marion Cook (on the left) is nothing short of a genius, says Kurt Schindler, but his real ability had to be discovered by foreigners. Mr. Alexander Rogers (on the right) writes most of the lyrics for Mr. Cook's songs, and is responsible for the delicious Negro sentiment in "The Rain Song" and "Exhortation."

AN OPERA REVEALING THE SOUL OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE

SO characteristically Russian in spirit is "Boris Godunoff," the opera of Modeste Petrovitch Moussorgsky which received its first American presentation at the Metropolitan in March, that some have hailed it as the first Russian opera to be produced in this country. Critics have not been lacking to point out that "Boris" is not the first Russian opera to be presented to American music-lovers; but it is probable that no such opera has ever been presented under more auspicious circumstances, or given operagoers a stronger impression of "something intensely, fundamentally new," as Herbert F. Peyser expresses it in *Musical America*. It is, according to Mr. Peyser, "a creation that finds little or no analogy in the various types of opera that constitute the Metropolitan repertoire, that is not to be

gauged or measured by conventional operatic standards. It opens up new musical vistas. Artistically it stands as the most important and by far the most original production since the introduction of such works as 'Salome' and 'Pelléas.'"

This opera, which was first produced in St. Petersburg in 1874, has had since that time a peculiarly romantic history, and already legends of its musical importance are current. In 1896 interest in the opera was revived by the publication of an edition revised by Rimsky-Korsakoff, a personal friend of the composer. It is also said that Moussorgsky has had an influence on Debussy that is, in some instances, almost palpable, yet the Debussy enthusiastically acclaimed Moussorgsky twelve years ago, Mr. H. E. Krehbiel in the *New York Tribune* declares that they are antipodes in art

—"they represent extremes." The present interest in "Boris," says an unenthusiastic critic, Henry T. Finck, in the *New York Evening Post*, was actually aroused by the astounding and powerful impersonation of Boris by Theodore Chaliapine, who sang the rôle in Paris in 1908, with a Russian company and Russian settings. The latter were purchased for the Metropolitan production and were one of the most interesting features of the opera.

One of the distinctive peculiarities of the Moussorgsky opera, and which not a few of its critics consider one of its faults, is a lack of dramatic interest and a sustained story. But, explains W. J. Henderson in the *New York Sun*, there are compensations for this lack:

"Of the tale as set in operatic form César Cui, himself a composer and an authoritative writer on the music of his



SCENE FROM AN OPERA REALLY RUSSIAN

Boris Godunoff, who resembles Macbeth, writhes in the agony of remorse and apprehension. Here we see him in the Hall of the Duma in the Kremlin, just before his death. It is impossible to reproduce the magnificence of color and costuming in this scene, which was designed by the famous Golovine of Moscow and St. Petersburg.

countrymen, says: 'It is not a question here of a subject of which the different parts, combined in a manner so as to present a strict succession, the one flowing from the other, answer in their final state to the ideas of a strict dramatic unity. The scene is independent; the rôles for the most part are there incidental. The episodes which we see in succession have necessarily a certain connection among them; they all relate more or less to a general action; but the opera would not suffer from a derangement of its scenes and the substitution of certain secondary incidents for the others. It follows then that "Boris Godunoff" is not properly a drama nor an opera, but a musical chronicle after the manner of the historical plays of Shakespeare. Each of the scenes presented separately evolves a serious interest which is not conclusively deduced from its predecessor and which stops abruptly without conviction of union with the scene which is going to follow.'

"This view of the opera may seem at first glance to be discouraging, but it should not be. Clear, logical dramatic development is wanting in many lyric creations which have found permanent favor in the public heart. One would take it as a matter of course that in a work of this type two or three things would be essential. First and foremost the character of *Boris* must be clearly and forcibly delineated, and this it seems can be done by the musician even if the incidents of the book are not perfectly connected in sequence.

But perhaps the most individual feature of the opera was the leading part played in it by the chorus. Mr. Peyser has well expressed the impression received by the audience of the folk spirit and folk psychology in the work. The protagonist and the mob reveal each other by contrast. We quote again from *Musical America*:

"Moussorgsky's score is a tremendous and awe-inspiring musical compendium of the soul of the Russian people. It is the concentrated essence of the nation's musical life, intensely, furiously vital. It is devoid of the personal equation. There is in it none of the expression of the individual spirit, none of the personal psychology, none of that introspective quality, that assertion of the ego, so to speak, that is the distinguishing feature of the music of Tchaikowsky. Moussorgsky discourses not of himself, of those emotions and passions that stir within him. He gathers together the voices of an entire realm and, constituting himself a mouthpiece, as it were, of the multitude, enunciates its many-voiced utterance in a concise, definite form, but in substance absolutely unchanged. He is the deputed representative of his people."

The strange new stage settings of the opera merited a comprehensive article in the *Boston Evening Transcript*, the writer declaring that nothing like them had ever been seen before in this country. These settings, he goes on, are composed of the simplest and most conventional elements. They are built out of flat "drops" and "wings," such as are used in the oldest and poorest American stock theaters. These the scenic artist has reanimated and brought into glowing life by a brilliance, originality, and sturdiness of color and design. The virtues of the Russians sublimates the old forms. "They have gone clean outside reality. They are accomplishing an imaginative effect in design. They use perspective as a means to produce it, not to imitate reality." Perhaps the crowning glory of the settings of Golovine, according to the *Transcript* writer, is his use of color, which he asserts is as vigorous as Michael Angelo's. He gives a de-

tailed account of this masterly and entirely original handling of color to produce an effect:

"Mr. Golovine's color is original, but it is not vivid or flauntingly bright. He does not pile up the great patches of vermilions, peacock blues and metallic greens, that delight Mr. Bakst. His originality lies in vigor, in wholesome power. The pungence of the earth is in his color, the majesty of the earth in its largeness of effect.

"There is the square before the cathedrals. When the curtain rose on it Wednesday night, the audience broke through Moussorgsky's music to applaud it. At the back rose the great white sheen of wall. Crushed at its foot was a throng that make a rich, red tapestry of garments.

"In other crowds there are firm, simple browns and reds, the commonplaces of Russian life, you would say, yet full of feeling. For the most part, the colors are simple, even primary. There are convent walls of a pinkish stucco, surmounted by green-tiled towers, gray clouds painted upon pale lavender skies, sullen brown frescoes within and without, a glimpse of clay-green country under an arch purpled with shadows, the walls of the Kremlin in deep red wainscots or blue-ceilinged with arabesques and wreathings of design in cream. The total effect is startling, but only startling because of the fine flavor of primitive life in its originality, not because of anything outré, finicky.

"The result of this color as well as of the firm, bold signs, is an impression of wholesome vigor. There is nothing freakish in the originality of such men as Mr. Golovine, nothing effeminate or degenerate in them. They are too thoroly savage. Their work is not the flower of a decaying civilization but of a mounting one. The Russians have the vigor of Michael Angelo."

Science and Discovery

DO THE ARTIFICIAL CELLS MADE IN LABORATORIES REALLY LIVE?

IF WE could construct a single cell, molecule for molecule, and equip it with all the necessary movements, or rather with all the necessary forces for its movements, would it be alive? That, says the careful student of biology, Professor E. S. Grew, in *The Pall Mall Magazine*, is the question which the most profound observer of living cells always asks himself. Yet the man in the street is as likely to be right as the greatest scientist in his laboratory. A single cell is but the almost infinitesimal unit of the tissue of the most insignificant of living things.

Molecules, explains our authority, are built up of atoms and atoms are built up of electrons, of which Sir Oliver Lodge once said that, in the comparatively vast space of the atom, they move like a swarm of gnats in the dome of St. Paul's. Now living matter can never be made until we can direct and order these innumerable battalions as surely as we can wind up a watch. For when we had assembled our electrons we should have to join them into a working atom. When we had got our atoms, we should have to know how they were bound into molecules. Molecules are themselves built up out of atoms in structures which, as science investigates them, seem to become of ever-increasing complexity. That is why we now look at molecules not merely as groups of atoms formed into cubes and tetrahedrons and other geometrical figures, but almost as specimens of architecture. Finally, we should have to group our molecules into the right structures to make them combine with other molecules. Thus at last we should obtain the desired "organic compounds" which are at the basis of life.

But, asks our student of the subject, how far should we then be from making a living cell of matter? The efforts to answer this riddle have brought the names of some scientists into world-wide distinction. There is, to begin with, Professor Jacques Loeb, with his inference that life is the product of chemical and physical causes simply. No less remarkable are the conclusions of Bataillon and Heneguy in France. All know how these

physiologists pricked the eggs of frogs with a sterilized needle of aluminum and, out of a thousand specimens, goaded one perfect frog into a life of three months. Nor must we overlook Doctor Carrel, who separates living tissue from living animals and seems to invigorate it with a life distinct from that it had when incorporated with its original organism.

From these life makers our student turns to other groups whose work is of an entirely different kind. There is, for instance, Doctor Charles Bastian, maintaining that in certain circumstances forms of life will appear spontaneously in some kinds of organic fluids and will grow up and develop. Mr. Butler Burke, too, announced once that by submitting sterilized gelatine to the action of radium certain living cells were created. And now we arrive at the great Emil Fischer, who, to our authority, is the master of organic chemistry in its relations to life:

"It will be noticed that most of those of whom we have spoken have handled forms of matter which are related to living matter. That is to say, they start with 'organic matter.' But Fischer and his pupils in Germany have been trying to build up organic matter out of inorganic matter, just as in a far more complicated sense we might try to build up an animal out of the elemental bricks of which the animal is composed: oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, phosphorus, calcium and a few salts. What Fischer, in short, is trying to do is to make 'protein,' the substance which is to be found at the root or in the foundations of all living matter, whether animal or vegetable, and to make it out of the ordinary chemical elements and compounds. How far has he succeeded? Ten years ago he obtained a protein from silk fiber, and five years ago he was able to show that the whole process of forming this protein might be accomplished by what we may call 'artificial' or chemical means.

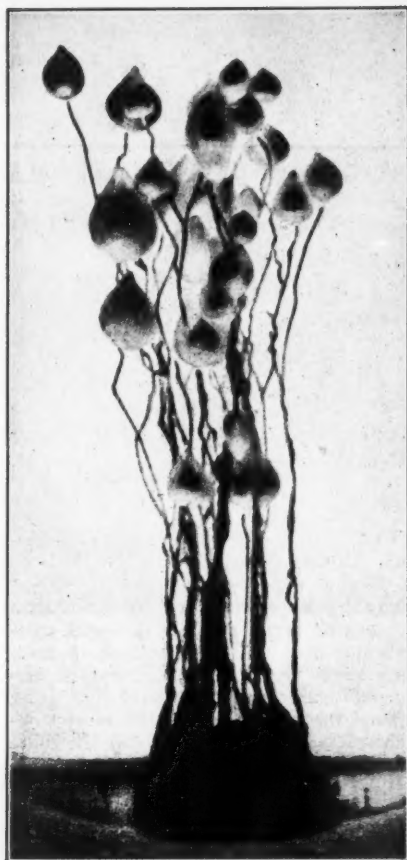
"To the lay mind that does not convey the idea that a very long step has been taken on the path towards making life. It may be couched in more imposing terms—but they are also rather more bewildering to those who are not physiological chemists. Let us briefly say that the first great achievement of the Fischer laboratory was that of making out of 'silk fibroin' a substance named ' β -naphthalene-sulpho-glycyl-alanine'; and that this has been followed by others which belong to

the 'higher peptides.' In simpler words, they are akin to the pepsin which our digestions use to deal with our food and convert it into blood.

"Thus, at any rate, a step of some kind was taken towards building up in the chemist's workshop a structure of known elements, which resembled organic matter—matter that will grow. These chemical structures are very hard to build up; they are more like castles of cards than houses of bricks, because the more complicated they are the more likely they are to tumble down into their original elements again; and the nearer the 'living thing' the structures are, the more complex is their architecture, and the more shaky."

Protoplasm itself, which is the typical living stuff, or "chromatin," which some believe to be yet more typical, is, for example, a thing that breaks up or breaks down at a touch, a breath. But Fischer's higher peptides can be looked at in another way. Reference has been made to pepsin as doing the work of digestion by splitting up food stuffs into blood. Now the task of splitting up one compound into others, generally more simple, is the task gratuitously undertaken by a good many substances in nature. The way they do it and the reason they do it are problems hardly less mysterious or complicated than life itself. The great majority of these substances are, like the peptides, of what we may roughly call a vegetable nature, and are not unlike bacteria, except that they are unorganized. These fermenting substances have been introduced to science as "enzymes," a word passing out of the vocabulary of the specialist into that of the man in the street, for the "enzyme" it is that does the work of the world, altho so unostentatiously that only recently have we discovered it.

Enzymes are present in yeast, which is perhaps their most typical occurrence. On their uses in the industries of beet and sugar we need not dwell. They are continually used in other processes to bring about chemical changes which are valuable to industry. One might say of them that these industrial uses display their most remarkable feature. They are used because they are cheap. They are cheap because they do such an enormous amount of work for nothing. For the



AN OSMOTIC GROWTH

There is no more wonderful and illuminating spectacle than that of an osmotic growth—a crude lump of brute, inanimate matter germinating before our very eyes.

mysterious, transcendent thing about an enzyme is that while it will bring about enormous chemical changes—changes out of all proportion to the bulk of the enzyme itself—yet, after doing the work, the enzyme is entirely unaltered. It is the same in bulk, the same in power. It is ready to do the same work over and over again.

“Now no one has yet made an enzyme out of the bricks of matter—out of oxygen and hydrogen and carbon and nitrogen and the rest. The nearest approach to it has been the making of something like an enzyme out of organized combinations of them. But in the laboratory chemists and physicists can show you substances derived from metals which closely mimic the action of enzymes. If two pieces of platinum placed in an acid liquid are subjected to a very strong electric current, the current can tear the platinum to pieces. It tears it into pieces so small that they can only be perceived as particles under a microscope, and they roll about in the liquid like an inky cloud. Under the most powerful form of microscope the cloud is seen to be composed of innumerable specks of metal vibrating and dancing like mites in a sunbeam. If a drop of this metallic liquid is dropped into a vat of hydrogen peroxide, it acts much as we have said an enzyme does. That is to say, it will decompose, break up, a million times its own volume of the peroxide solution with great rapidity, and at the close of the operation will remain

unaltered itself, and as fresh and energetic as ever.

“Platinum is not the only metal; there are others which, in their finely divided state, will do the same kind of work in the same kind of way; and there are a score of industries, including the making of artificial indigo and perhaps artificial rubber, which are dependent on these metallic ‘catalysts.’

“We may now begin to see—through a glass darkly—how far the chemists and physicists have actually traveled on the way to making what the Germans call ‘life stuff.’ They have made substances that are something like it; they have been able to see how some of the remarkable energy which living matter displays sets to work. In a sense we might almost say they have found a way to unlock the energy which binds together the metals. They may find a way to unlock the energy which locks together the elements of living substances.”

This last consideration gives much importance to the “growths” of Doctor Stephane Leduc, of the University of Nantes. Doctor Leduc has been called the apostle of the chemistry of life. He has been extremely successful in showing how, by mixing quite simple chemical substances, he can obtain growths—called by him “osmotic growths”—which are extraordinarily like living plants or even the cells of living matter. He sows fragments of calcium chloride in solutions of the alkaline carbonates, phosphates or silicates, and he obtains growths like seaweed or polyps or corals or trees. Some of his glass bottles of chemicals look like aquariums. Moreover, by placing certain salts in blood he can show the chemicals splitting up the blood into much the same forms and growths that a living speck of matter assumes just before it divides to form other living cells. In the words of the distinguished Doctor Deane Butcher, of the Royal Society of Medicine, the scientist who has done so much to spread a knowledge of Leduc’s work:*

“There is, I think, no more wonderful and illuminating spectacle than that of an osmotic growth,—a crude lump of brute inanimate matter germinating before our very eyes, putting forth bud and stem and root and branch and leaf and fruit, with no stimulus from germ or seed, without even the presence of organic matter. For these mineral growths are not mere crystallizations as many suppose; they increase by intussusception and not by accretion. They exhibit the phenomena of circulation and respiration, and a crude sort of reproduction by budding; they have a period of vigorous youthful growth, of old age, of death and of decay. They imitate the forms, the color, the texture, and even the microscopical structure of organic growth so closely as to deceive the very elect. When we find, moreover, that the processes of nutrition are carried on in these osmotic productions just as in living be-

ings, that an injury to an osmotic growth is repaired by the coagulation of its internal sap, and that it is able to perform periodic movements just as an animal or a plant, we are at a loss to define any line of separation between these mineral forms and those of organic life.”

Professor Leduc does not say that the osmotic growths are forms of life. He claims merely that these chemical and physical actions produce forms like those which germinating life assumes. He uses the term osmosis—the tendency to intermixture of fluids separated by porous media—as including the stored energy which, once released, would yield what we call life. Osmotic pressure may be the basis of spontaneous generation. Once it gets a stimulus, the rest is easy, precisely as a gun when the trigger is pulled discharges its missile. But the loaded gun remains forever unfired until the energy in the cap is released. The problem of the origin of life is summed up to Leduc in this simple illustration. It is a matter of the transformation of potential into actual energy:

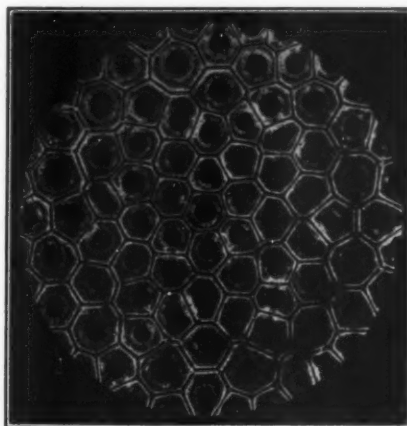
“A weight suspended by a cord does not fall merely because there is room for its descent. We need the intervention of some outside force to cut the cord. In every transformation of energy this external force is required to cut the cord, or pull the trigger, some external force of excitation or liberation, an energy which may be infinitesimal in amount and which bears no proportion to the quantity of potential energy it sets free. This intervention of an excitatory, stimulating or liberating energy is universal. Every phenomenon of nature is but a transformation or a transference of energy, determined by the intervention of a minimal quantity of energy from without. This liberation of large quantities of potential energy by an exceedingly small external stimulus has not hitherto received the consideration it demands. Certain phenomena, such as those of chemical catalysis or the action of soluble ferments, excite our astonishment because such extremely small quantities of certain substances will determine the chemical transformations of large quantities of matter, there being no proportion between the amount of the catalytic substance and of the matter transformed. These phenomena are, however, only particular cases of the general law of energetics that transformation requires a stimulus. . . .

“We are indeed completely ignorant of the mode of transformation of chemical into kinetic energy in the living organism; we know only that muscular contraction is accompanied by a change of form; at the moment of transformation the combustion of the muscle is increased, and during contraction the stretched muscular fiber tends to acquire a spherical shape. It is this shortening of the muscular fiber which produces the mechanical movement. The step which we do not as yet fully understand is the physical phenomenon which intervenes between the disengagement of chemical energy and the occurrence of muscular contraction.”

* THE MECHANISM OF LIFE. By Stephane Leduc. New York: The Rebmam Company.

The synthesis of life, should it ever occur, concludes Leduc, will not be the sensational discovery we usually associate with the idea. If we accept the theory of evolution, then the first dawn of the synthesis or creation by artificial chemical means of what is called life must consist in the production of forms intermediate between the organic and the inorganic world—forms which possess only some of the rudimentary attributes of life, to which other attributes will be added slowly, forms like his own osmotic growths:

"Like a living being, an osmotic growth absorbs nutriment from the medium in which it grows, and this nutriment it assimilates and organizes. If we compare the weight of an osmotic growth with that of the mineral fragment which produced



A CELL NOT MADE BY NATURE

It belongs to those osmotic growths which, simulating the real thing called life, suggest that Doctor Stephane Leduc has penetrated the secret of biology.

it, we shall find that the mineral seed has increased many hundred times in weight. Similarly, if we weigh the liquid before and after the experiment we shall find that it has lost an equivalent weight. The absorbed substance of an osmotic production must also undergo chemical transformation before it can be assimilated—that is, before it can form part of the growth. . . .

"In conclusion we may say that osmotic growths are formed of an ensemble of closed cavities of various forms, containing liquids and separated by osmotic membranes, constituting veritable tissues. This structure offers the closest resemblance to that of living organisms. Is it possible to doubt that the simple conditions which produce an osmotic growth have frequently been realized during the past ages of the earth? What part has osmotic growth played in the evolution of living forms?"

THE FRIEDMANN TUBERCULOSIS SENSATION

AMONG the many workers on the so-called tubercle bacillus, none other since Koch has leaped into a fame so universal as that achieved by Doctor Friedrich Franz Friedmann, of Berlin. His first contribution to the topic was made ten years ago, but no particular attention was paid to him in this country until recently. His original announcement was that he had encountered "spontaneous tuberculosis" in two marine turtles in the Berlin aquarium. He had taken the turtles to a colleg, Doctor Piorkowski, who found tubercle-like bacilli in the apparently tuberculous tissue of the turtles. By proper methods, into the technic of which it is unnecessary to enter, Doctor Piorkowski succeeded in growing the germs in culture tubes.

Altho Doctor Friedmann made some unusual claims for his turtle bacilli and was not backward in announcing that he had discovered an altogether unique species, we read in the authorized account of the *New York Times*—an account verified by experts—nothing he published led any trained critic to believe that his germ was not very similar to some that had already been described. It seemed particularly like the fish bacillus of Bataillon and the slow worm bacillus of Moeller. Indeed, such high authorities as Weber and Taute were of opinion that these three were really one and the same germ.

Doctor Friedmann ascribed some wonderful properties to his turtle bacillus. He mentioned that he had, with satisfactory results, immunized over a hundred guinea pigs against virulent infection. But while he was very definite regarding the general properties of the germ, he was very vague on the subject of his experiments in detail. In his first immuniz-

ing experiments he neglected to publish the details which scientific critics always demand before accepting the announcement of an unusual achievement. In a year or so Friedmann had become still more enthusiastic over his turtle bacilli or bacillus—he had recovered by this time the germ from a third turtle—and was sure he had found the ideal immunizer. It seemed to him "just as tho the turtle bacilli were predestined to serve as protective material." Next he was telling the scientific world of his success in immunizing domestic animals. Yet he still neglected to reveal the essential features of the experiments. The matter might have lapsed into neglect for this reason had it not pleased Doctor Friedmann to announce late last year that he could now cure almost anyone suffering from tuberculosis. In the course of his address then before the Berlin Medical Society, the Doctor said that in order to heal tu-

berculosis he had tested many non-virulent cultures:

"Some of them came from human beings and were made non-virulent in certain ways. But I had to give up using these, because their curative effects were only slightly encouraging. But the situation was changed at one stroke when I took up the use of a non-virulent strain of tubercle bacilli which I had, indeed, obtained several years before, but which had lately, and for the first time, become completely changed and non-virulent. At first even this strain was not suitable for treatment. Only after I had succeeded by proper cultivations and passages in removing the last traces of virulence from it did I apply the preparation to man. . . . Up to date I have treated 1,012 men with it.

"I would far exceed the time allotted to me here were I exhaustively to go into the details of the preparation—whatever concerns the selection of the culture media, the age and character of the cultures, the further preparation, and the dosages."



ANOTHER MIRACLE WROUGHT BY LEDUC

He sows fragments of calcium chloride in solutions of the alkaline carbonates, phosphates or silicates, and he obtains growths like sea weed or polyps or corals or trees. Some of his glass bottles of chemicals look like aquariums.

Doctor Friedmann's revelation was concerned not with the immunization of man against tuberculous infection but with the cure of tuberculosis. Now the cure of tuberculosis is a different problem from the immunization of a healthy animal against possible subsequent infection. The point is made much of in medical journals, which have been very reserved in their comment upon the Friedmann "discovery." Except for an occasional vague utterance tending to skepticism, it might be said that the Berlin doctor is ignored in the medical press of the world. Here are some remarks on the subject from the well-known authority on tubercle bacilli, Doctor Karl von Ruck, in *The Medical Record* (New York):

"In the light of the fact that many other credible observers have noted the recurrence of virulence with like cultures it remains for Friedmann to show that his particular culture is permanently avirulent for the human subject, which he has, of course, not done, and which he is unable to do without resorting to the human experiment supported by autopsy. The test of avirulence for the guinea pig, while suggestive, is not conclusive and would not be, even if by passages through this or other animals he had shown these to be resistant. The ordinary duration of the life of a guinea pig is not long enough to show what might occur in the human subject, knowing as we do that an infection acquired in early childhood may not become manifest until in later periods of adult life.

"We know that tubercle bacilli can continue, in a living state, in the tissues of animals without apparent pathogenic power for years, and we have ample evidence that this can be likewise the case in the human subject as shown by so-called latent infections, which after many years may become active and progressive. We must in the light of such observations conclude that, tho avirulent for long periods of time, the bacilli gradually adapt themselves to their host and acquire pathogenic power. To such a change the organism may itself contribute by metabolic changes in its own tissues, favored by intercurrent diseases, by trauma, or by nutritive disturbances; or the bacilli may acquire virulence by successive subculturing in the organism itself, in situ or after transport from a tissue highly resistant to one that is less so.

"It may, however, be presumed that Dr. Friedmann was in possession of ample and conclusive evidence to contradict at least most of the objections stated and others which might be suggested, before he inoculated several hundred infants and young children with his living bacilli, and that for their successful protection he will supply, in due time, other proof than the statement that 'altho some of them had been vaccinated a year before he made his communication, none gave evidence of scrofula.' Valid evidence is the more necessary because none of the animals which he sought to protect with his living bacilli resisted an infection with a but slightly virulent culture of tubercle bacilli, judging the degree of virulence by the length of time necessary to cause death of his control animals."

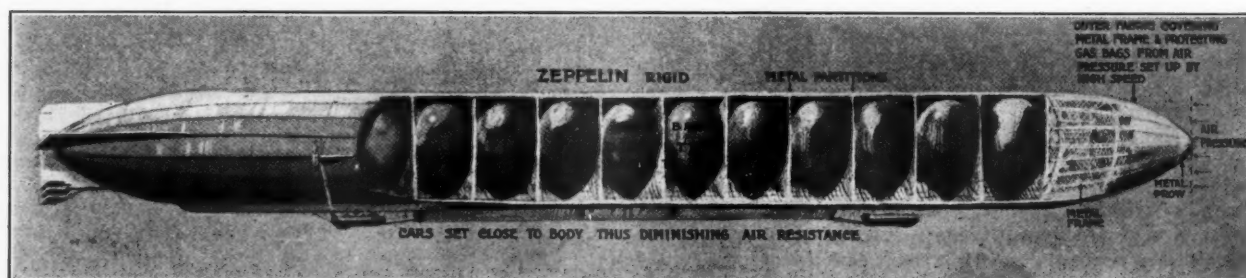
What Doctor Friedmann claims to have discovered, according to a notice in the *Berlin Klinische Wochenschrift*, is a non-virulent, live tuberculosis bacillus, which, injected into the muscles and veins of a consumptive, is curative in a remarkable degree and which will produce immunity in the non-infected. But the experience of observers with regard to the use of injections during periods of tuberculous activity and fever varies widely, observes *The British Medical Journal* (London). Many German writers commend the use of such injections in such circumstances, but French schools for the most part adopt a more cautious attitude. A careful study of the methods of calculating and administering the dosage in such injections is made by Doctor Albert Sezary, of the Laennec Hospital in Paris. He is one of the great French authorities on anti-tuberculous serum therapy and on tuberculin in general. He advises that theoretical considerations be dismissed from the mind and practical issues alone regarded. The early case and the chronic consumptive in whose lung the process is quiescent have been found to benefit greatly. There is, however, abundant evidence to prove that harm rather than good is liable to follow the indiscriminate use of any injection in other stages. In truth, comments the British medical organ already named, the gradual re-entry of tuberculin into the therapeutic field has called forth a number of guides of

all nations who desire to point out the way of safety and the pitfalls of danger to all those who seek to employ it:

"Tuberculin treatment has at more than one period been taken up too enthusiastically and dropped too abruptly, and even now there is a manifest tendency in some quarters to vaunt its powers to a far greater extent than the collected evidence of good observers would seem to warrant. By slow degrees a better knowledge of its mode of action has been attained, but at best this knowledge is still limited within narrow bounds; and much of the theory which serves to guide our lines of thought is speculative. Hence it is to the slow and steady accumulation of practical experience that we must look, to enable us to determine the therapeutic value of tuberculin injections.

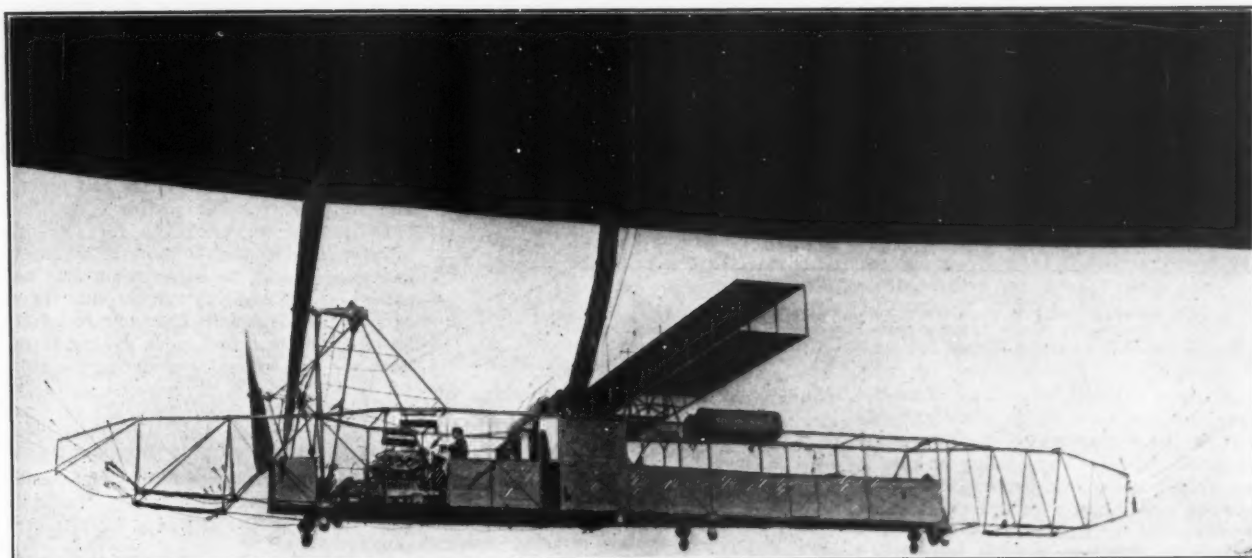
"We may take this opportunity of noticing two inquiries recently made by medical journals—one German, the other Danish—with a view of collecting and correlating the opinions of experts in the respective countries on the merits of tuberculin in phthisis. While the German report consists of diametrically opposed views, and others which might best be described as 'hedging,' the Danish report reveals several important points on which the leading authorities appear to be unanimous. The questions to which answers were sent by seventeen sanatorium and hospital physicians were as follows: (1) Do you use tuberculin for treatment? (2) What are your indications for this treatment? (3) What results have you obtained? (4) Which preparations do you use and prefer? (5) What doses do you give? . . . The results obtained by tuberculin were sometimes astonishingly good; sometimes it was apparently quite inactive; and in several cases its use was followed by complications, such as pleurisy, hemorrhage from the lungs and intestines, and aggravation of pulmonary, laryngeal, and intestinal tuberculosis. Many preparations of tuberculin were in use, including Koch's tuberculin, old and new, bacillary emulsion, endotin, tuberal, and Denys's tuberculin. . . . The report, taken as a whole, gives the impression that tuberculin is a two-edged sword, the wielding of which in untrained hands must be followed, sooner or later, by incidents disastrous to the patient and damnatory to the good name of the physician and the remedy."

Doctor Friedmann has informed the experts of Berlin that his preparation, in composition and effect, is different from the tuberculin preparations here-



THE ZEPPELIN'S SECRETS

Damage to a vital part of the machinery is not likely to be effected by rifle-bullets from machine-guns, because the superiority of fire from the airship's own guns ought to render that form of attack from anything like the same level in the air, within reasonable range, impossible—the aeroplane which attempted it could hardly hope to escape destruction.



THE CAR OF A FRENCH AIRSHIP BELOW THE BALLOON

The gas-container would offer an enormous target, it is true, but experience has shown in the case of balloons that the holes made by bullets have very little effect as regards escape of gas.

tofore known. He feels justified, apparently, in passing unfavorable judgment upon the tuberculin treatment inaugurated by Koch. Therefore his treatment must accomplish more than that did. Can Friedmann cure those cases which experts deem beyond the

resources of what is known as the tuberculin treatment? It is inferred that the Berlin physician has gone too far in his unfavorable judgment of tuberculin, in view of the accumulated evidence, and this circumstance still further discredits his "discovery" in

the professional mind. What evidence is there that the Friedmann treatment is not of the tuberculin type by methods always accessible to every bacteriologist since the genius of Robert Koch invented them? His technic may be but a modification.

THE COMPETITION IN BOMB-DROPPING BETWEEN AEROPLANES AND AIRSHIPS

MILITARY experts have been greatly astonished of late by the difficulty experienced in dropping bombs from ships in the air. Theoretically, few things could be simpler than the throwing of a shell from a high altitude upon objects below. In practice the feat is attended with various unanticipated difficulties. Experience proves that the world must revise its ideas of the facility with which a battleship, for instance, can be blown to pieces by the dropping of a bomb from an airship or an aeroplane. The results of bomb-dropping, as brought out by recent "competitions" as well as the experience of Italian aviators at Tripoli and of Bulgarian aviators in Thrace and Macedonia, have been so uncertain and inconclusive, says Major H. Bannerman-Phillips in *The United Service Magazine* (London), that we have now little real knowledge on the subject and no theories at all.

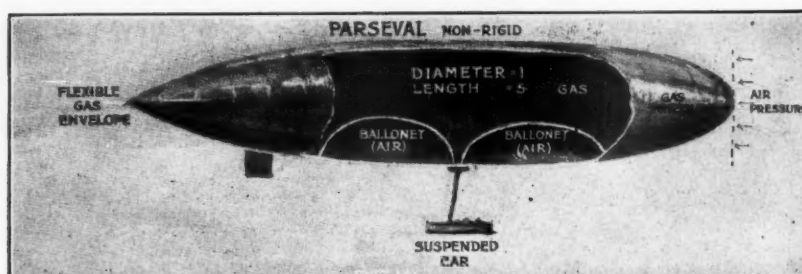
An explosive body dropped from a height of sixteen hundred feet has attained a velocity on reaching the earth of over three hundred feet per second, notes an expert in the Berlin *Militär-Wochenblatt*. Much of the explosive force is thus unavoidably lost. If the charge be very great, the bomb is resolved into a number of ineffective

atoms. Moreover, shrapnel with time fuze is at present useless. Our expert comes to the conclusion that explosive bodies aimed during the day time at living objects—when they can be seen and avoided—will not do much harm. He affirms that German fears on this score in consequence of the large number of French air planes are groundless. As an aggressive weapon in warfare, therefore, the aeroplane has no future. With regard to the dropping of explosives from aeroplanes on inanimate objects, the outlook is, indeed, somewhat different. To be effective, however, at least two hundred pounds of explosive must be in each projectile. That such bombs can be used with aeroplanes is pronounced unthinkable by the expert who gives his views to the German military organ. The conclusion is that the Zeppelin airship is the only aerial vessel capable of effective use for the dropping of explosives. No other type can attain such high speed, keep an exact course or remain stationary over a definite point.

Reasoning from these details, Major Bannerman-Phillips infers that the most effective weapon for the use of aviators in aerial combat will be the automatic rifle or machine gun. Much interest attaches, in consequence, to

the Lewis gun for aeroplanes, the invention of a United States Army officer, with which experiments have been in progress now for months in this country:

"Designed, in the first instance, for use at the ground level, its peculiar features suggested its employment for aerial work. To begin with, it weighs only twenty-five pounds and requires no special mounting. There is no recoil and it can be fired at the rate of 350 to 750 shots a minute, this rate being capable of regulation by a simple adjustment. The caliber is .30, the cartridges are contained in a drum-shaped magazine holding 50, which is emptied in about four seconds at the quickest rate of fire, and a fresh magazine can be placed in position in lieu of the empty one in two seconds. The most remarkable peculiarity of this gun, however, is the arrangement for cooling the barrel. The latter is surrounded by a close-fitting cylindrical aluminum jacket having some twenty deeply-cut longitudinal grooves extending from breech to muzzle. This again is enclosed in a light steel tube, 3¼ inches in diameter, a portion of the tube which projects beyond the muzzle having a reduced diameter of only 2⅞ inches. The enclosed grooves, forming continuous air-ducts in the aluminum jacket throughout its entire length, have free communication with the open air at the breech, and each time the gun is fired the ejector action of the discharge-blast



THE NON-RIGID TYPE

It is tolerably plain that the German authorities are justified in their policy of building up a fleet of airships on the rigid principle, to combine fighting power with capacity for long-distance traveling by day and night, and the best possible platform for reconnaissance.

sucks in a draught of cool air from the rear through these ducts, thus carrying off the heat transmitted to the jacket from the barrel. The cooling process is accordingly automatic by air alone, without the use of water or any other liquid and without mechanism or moving parts of any kind—a very notable feature and one which, being simple in action, tends to efficiency. Another novel feature of the gun is the small enclosed operating spring which is located near the trigger-piece at the breech, and out of reach of the injurious effects of heat.

"It would seem that the gun has stood numerous tests successfully. It has been fired with good results from an aeroplane at an altitude of six hundred feet, and the tests show that the barrel does not become overheated under continuous use at the most rapid rate of fire. It appears to be a most remarkable weapon and one eminently suited for aerial purposes, whether in attack or defence against flying enemies."

As regards the use of bombs from aeroplanes, the opinion of the expert of the *Militär-Wochenblatt* seems a sound one to the expert of the British military organ, where present types of heavier-than-air machines come into the calculation. The rigid type of airship is the only kind of aerial craft at all suited for the carriage of a sufficient cargo of explosives, the maintenance of an altitude which will secure immunity from howitzer fire, and the rough wear and tear of aggressive action as distinct from aerial reconnaissance. No other dirigible can compare, moreover, with the Zeppelin as a platform for photography, for observation and for bomb-dropping. The difficulties and risks of handling large airships when near the ground are, to be sure, serious. They are of a kind which will slowly but surely yield, as they are already yielding, to human ingenuity. A dirigible like the famous German L 1, capable of doing fifty miles an hour and carrying five tons of cargo over and above fuel for forty hours' engine running, could be so well armed that an aeroplane would have little chance to get above and drop bombs down upon her.

At the close range which such tactics would involve, the airship could make short work of any reasonable number of attacking aeroplanes. The airship

could open fire from its automatic or pneumatic guns, mounted either in sponsons at the level of the cars or, as has already proved feasible with rigid airships, on a platform surrounding a lookout at the top of the gas container and connected by an interior ladder shaft with the center car below. It may be urged that an aeroplane might drop explosives with a view to the gas container of the dirigible. But in that event the aeroplane would not only have to outdistance the airship in speed but also attain a position more or less vertically above the tempting target while maintaining a relative altitude. In order to be safe from the fire of the dirigible or from the effects of an explosion of the gas container, the heavier-than-air machine must rise to a much superior altitude. The higher it went the less likelihood there would be of hitting. The odds against good aim would include the wind, the sudden change of direction of the target and the intervening distance between the latter and the bomb-dropper. Consider, too, the pace at which the aeroplane must travel before it would overhaul a Zeppelin. Real accuracy of aim in bomb-dropping under such conditions would be a miracle:

"The German authorities must be convinced of this, or they would scarcely continue to invest so largely in airships in face of the ever-increasing number of aeroplanes which are being constructed for war purposes elsewhere on the continent. As regards any other aggressive action on the part of an aeroplane than that of an incendiary shell successfully exploded within the gas-container, a Zeppelin airship is practically safe. Damage to a vital part of the machinery is not likely to be effected by rifle-bullets from machine-guns, because the superiority of fire from the airship's own guns ought to render that form of attack from anything like the same level in the air, within reasonable range, impossible—the aeroplane which attempted it could hardly hope to escape destruction. The gas-container would offer an enormous target, it is true, but experience has shown in the case of balloons that the holes made by bullets have very little effect as regards escape of gas, and as the Zeppelin is built in a large number of gas-tight compartments it is extremely improbable that enough of them could

be torn open by dropped or fired missiles, other than incendiary shells, to exhaust the airship's reserve of lifting power.

"All this being so, it is tolerably plain that the German authorities are justified in their policy of building up a fleet of airships on the rigid principle, to combine fighting power with capacity for long-distance traveling by day and night, and the best possible platform for reconnaissance, with facilities for sending in reports by wireless without delay from any spot whence the information may be gained. They realize, no doubt, that since at any altitude below 4,500 to 5,000 feet an airship is in considerable danger from howitzer fire, without considering the risk of destruction by the special artillery which have been evolved for the express purpose of dealing with dirigibles, they must have large airships in order to obtain the required ascensional power, and maintain the minimum altitude consistent with safety in the presence of artillery capable of action against aircraft. At the same time they appreciate the fact that since the power of using the bird's-eye point of view to advantage requires special training, the dirigible affords better opportunities of training for staff officers in this respect—in the first instance, at any rate—than the aeroplane, and they wisely consider the facilities for this training which their fleet of airships can and does afford to many such officers, apart from those who learn the duties of aeronaut or aviator, must be regarded as a partial set-off to the cost of upkeep of aerial vessels."

All land gunners agree that it is almost impossible to hit an aeroplane when flying at any great height. It is quite another matter as regards a Zeppelin, however, declares the military expert who has just gone into the subject for the *London Sphere*. Owing to the great size of a dirigible and to the comparative low altitude of its flight—some 1,800 yards at most—it should not be an impossible target by day. Accordingly, Vickers and Armstrong, the famed British ordnance firms, are constructing guns capable of firing at an angle of seventy degrees or over. Hitherto, British high-angle guns have been howitzers, the range of altitude of which for projectiles was limited to sixty degrees at most. One of these firms has even produced a sighting instrument. By means of mirrors and with the aid of a clinometer, it is expected that the distance of the dirigible from the gun as well as its rate of speed can be quickly gauged with accuracy.

"Telescopic sights are also to be provided for the guns when firing at long ranges. To obviate the difficulty of ranging with any degree of certainty special sighting projectiles have been manufactured. These will leave a trail of smoke in the air and are designed to enable the range to be obtained in the absence of any bracket, by means of which the correct range is usually obtained both when firing on land or at sea.

"It is also hoped that by means of lyddite charges or high-explosive shells

great damage will be inflicted on aircraft which may not actually be hit by the projectile, but which may be brought to earth by the mere concussion of these heavy shells, which contain exploders full of picric powder."

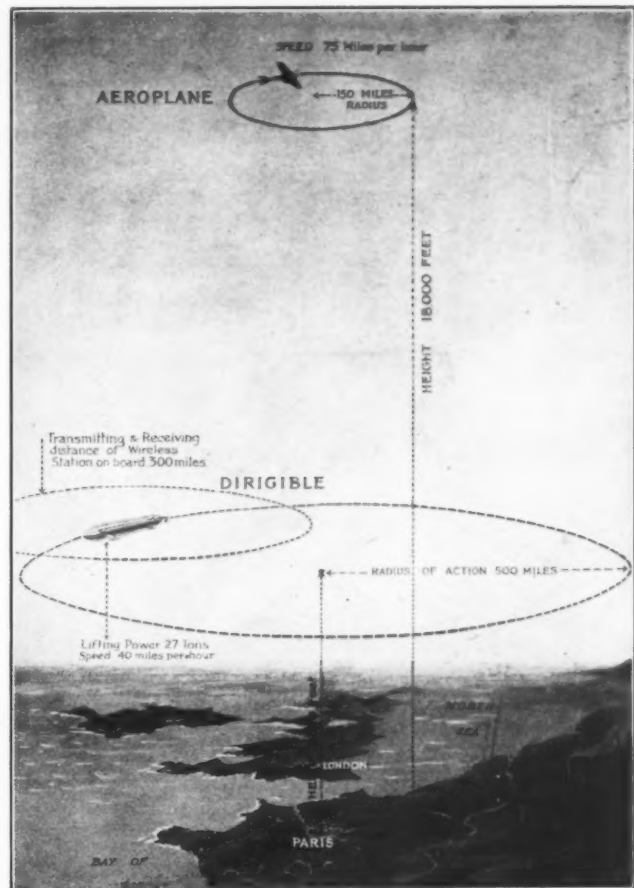
This expert contradicts the statement that bomb-dropping from an airship is not an exact science. According to him, the Germans have demonstrated their efficiency in this new field of tactics. He is supported in that view by the assertions of the *London Review of Reviews*. Hitherto the public, it says, has understood that airships may be of some service in obtaining information—nothing more. Within a year the British will realize that airships are to be instruments of the most sanguinary form of war conceivable:

"During recent practice a small canvas float was set adrift on Lake Constance. From an airship about 3½ miles away, and circling in the air at an altitude of about 3,000 feet, a gunner got the exact range with his third shot, which was fired only a few seconds after the first. The target was quickly riddled, and tho the exact results were kept secret by official order of the German government, it is known that the percentage of hits was close to 100. Maneuvering in fairly brisk winds did not make it impossible for the gunners to get perfect range. Again, the Z III., while at practice, maneuvering at battle speed at a height of 6,000 feet, shot to pieces in seventeen minutes the target, a silhouette of a whole village arranged on the maneuvering grounds several miles out of Badoen. Equally successful results have been obtained at the artillery grounds at Jüterbog and the aerial school at Metz.

"Bomb-dropping from airships, thanks to the new Ceiss sighting instrument, now approaches an exact science. From the Krupp gun factory there is now being turned out a fire bomb that sheds a bright

light not only during its flight, but after it strikes the earth, so that the airship gunners are able, even on the darkest night, to see the objects upon which they wish to center their shots. Another bomb of German manufacture throws out tremendous quantities of dense, heavy smoke that slowly sinks to earth. This smoke spreads in a great cloud and gives to the airship cover through which to escape from a point of danger. Still another bomb that will add to the terrors of war contains about 150 pounds of chemicals which on exploding fill the air with poisonous gases, killing everything within 100 yards and extending their influence for more than that distance."

The war dirigible in the adjoining diagram is compared with its competitor, the war aeroplane. It will be seen, observes the *London Sphere*, that the aeroplane has much greater powers of elevation. It can climb to 18,000 feet,



A DIAGRAMMATIC PROOF OF THE SUPERIORITY OF AIRSHIP TO AEROPLANE

The German authorities must be convinced of this, or they would scarcely continue to invest so largely in airships in face of the ever-increasing number of aeroplanes which are being constructed for war purposes elsewhere on the Continent. As regards any other aggressive action on the part of an aeroplane than that of an incendiary shell successfully exploded within the gas-container, a Zeppelin airship is practically safe.

whereas the dirigible has to stop at 5,500 feet. The dirigible has an average speed of forty miles an hour.

WHY THE INTUITION IS SUPERIOR TO THE REASON IN MAKING GREAT DISCOVERIES

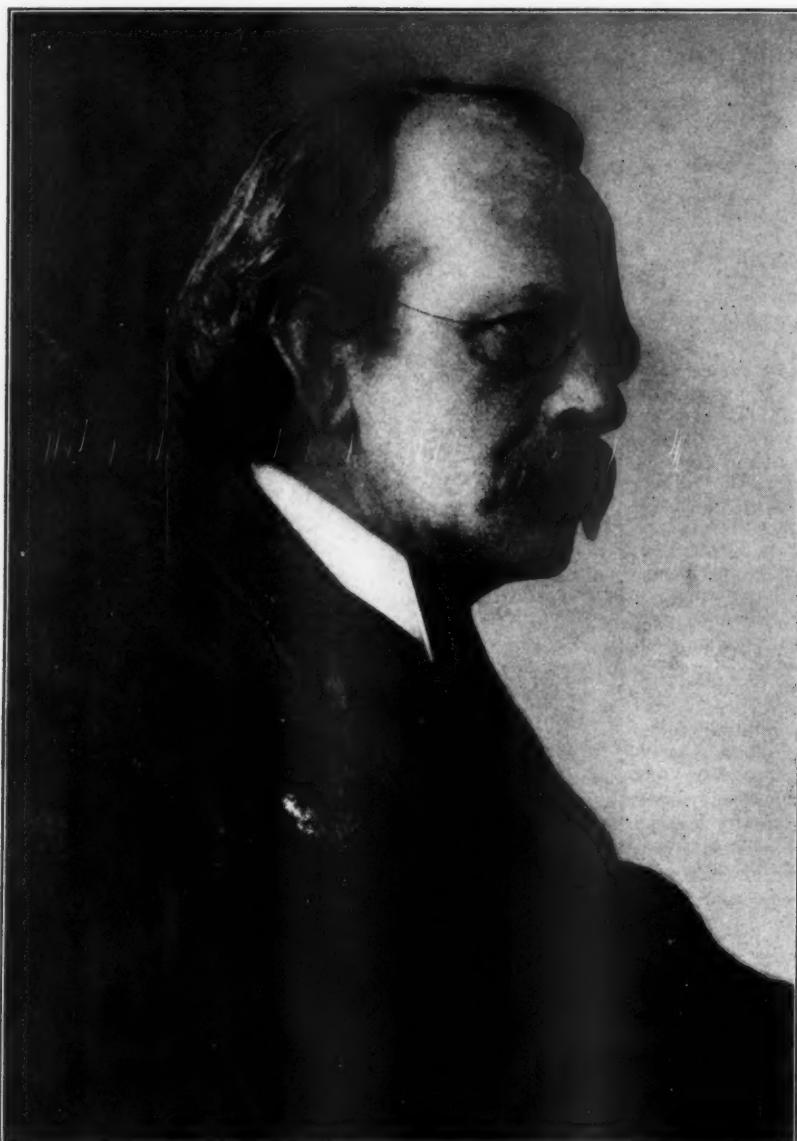
TO ENLARGE the boundaries of scientific knowledge, it is necessary to accumulate many facts with patience and accuracy. But the process does not mean necessarily that we shall build with them to good purpose, any more than that a collection of beams and stones will make a cathedral. To reach the end it is necessary to have the end in view prophetically from the beginning. This implies a power of the mind which the late Poincaré called intuition. It is that power which enables us to perceive the plan of the whole, to seize the unity in the matter at hand. This power is necessary not only to the investigator, but, in a less degree, perhaps, to him who desires to follow the investigation.

Those who possess this kind of in-

sight which reveals hidden relations, this divining power for the discovery of mines of gold, may hope to become investigators, creators. Those who do not have it must find it or give up the task. The great educational problem of to-day is the problem of the development of the intuition. If we learn to cultivate this spirituelle flower it will open all doors of invention and discovery. One thing seems evident—that too prolonged adherence to the methods of rigid reasoning leads to sterility. In mathematics, at least, both logic and intuition are indispensable. One furnishes the architect's plan of the structure, the other bolts it and cements it together. Logic, according to Poincaré again, is the sole instrument of certitude, intuition of creation. And Professor James Byrnie Shaw, the able scientist of the

faculty of the University of Illinois, whose study in *The Popular Science Monthly* we transcribe, adds that even the steps of a logical deduction are planned in their entirety by the intuition:

"The types of intuition are numerous. We leave to the psychologist their enumeration and description. For example, we should expect a visualist to think in pictures, for in this direction his imagination would be vivid. Such a mind would make use of diagrams and mechanical forms to embody his ideas. We think at once of Faraday and his lines of force, of Kelvin and his models of the ether. Poincaré compares Bertrand and Hermite, schoolmates educated at the same time in the same way. Bertrand when speaking was always in motion, apparently trying to paint his ideas. Hermite seemed to flee the world, his ideas were not of the visible kind. Weier-



THE MASTER OF THE WORLD OF INTUITION

"The types of intuition are numerous. We leave to the psychologist their enumeration and description. For example, we should expect a visualist to think in pictures, for in this direction his imagination would be vivid. Such a mind would make use of diagrams and mechanical forms to embody his ideas. We think at once of Faraday and his lines of force, of Kelvin and his models of the ether," of Sir J. J. Thomson, whose picture looks forth here and whose intuitions have made modern physics.

strass thought in artificial symbols, Riemann in pictures and geometric constructions. Poincaré is spoken of as belonging to the audile type, for he remembered sounds well. He seems from his memoirs and papers, however, also to be equally of the visual and the symbolic types. He valued words highly, and his style is a mountain brook descending from rarefied heights, its clear current here falling over rocks, there gliding smoothly down. His thought is a penetrating ray that illuminates the deepest recesses of the wilderness of phenomena.

"But in any case, whether one be analyst, physicist, biologist or psychologist, the characteristic trait of the intuition is the direct appreciation of relationships between the objects of thought, which unite them into a complete structure, unitary in character and harmonious in form. We might define intuition as that power of the mind by which we build the great theories and fit phenomena into

a plan designed along the lines of unifying principles. To be more exact, the mind creates a world of its own. This world is conditioned by what we call the outside world, but in many respects we are free to make it what we please, just as the architect is free to create his building altho his material limits him. However, we endeavor to create this world with the maximum simplicity, mainly because simplicity implies harmony, that is, beauty. We are not satisfied with what William James called the 'blooming confusion of consciousness,' but we construct a replica of this consciousness which is simpler. Of two ways we can construct the replica, we choose the simpler. Thus we choose Euclidean geometry instead of Lobatchevskian, on account of its simplicity, altho either might be applied to the world of phenomena. We choose to say the earth rotates on its axis, for that makes astronomy possible. This replica must have a plan, a design, a symmetry,

a coherence. Intuition is the perception of this idealized structure. It is akin to the dream of the artist, or the vision of the prophet. Indeed the eminent literary critic, Émile Faguet, calls Poincaré a poet. Was it not Sylvester and Kronecker who said that mathematics was essentially poetry!"

When the intuition does not favor us, when the golden butterfly fails to emerge from its chrysalis, what is to be done? Nothing. Intuition failed even Poincaré at times. He was impotent. He mourned over the incomplete results of a new and very important theorem in geometrical transformation of which he had no proof. He was convinced of its truth. Intuition had as yet failed to find the way. And even after intuition has led us to an Eldorado of science, it has done all it can. The deductions, the demonstrations, the applications must be carried on at the expense of prolonged effort. The intuition can not do this kind of work. Its region is the nebulous part of thought where the mental ions unite, dissolve, and whirl away—or we may say that it is found where the breakers surge against the shores of the unknown.

Poincaré affords a supreme instance of the triumphs of intuition among Latin scientists. Sir J. J. Thomson is the conspicuous living example among Anglo-Saxons. The new and fruitful trend assumed by the science of physics in recent years has been in great part due to "the happy intuition" of Sir J. J. Thomson, writes Doctor Augusto Righi in London *Nature*:

"One circumstance is particularly striking in that movement—the unforeseen opening out of new and vast horizons to the physicist precisely at the moment when the electromagnetic theory of light had been victoriously acclaimed—a theory which not only gathered into one marvelously harmonious synthesis all the phenomena of the physical world, but at the same time satisfied that natural scientific instinct which seeks for the greatest simplicity in its explanation of natural phenomena."

However seductive these intuitions appeared, and in their comprehensiveness they represented a considerable advance upon earlier theories, the real existence of electrons could not be accepted by physicists until a satisfactory experimental demonstration of their existence was forthcoming. Success in such a demonstration appeared arduous, if not impossible. It has been achieved notwithstanding, as all the world knows, through the study of the cathode rays. But the intuition went first along the new path, lighting the way for slow reason. Thus the new physics is in large part a record of the "intuitions" of Sir J. J. Thomson, verified experimentally in all the laboratories of the world.

Religion and Ethics

SHOULD THE CHURCH REJECT OR INDORSE SOCIALISM?

A SURVEY of the religious literature of the day leaves no doubt that Socialistic theories are making a deeper and deeper impression. On all sides, Socialism is being discussed. Church congresses debate its merits. Church papers balance its "black" and its "white." New books dealing with all phases of Socialistic doctrine and practice are pouring from the press. Of recent publications devoted to the subject none have attracted more attention than "Socialism from the Christian Standpoint" (Macmillan), by Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J., and "Christianizing the Social Order" (Macmillan) by Walter Rauschenbusch, Professor of Church History in Rochester Theological Seminary.

Father Vaughan, speaking with the Papal blessing and in familiar Roman Catholic tones, damns Socialism root and branch. His book is based mainly on a series of sermons delivered last year in Saint Patrick's Cathedral, New York. He approaches Socialism from ten different angles, and finds it "pernicious and even disastrous to the individual and to the family, to religion and to the State." He adds: "A wide gulf separates the Catholic from the Socialist. Both recognize the fact, tho endeavors are sometimes made to disguise it. Against Socialism as it is, the Catholic Church has resolutely set its face."

In presenting, at the outset, his argument that Socialism is opposed to marriage and to the family, Father Vaughan quotes mainly from Engels, Bebel, William Morris and Ernest Belfort Bax. Bebel, in "Woman," declares: "The satisfaction of the sexual impulse is as much a private concern of each individual as the satisfaction of any other natural impulse. No one is accountable to any one else, and no third person has a right to interfere. . . . If between man and woman who have entered into a union incompatibility, disappointment or revulsion should appear, morality commands a dissolution of the union which has become unnatural, and therefore immoral." Morris and Bax, in "Socialism, Its Growth and Outcome," write: "A new development of the family would take place on the basis, not of a

predetermined lifelong business arrangement, to be formally and nominally held to, irrespective of circumstances, but on mental inclination and affection, an association terminable at the will of either party." On these and similar affirmations, Father Vaughan comments: "My implacable quarrel with Socialism is that in its recognized classics, in its propaganda, in its press and in its unguarded utterances, it propounds and proclaims a gospel about wedded and family life altogether subversive of the teaching of Christianity."

Passing on to a consideration of the attitude of Socialists toward religion, Father Vaughan points out that Marx and Engels, the founders of modern scientific Socialism, were both strong freethinkers. It was Marx's boast that Socialism would deliver men's consciences from the "specter of religion." Bebel, Liebknecht, Enrico Ferri, Jules Guesde, Robert Blatchford, Professor George D. Herron and John Spargo have all made bitter attacks on Christianity and the church. "Socialism," asserts Father Vaughan, "is a spirit as antagonistic to Chris-

tianity as darkness is to light. Read the deliberate utterances of its founders in every land and at every stage of its progress, and you can come to no other conclusion."

But Father Vaughan's special objection to Socialism, apart from his feeling that it comes to destroy the family and religion, is that it "makes too little of the individual and too much of the State." His argument here has something in common with that embodied in Herbert Spencer's famous essay of thirty years ago, "The Coming Slavery." He says:

"Under a Socialist régime man would be a slave, not a free man. Even tho he had plenty to eat and drink, and wherewith to be clothed and wherein to find shelter, he would in no true sense be free. Free he could not be because he would not be master of his own life and destiny. Under Socialism no man would have the ordering of his own life. He would be but a cog in the State machinery, and as much under State control as an electric switch in the hands of its owner. Man would be a slave. I admit that, owing to abuses that have crept into the present-day system, man is limited in his choice of vocation in life. Under Socialism he would have little or no choice at all. His own life would not be his own. The liberty-loving citizen would not be free. He would be crushed out of existence. Under Socialism there would be no use for anybody who was not bound to the State as his supreme Lord and Lawgiver."

If Father Vaughan represents the Roman Catholic position, Professor Rauschenbusch may be said to voice unofficially, at least, a considerable body of Protestant opinion. His "Christianity and the Social Crisis," published about five years ago, was recognized as a manifesto of exceptional power and significance. His new book carries the earlier argument a step further. The attitude of Professor Rauschenbusch is almost exactly opposite to that of Father Vaughan. He sees in Socialism a great and a necessary movement. "God had to raise up Socialism," he says, "because the organized church was too blind, or too slow, to realize God's ends."

Our civilization, as Professor Rauschenbusch sees it, is passing through a great historic transition. We are at



THE UNCOMPROMIZING FOE OF SOCIALISM

The celebrated Jesuit priest, Father Vaughan, finds Socialism "pernicious and even disastrous to the individual and to the family, to religion and to the State."

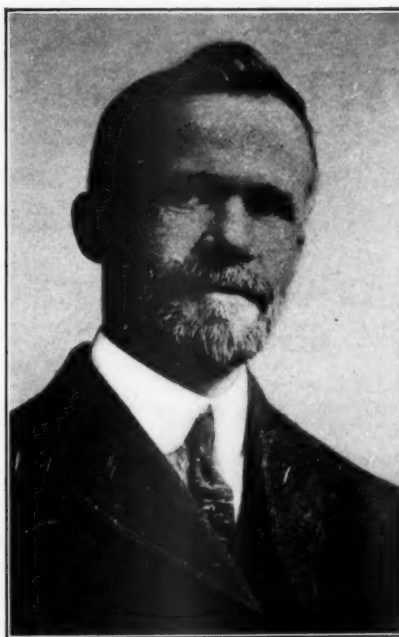
the parting of the ways. The final outcome may be the decay and extinction of Western civilization, or it may be a new epoch in the evolution of the race, as compared with which our present era will seem like a modified barbarism.

According to this interpretation, the great mistake that the church has made lies in its abandonment, or at least in its obscurity, of the social mission with which it started. "It was born," Professor Rauschenbusch tells us, "of revolutionary lineage. Its cradle was rocked by the storm wind of popular hopes. What was it that brought the multitudes to the Jordan to hear John and that thrilled the throngs that followed Jesus about in Galilee? Was it the desire to go to heaven one by one when they died? What inspired the early disciples and lent wings to the Gospel? It was the hope of a great common salvation for all the people, the belief that the Kingdom of God on earth was at last in sight." The social message of Christ, so the argument proceeds, was eclipsed by the amalgamation of Christianity with the Roman Empire. It is returning through a new Reformation.

That the social movements of our day carry menace, as well as the hope of a nobler and juster world, Professor Rauschenbusch does not deny. Skepticism and marital unrest are "in the air." But in the main currents of Socialism and Trade-Unionism, and in the rise of the working class, he sees fundamentally wholesome tendencies. He says:

"The internal history of Socialism shows how quickly a narrow and jealous orthodoxy springs up within the party and forbids the prompt assimilation of larger knowledge. Important sections of the party fear 'the intellectuals,' just as religious sects have feared their educated men. I realize that Socialism needs a steel edge to cut through the obstacles that confront it, and only party loyalty, party dogmatism, and even party hatred can temper that edge; but I wish the coming generations could be spared what we are preparing for them. Whoever solidifies the opposition to Socialism inevitably solidifies Socialist party spirit, and when it is a church that does it it solidifies Socialist irreligion. The Roman Catholic Church laments and despises the sectarian divisions of Protestantism, but it is itself chiefly responsible for them. Its arrogance, its egotism, its refusal to be reformed by anything except the sledgehammer blows of the Almighty's chastisement, necessitated the agonies that bled Christendom white and consolidated the reforming elements into fighting bodies which still perpetuate the dead issues of that fight after four centuries. Socialism inevitably involves a menace. It is our business to make its menace small and its blessing great.

"Aside from the dangers involved in party orthodoxy we may safely trust that Socialism will slough off its objectionable



HE THINKS THAT CHRISTIANITY NEEDS SOCIALISM

"God had to raise up Socialism," says Professor Walter Rauschenbusch, of Rochester Theological Seminary, "because the organized church was too blind or too slow, to realize God's ends."

elements as it matures. Those qualities against which the spirit of genuine Christianity justly protests are not of the essence of Socialism. The loose views of marriage in some individuals are largely a bacterial contagion contracted from the outside. The materialism of the Socialist philosophy of history is the result of throwing a great truth out of balance; Christian doctrine, too, has often been one-sided by overemphasis of some truth. Atheism is in no way essential to Socialist thought. . . .

"Whatever the sins of individual Socialists, and whatever the shortcomings of Socialist organizations, they are tools in the hands of the Almighty. They must serve him whether they will or not. 'He maketh the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder of wrath he turneth aside.' Whatever tares grow in the field of Socialism the field was plowed and sown by the Lord, and he will reap it. Socialism is one of the chief powers of the coming age. Its fundamental aims are righteous, not because they are socialistic, but because they are human. They were part of the mission of Christianity before the name of Socialism had been spoken. God had to raise up Socialism because the organized church was too blind, or too slow, to realize God's ends. The Socialist parties, their technical terms, and their fighting dogmas will pass away into ancient history when their work is done. The only thing that will last and the only thing that matters is the Reign of God in humanity, and the Reign of God is vaster and higher than Socialism."

The differences of opinion voiced by such eminent churchmen as Father Vaughan and Professor Rauschenbusch are reflected in clashing views in Socialist and religious papers. The

Rev. George Willis Cooke, in a lengthy article in the *New York Call*, emphasizes the hostility of both Roman Catholics and Protestants to Socialism, and expresses his conviction that the position of Rauschenbusch is isolated. "If there is among Protestants," he says, "no organized attack upon Socialism, as there is on the part of Catholics, it by no means follows that the Protestants are as yet in any considerable measure friendly to Socialism. It is rather because they are not organized in a manner to make any such attack possible, tho individuals may be as vigorous in their condemnation of Socialism as any Catholics." Mr. A. W. Ricker, writing in *The Coming Nation* (Chicago), sees in the Men and Religion Forward Movement a design on the part of J. Pierpont Morgan and other capitalists to use the Protestant churches to combat Socialism. And yet, he says, addressing Socialist readers, "let us not forget that it is easily possible to turn the teachings of Christianity against the church itself, and we are criminally negligent and blind to our opportunity if we do not do it." He continues: "Jesus himself, the founder of Christianity, was a revolutionist. The New Testament—to him who has understanding—bristles with revolt. The history of the first three centuries of Christianity absolutely refutes the present-day attitude of the church, and only needs to be popularly known to set at naught the efforts of the church to combat Socialism."

Papers such as *The Christian Socialist* (Chicago) bear witness to the increasing hold of Socialism on the clergy; and a Socialist clergyman writes to *The Coming Nation* pointing out the possibilities, from a Socialistic point of view, of propaganda within the church. "There are many clergymen who are Socialists," he says, "and who would like to dwell upon themes connected with the Cooperative Commonwealth. The presence of a few Socialist laymen in the pews would strengthen them wonderfully." Robert Woods Van Kirk, a writer in the *Baptist Standard* (Chicago), declares: "From the Christian point of view Socialism is a mighty force running wild, threatening danger to itself and society. It is a vain thing to attempt to frighten or arrest or divert it by shouts and curses. It only needs control—Christian control."

On the other hand, Dr. C. C. Arbuthnot, Professor of Economics in Western Reserve University, contends that while the spirit of Christian Socialism is that of Jesus, it cannot in any sense rest its case for its constructive program on the authority of his name. "The positive program of the Socialists," according to Professor Arbuthnot, "has no religious sanction behind it. Its validity depends entire-

ly upon economic considerations." He goes on to say (in *The Biblical World*):

"If active interest is imperative, what is the nature of the activity demanded? To this question religion can give no concrete reply. Its function is to supply the motive force that impels to action; the method of applying this force is to be discovered by effort. The careful study of economic and sociological problems in the light of human knowledge respecting

man and his environment may be expected to bring forth effective schemes for social betterment. There should be no balking at the difficulties of the situation, or waiting until one can find the panacea for all the prevalent social ills. One need not see the end from the beginning. Diligent study of what others have tried to do will enable one to avoid many a mistake, and mistakes made in spite of the best efforts of intelligence will enable one to warn others against wrong methods. Well-exercized brains

and hearts turn out products of value whether they are positive or whether they are negative.

"Society will not be revolutionized in a hurry. It will take time for the leaven to spread through the whole lump. There is available now enough knowledge to enable the earnest Christian to make a beginning, but it is not in the gospels. He must turn to men and women who have worked and thought and written for the betterment of men under modern conditions."

METHODISM IN THE THROES OF HIGHER CRITICISM

IN ALMOST every religious denomination of this country are smouldering fires ready, at a moment's notice, to break into flame. At different periods during the last two or three years controversies have raged within Methodism, Presbyterianism, Congregationalism and Protestant Episcopalianism. Even the house of Judah has been troubled. The debate in each instance has centered in the encroachments of the modernist spirit and, in particular, in the growing acceptance of the results of the "higher criticism."

At the present time the Methodist Church finds itself once more divided by fierce and acrimonious discussions over biblical problems. Charges and countercharges are being hurled hither and yon. At a meeting of Methodist preachers held recently in New York headquarters, a speaker demanded that certain statements made in the heat of discussion be retracted as unfair. A clergyman who left the meeting before it was over declared that if he were not a Christian, a meeting like that would not make him one.

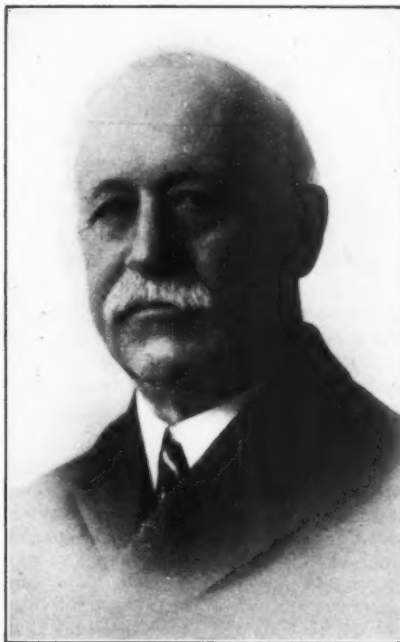
The cause of all the trouble is to be found in the Rev. Dr. George P. Mains, of New York, one of the publishing agents of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His offense consists in having written and published, two years ago, a book entitled "Modern Thought and Traditional Faith." At the time of its publication, it was reviewed at length by the New York *Christian Advocate*, the leading organ of Methodism in this country. The *Advocate* treated it, on the whole, sympathetically, but reserved the right to dissent from some of its conclusions. Later, extracts from the book were printed in Sunday School publications of the Methodist Church. This led to the introduction in the New Jersey conference in its last annual session at Atlantic City of a resolution charging the Methodist Book Concern with "publishing and distributing literature of a liberalistic and rationalistic kind."

The leader of the attack on Dr. Mains is the Rev. Dr. Jay Benson Hamilton, pastor of Trinity Methodist Church, New York. He is greatly

perturbed over recent developments. "With our religion mutilated as it is by these 'higher critics,'" he exclaimed at the stormy meeting to which reference has been made, "Bob Ingersoll, were he alive to-day, would be admitted to any Christian church with open arms." Dr. Hamilton is also quoted in the newspapers as saying:

"Moses has been done away with by these 'higher critics.' They have wiped out Daniel, and now are trying to do away with Jesus. They haven't gone quite so far as to print this in our Sunday school papers or in our books, but some would like to if they dared. They have questioned, however, the authorship of Genesis, Exodus, and the other three books of the Pentateuch, declaring that Moses did not write this part of the Bible; and some of them even go so far as to say there was no Moses at all.

"From time to time writings of this sort have appeared in our Sunday school papers, and it surely will poison the minds of the little ones who read them.



A METHODIST WHO IS TOO LIBERAL TO SUIT SOME OF HIS COLLEAGUES

Dr. George P. Mains, of the well-known publishing house of Eaton & Mains, is accused by Methodists of writing and distributing "literature of a liberalistic and rationalistic kind." His reply is an affirmation of his belief in the higher criticism.

"The Bible is built on the five pillars of the Pentateuch. Attack any one of these pillars, and the Book will fall.

"The Methodist faith is the largest of the Protestant denominations in the United States. Methodism is the backbone of our nation, and the faith is founded on the Book that has stood the test for more than 2,000 years. What right has any human mind to criticize a superhuman work?

"Any minister of the Methodist faith who does not believe every syllable in the Bible is false to his ordination vows. Before being admitted to the ministry he was asked this question: 'Do you unfeignedly believe all the canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testament?' He believed them then; and if he doubts them now he is not a Methodist; and any person, layman or of the clergy, who does not believe all the teachings of Christ is not a Christian."

Dr. Mains does not deny that he is a believer in the higher criticism, but his position, on the whole, would seem to be moderate rather than radical. He upholds the so-called "documentary character" of the Hexateuch; he believes, that is to say, in the first six books of the Old Testament as a compilation of documents edited and written in large part by authors unknown. He is inclined to reject the idea that any original revelation was given by God to the first parents of the race. He feels that "many of the traditional views of inspiration and of inerrancy of statement have utterly broken down under investigation." On the other hand, he believes in revelation in rare instances, and in miracles. "That Christ actually did perform miracles," he declares, "would appear to be a fact as well authenticated as any historic statement which has come to us from so ancient a period. . . . Disprove the resurrection of Christ and the origin of the church is the most anomalous and the most inexplicable event in human history."

"The supreme battle of Christian Biblical criticism," Dr. Mains told a New York *Sun* reporter the other day, "has already been fought and decisively won. It is only those who have deliberately obscured themselves behind prison walls, or who, in this field, are

intellectual Rip Van Winkles, that will have the hardihood to deny the facts." To the question, What is the value of it all? Dr. Mains replies:

"If to have the most luminous and accurate knowledge possible of the historic foundations of our faith; if to have a Bible purged of priestly fables, from mystifying allegorical interpretations, from false traditions and from unscientific constructions; if so to clear the entire field of traditional false conceptions as to permit the Scriptures to speak directly to us from the background of their own grammatical and historical settings; if to have accessible to every Bible reader the most

correct text which human study can gain, and the most perfect historical environment possible of reproduction; if to hear and to know the words of Christ; if to see His historic image more perfectly than has ever been permitted to any generation of His followers; if to walk in vivid historic companionship with His apostles; if to have at our command a more rational and defensible view of the Bible as a record of God's dealings with, of His purposes toward mankind—if there be high value in all these things, then the Biblical critical movement will take its permanent place in history as one of the most significant and beneficent in the providential scheme of the world."

Dr. John T. Macfarland, editor of the Sunday School publications of the Methodist Church, and Dr. David Downey, who passes on all books published by the Methodists, have expressed themselves as in substantial agreement with Dr. Mains's position. *Zion's Herald*, the organ of the Methodist Church in Boston, comments:

"We hold no brief for Dr. Mains. But this we would say, that after a thoro and careful re-reading of the volume we lay it down with the distinct impression that it is a scholarly and much-needed array of the results of Biblical investigation."

LIVINGSTONE AS THE PRECURSOR OF A NEW ERA IN CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

THE outstanding note in hundreds of spoken and written tributes evoked by the centenary of the birth of David Livingstone is a new emphasis on the importance of his labors as a pioneer missionary. The work inaugurated by him in the field of exploration is finished; the negro slavery he fought so valiantly is abolished; but the missionary activities he initiated are just growing into their period of greatest usefulness—or so many commentators think. "His centenary," says *The British Weekly*, "is a call to missionary advance." *The Guardian*, England's leading Anglican paper, adds: "That noble death, after a laborious life spent in spreading the Gospel in some of the darkest places of the earth, marked the beginning of a new era in the history of Christian missions. It roused England to a recognition of its missionary obligation as no other event in modern times has done—a recognition which is never again likely to suffer eclipse."

The moment is opportune for estimating the missionary progress which has been attained in Africa and elsewhere since Livingstone's death. The extent of that progress is suggested by the changed attitude of the secular press and of the public at large toward missionary work. A few months after Livingstone died, the *London Times* remarked that while "an ordinary Englishman has seen almost every human or brute native of foreign climes, but few can say that they have seen a missionary or a Christian convert." Forty years have passed, and now a London paper quotes with approval the statement of ex-President Taft, himself a Unitarian, that "to discourage missionary work in any way is to stay the march of civilization." "There are still, no doubt," *The Guardian* observes, "to be found men who know and care little about foreign missions, but their number includes few who have seen missionary work abroad,

or who have made any serious study of missions, as presented by the responsible missionary societies to the church at home." The progress has indeed been enormous. At the time of Livingstone's death there were probably less than a score of missionary societies represented in the whole continent of Africa. To-day they number more than a hundred and fifty. The number of European missionaries at work there—we follow *The Guardian*—is now little short of five thousand, and there are seventy thousand African missionary helpers. The most dramatic growth is that which has taken place in Uganda. The first missionaries started for Uganda three years after the death of Livingstone. In this mission there are now thirty-eight ordained African clergy, and work is being carried on at more than a thousand stations. "Uganda," *The Guardian* says, "is, in fact, rapidly becoming a Christian nation, and has already begun to send out missionaries to the heathen beyond its borders."

The progress in China has been hardly less marked. When Livingstone died, there were less than four hundred Anglican and Protestant missionaries in that vast country, and the converts to whom they ministered did not exceed ten thousand. To-day the missionaries number four thousand two hundred and the converts nearly half a million. *The Guardian* tells us:

"As in the case of Africa, the most striking progress has been achieved within the last decade. The Boxer Movement attempted to stamp out Christianity, and caused the death of thousands of converts and missionaries; but more converts were enrolled during the eight years which followed the Boxer outbreak than during the eighty years which preceded it. During the last ten years the rate of increase has been at the rate of over cent per cent. When we consider the break-up of the old civilization in that strange country, the high intelligence and intellectual aspirations of its inhabitants,

the illimitable nature of the possibilities opened out cannot fail to strike the Christian imagination. Never perhaps has the opportunity offered to the Church been so tremendous. In Corea—a country which has probably had more Christian martyrs than any other country in the world—the increase has been even more rapid than in China. In Japan missionary progress has been less rapid in point of numbers than in many other countries; but the Christian converts include a considerable number of members of Parliament, professors, and officers in the Army and Navy. The recent declaration on the part of the Japanese Government that it is prepared to regard Christianity as one of the religions recognized by the State has created fears in the minds of some missionaries lest the conversions to the Christian Faith should be thereby unduly accelerated."

In the case of India, memorable evidence of the Christian advance is cited. The Indian Christians numbered one in 143 of the population in 1891, one in 111 in 1901, and one in eighty-six in 1911. Says *The Guardian*:

"Those interested in the spread of Christianity in India have sometimes tried to forecast the future and to estimate the length of time which may be expected to elapse before India becomes a Christian country. It is always unwise to rely upon statistics of progress in the past in order to prognosticate the future, but this at least may be said—should the increase which has been taking place during the last thirty years be maintained, half a century hence the Christians will number one in twenty-one of the population; in a hundred years they will number one in five; and in 160 years the whole population of India will be Christian."

After making all allowances for the uncertain character of missionary statistics, *The Guardian* declares that it cannot review the facts without profound thankfulness. And David Livingstone, it points out, did more than any other single man to open doors for his successors.

THE AWAKENING CONSCIENCE IN THE BUSINESS WORLD AS VIEWED BY THE NEW SECRETARY OF COMMERCE

THE student of the times who obtained his impressions mainly or solely from the daily press might come to the conclusion that ours is preeminently an age of blind hatred and lawlessness. The series of outrages which led to the dynamite trials in Indianapolis, the long-drawn-out strikes in Lawrence, Massachusetts, and in West Virginia, the difficulties in Little Falls, New York, the activities of the Industrial Workers of the World in both the East and the West—might seem to point to such a conclusion. And yet these and similar events are interpreted by no less influential a publicist than William C. Redfield, the new Secretary of Commerce, as, in part at least, the evidence of an aroused conscience that is making itself felt not only among wage-workers but also in the business world. "If we look beneath the surface," says Mr. Redfield, "it will be found that these, however violent and distorted they may be, are but outward and visible signs of an inward moral growth. They are the exaggerated and, in their extremes, the wicked results of efforts to do away with what are believed to be social or industrial wrongs, and statesmanship should deal with them as such."

We shall wholly misunderstand the drift of legislation and of politics in the last quarter century, Mr. Redfield observes, unless we see in it the development into partial fact of moral ideals. His argument proceeds (in *The Churchman*):

"It is common knowledge to-day that the political leader who does not tell the truth is lost, and hence it is well known how careful politicians are about saying definitely what they will or will not do. The development of the civil service idea has arisen from the public belief that the spoils system is wrong as well as inefficient. The sentiment embodied in the Sherman Anti-Trust Law is one which holds the pernicious sides of trust activities to be morally wrong. The revolt against the tariff has not been for merely fiscal reasons, but also because the masses of our people have felt there was a large element of wrong-doing in it. The cry against special privilege is the protest against the wrongs to the public involved in such privilege. The criticism against unfit appointments springs from the sense that right has been offended by the improper choice. The so-called Progressive party claims to be in chief part a protest against alleged public and social wrongs. Through our whole industrial fabric the feeling begins to run that there have been wrongs done to the human factor in industry and that these must be righted. Our affairs of State are moving to-day under the impulse of an aroused popular conscience which is becoming more and more clear in its

vision and increasingly strenuous in its demands. This has found clear expression in the results of certain criminal trials in New York.

"The same is true of our business life. The Pure Food and Drugs Act was the moral sense of the people applied to groceries and medicines, and the legislation against 'phossy jaw' and habit-forming drugs is another phase of the same force. The fight against tuberculosis arises, in the writer's judgment, quite as much from the general sense that it is wrong that this preventable disease should slay thousands among us as from sympathy for the sufferers. We feel that this thing ought not to be, and, so feeling, are increasingly determined that it shall cease to be."

It is normal to human nature, Mr. Redfield continues, that when awakened these mighty moral forces should at times go to extremes; but the central fact of the time, as he sees it, is that "the forces which are acting most mightily are those that make for righteousness and that against them the powers of wrong are weak and fainting." There is a new idea of service in the air. Our public service corporations are one expression of it. The awakening conscience in the business world deals sternly not only with wrongs that have been committed, but with those persons whose methods are such as to tend to wrong. Public opinion will have naught of child labor, and looks with threatening eye on manufacturers who, for their own profit, would annul the fifty-four-hour week for working women. The head of a manufacturing firm making food products was asked whether a certain syrup which he advertised as "strictly pure" was, as a matter of fact, entirely free from adulterants. He replied: "It is, for the present." That was before the days when the public conscience got at him in the shape of the Pure Food and Drugs Act. Mr. Redfield remembers that twenty or more years ago men who were reputable and at least as conscientious as the average good business man, insisted that there were certain lines of business which could not be carried on without secret commissions or some private consideration. "Undoubtedly," Mr. Redfield remarks, "far too much of this sort of thing still remains. On the other hand, no one with knowledge of business life doubts that there is vastly less secret bribery (for it is no less) than there was twenty-five years ago, and what remains of it hides its head in shame in secret places."

The tendency of modern business, Mr. Redfield believes, is more and more in the direction of fair dealing and open-handed methods. Merchants even object to discriminations in their

favor, in some cases. Young men refuse to work under conditions that rob them of self-respect. We read further:

"One very valuable result of the scientific methods of accounting that have come recently into use is the removing of temptation. Where things were done by rule of thumb and accounts were kept in haphazard fashion the opportunity often existed, when some sudden financial strain was felt by a subordinate, to 'borrow' what was needed to tide him over, in the thought, sometimes sincere enough, of refunding later. This is now so difficult as to be almost impossible wherever the best methods of accounting prevail and many a man is saved thereby. Employers, too, are now more exacting about the personal habits of such employees as fill posts of trust. The ways of vice by night do not comport with the paths of business virtue by day, as many a young fellow has found to his sorrow. The class of men also who represent our business houses as commercial travelers has vastly improved in twenty-five years."

Mr. Redfield is ready to concede that in selling goods to-day some misrepresentation still remains. "Doubtless," he says, "goods of one grade still are sometimes substituted for those of another grade that were sold. Descriptions remain which, to say the least, are inexact. One customer is still on occasions more or less unfairly favored above another." But "whereas the time was when courses like these were taken more or less in the open, now they are condemned things that live only in the byways of business and dare not venture out into the lighted avenues of trade." Mr. Redfield concludes:

"One may not dogmatize too strongly, for there is ample room for legitimate difference of opinion as to where the moral line must be drawn in many matters of detail, but as the field is looked at with a broad horizon there is no question that the advance in moral business ideals has been great and that it continues to-day with accelerating power. Men all over the land, whether they be masters or workmen, are anxious to do the best work they can—to sell the best goods they can afford. Increasing emphasis is laid on quality. Advantage is indeed taken of the demand for quality to explain in bargain advertisements that the goods offered at a low price are worth more, which, while an appeal to those who want something for nothing, yet charitably considered may, perhaps, in a small measure be 'pandering to the moral element.' If it does nothing else it recognizes the demand for quality. The pessimist can find numerous examples in our business affairs to support his cynical philosophy, but it cannot be doubted by anyone who with sober judgment will consider the whole range of political, business and industrial life that moral forces are sovereign therein."

A GERMAN FORERUNNER OF THE SUPERWOMAN

IN HER biographical study of Rahel Varnhagen, now translated into English (G. P. Putnam's Sons), Ellen Key has performed the double task of presenting the historical Jewess—this Nietzschean before Nietzsche, to whom both Goethe and Carlyle paid tribute—and her own ideal woman of the future. Rahel, says Georg Brandes, is the "first great and modern woman in German culture." Heine proclaimed her "the most inspired woman in the universe." "I belong," he wrote, "to Madame Varnhagen." Yet to-day, as Havelock Ellis points out, the majority of well-informed people would be puzzled to say who she was and what she stands for even among those who are seeking to realize her ideals. "She really has a hidden significance," he writes, in his introduction to Ellen Key's labor of love, "which only awaits the unveiling hands of those who possess the genius and the intimate sympathy to reveal it. That is why this book of Ellen Key's is of peculiar value and interest. A woman who is herself one of the chief representatives of some of the most vital movements of the day here brings before us, in clear and vivid outline, the woman who, nearly a century earlier, was the inspired pioneer of those movements." Or, as Ellen Key more profoundly expresses it: "Rahel is typical of the great movement which is still taking place—that movement which seeks to evolve the completely human personality from the feminine creature of sex."

Rahel Varnhagen never undertook any systematic literary production. Her letters and aphorisms, collected and edited by her husband, Varnhagen von Ense, were simply the spontaneous outpourings of a life given to philosophic thought. Carlyle found her letters the "toughest reading" he had ever encountered. He complained of their "dashes and splashes," their "whirls and tortuosities" of expression; yet he placed Rahel above Madame de Staël. "She has ideas," he wrote, "unequaled in de Staël." He criticized her subjectivity; but this very quality is the one above all others which makes her our contemporary. Ellen Key writes:

"Everything in her is so primordial, so naturally strong, that one imagines one's self to be witnessing the play of the early forces of the race, and at the same time to be confronted by a revelation of the ethical depth, esthetic sensitiveness, and psychological complexity to which the development of humanity may lead as its final result. As we watch the thoughts and feelings of such a glorious being rushing forth in a Dionysiac train, but intoxicated only with vital force, we feel ourselves more and more liberated from semblance and fortuity. We learn to be-

lieve that *what is peculiar to each is indispensable to all*; unhesitatingly, indeed without a thought, we begin to be ourselves and, under the influence of this great personality's passion for truth, we do not understand how we have been able to wear our protective disguise or how we can resume the mask beneath which we have concealed our real features. We then divine what significance this being—who has produced such emotion in us simply through our having caught fragments of her nature in some journal or letters—must have possessed for her contemporaries. We see that the mere fact of her *having lived* was an immense contribution to civilization, a never-ceasing evolutionary force."

Yet tragedy, Ellen Key goes on to say, was the central point of this Dionysia—this wealth of life and primitive force. Rahel grew up under the despotic rule of a harsh, violent and pleasure-loving father, a Jewish banker, Levin-Markus, at a time when paternal authority was a dogma unquestioned either in Christian or Jewish homes. The delicate girl was obliged to fight hard for her freedom even at the risk of physical assaults. "A more tortured youth cannot be experienced," she once wrote; "no one can be more ill or nearer to madness." Such a life did not enfeeble her character, but it weakened her capacity for action. She lost what in her philosophy was most precious, "the courage to be happy"; but never that vital energy which refuses to acknowledge pain as the meaning of life. "Rahel undoubtedly had to thank Goethe," writes Ellen Key, "that she did not remain at variance with existence, but reached that purified love of life which is the noblest essence of sorrow. She who in her youth thought it her fate to bleed to death owing to her Jewish nationality; she who then possessed, in Goethe's judgment, stronger feelings than he had observed in any one else, together with 'the power of suppressing them at every instant'—how mournful, how deeply sunk in the darkness of her destiny Rahel might have become, if she had not breathed the liberating air of Goethe's world!" It is Ellen Key's opinion that of all Goethe's brilliant contemporaries, this tragic girl in her garret study was the one who understood him most profoundly.

Rahel loved unhappily twice, and finally married Varnhagen von Ense, a young scholar and diplomat, of a sympathetic and receptive nature, fourteen years her junior. Her garret became a famous salon. "As in the flourishing period of Athenian history," writes Ellen Key, "we have glimpses of the figure of Aspasia, who, herself creating nothing, was to Socrates an inspiration of wisdom, to Pericles of eloquence, to Sophocles of

poetry, and to Phidias of beauty of line, so we divine in the background of the Berlin of Schleiermacher and the Humboldts, Fichte and Hegel, the Romantic School and Young Germany, the figure of another woman, Rahel, who exercised a similar influence."

Concerning her erotic experiences, Ellen Key makes the following analysis:

"Rahel's three love-stories are typical of the three fundamental forms of woman's amatory feelings: love of her own love, love of the man, and love of the man's love. They may pass into each other in a thousand delicate transitions, but in every woman's love one of these forms nevertheless predominates.

"Man's love has at present only two fundamental forms: in love the majority of men love themselves, only a minority the personality of the woman.

"And yet that is the only love the modern woman wants."

Such a love, it appears, Varnhagen gave to Rahel, and their marriage was an entirely happy one. Yet she could say to him, "Have no conscience!" when, before their union, Varnhagen felt the claim of an earlier love. "*You must be free*," she wrote, "and you are free. You are bound by no word to me, no utterance, no hope you have given. . . . Your longing, your love for me alone can make me happy; a bond that holds you, never, never! . . . I can bear nothing weak, wounded, ambiguous, sick, or pitiful in my soul. . . . If you love me, all will come right . . . a conquered happiness has always disgusted me. . . ."

Rahel, Ellen Key asserts, may rightly be called a pre-Nietzschean; for, like Nietzsche, she practiced consideration for others, loyalty to duty and self-discipline, yet she demanded a revaluation of all these virtues on the ground that they endanger a full human existence. She early pointed out what she considered "the incompatibility of Christianity with earthly life," and observed that as a phase in the development of the spirit, it had lasted too long—so long that it had become a hindrance. Her soul foreshadowed, says Ellen Key, the new religious morality of our time. She found her church everywhere. To quote further:

"A virtue, says Rahel, may be a much poorer thing than a passion, and fulfillment of duty is often nothing else than a form of punctiliousness and officiousness! She abhors the doctrine that patience in suffering is an unconditional virtue. Courageously to grasp what one's nature passionately demands was to her a greater virtue, and she underlines, with the fullest agreement, Goethe's words: 'To be just in all things is to destroy one's own ego.'

"Rahel was too honest to believe that we can love others as ourselves except in

the case of a very great and rare feeling. And she knew that her own propensity for putting others higher than herself was a weakness, not a virtue."

Never does Rahel seem to waver in her belief that "higher morality is reached through higher liberty." She was constantly making ethical revaluations. In one of her most illuminating letters, she wrote "that the need of morality continues, but also that the conceptions of morality cannot remain unaltered. . . . The present age is sick with such old imaginings. . . . All existence is progressive, gains unceasingly in intensive vision; in this way earthly life is raised and that life which falls outside its bounds. The more insight we obtain, the more we shall come into harmony with life itself. . . . Life is not a dead repetition but a development to insight and through insight. . . ." And in the interests of this development, she adds: "We ought to submit at once to being called 'wicked.'"

With Rahel, the "demand for love's freedom" was a necessary consequence of the demand for individualism, says Ellen Key. To quote at length:

"It was honesty and naturalness that Rahel looked for in vain in European sexual morality; and it was on account of these deficiencies that she demanded reforms so thoroughgoing that even today they are called 'destructive of society.'"

"Freedom for love—which is morality—but war against unchastity—which is sexual relation without love—that is Rahel's fundamental idea, from her young days in her lonely garret till the late phase of her life, when George Sand is already appearing like a streak of fire on the horizon.

"Rahel's sense of liberty, sense of truth, and sense of beauty are revolted in an equal degree by the sexual morality that is protected by society. Marriage is to Rahel an oppression, comparable with other forms of compulsion: an oppression that has given rise to the dual standard of male and female sexual morality and the compulsory fidelity in which the social lie triumphs. . . .

"Since the highest personal morality consists in being true, in every smallest trifle and at every moment, in 'always proceeding from reality and not from appearance,' coercive marriage must be the great social lie above all others!"

In summing up Rahel's philosophy, Ellen Key maintains that she, like Fichte, saw the "radical evil" in inertia and cowardice, and the way of life in courage and will—"courage to take all claims and all vital decisions in perfect seriousness, will to put one's

whole personality into every situation in life and to bring to all vital questions the most perfect honesty." To continue:

"But this makes Rahel in her ethics just what I have called her: a pre-Nietzschean. To him also courage, veracity, mental rectitude were the basis of all morality. And when Rahel speaks of feeling 'wounded in her nobility,' or thanks God that she is 'born noble,' she gives the word the same meaning as Nietzsche, when he shows that the word 'noble' originally meant in Greek one who was something, who had a firmly united reality, which the cowardly and untruthful person has not. That Rahel's train of thought was a similar one is shown by her connecting women's 'lack of coherence' with their untruthfulness."



RAHEL VARNHAGEN IN BAS RELIEF

"There is in the literature of the world no woman's book," writes Ellen Key, "except the poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, that I should be more sorry to do without than Rahel Varnhagen's Letters."

Rahel was one of the first to unite in a great synthesis, according to Ellen Key, the aristocratic-individualistic and the democratic-social views of society. Her individualism was so profound that it included ideas which outwardly appear to exclude one another. "She saw the madness of a social order," Ellen Key writes, "which demands, in her own words, that the majority shall show themselves good Christians and renounce the good things of this world in favor of the minority; a social order in which, as she points out, industry, inventiveness, and intelligence are not in themselves sufficient to secure their possessors conditions of life worthy of humanity; a social order the movement of which Rahel truthfully calls circular and not progressive." To quote from one of her letters:

"All movement must be referred to

something human; that is, in this case, something universal, something that concerns all men, otherwise all movement will finally become pagoda-like, childish, ridiculous, meaningless. That, wherein all men cannot finally share, is not a good thing; that, wherein they ought not to share, is bad. . . ."

Rahel flung at the hard-and-fast political doctrines of the Romantic School the following wisdom:

"Every constitution is nothing else than a rule for the welfare of all in a given case.

"The time is a spirit and creates its own body.

"The spirit of the time is nothing but the generalization of each particular conviction."

Shortly before her death, Rahel wrote: "There is only one great and living organized system: the created world, which is still creating itself." On the subject of death itself, we find the following utterance:

"Is it more wonderful than life, that torn-off fragment, at the end of which it comes? He who helped me through the dark womb will also bring me out of the dark earth! I will live; and therefore I must live. My sense of life, my need of happiness, order, and reason, are to me another pledge of all this: how otherwise should I have come by them?"

Is Rahel still before her age? Ellen Key puts the final and deep-searching question. She answers:

"Her unique sensibility, her visionary gift of divination, her quicksightedness, her certainty of instinct are mani-

festations of a spiritual force to which at present only the exceptional being has attained, but which the race may perhaps finally acquire. Her soul has great, new gestures; new and deeper tones of feeling vibrate in her cries of joy and anguish; she has found words for hitherto unspoken inner experiences and her silence conceals secrets yet unsuspected, with which her lips already tremble.

"Nietzsche describes the impression he once received when, without seeing the singer, he only heard a deep, fine contralto voice. 'We at once imagine,' he says, 'that somewhere in the world there may be women with lofty, heroic, royal souls, able and ready to make grandiose remonstrances, resolutions and self-sacrifices, able and ready for lordship over men, since what is best in man, apart from sex, has become in them an incarnate ideal.'

"Rahel's deep contralto voice is such a prophecy, and at the same time a confirmation, of this great dream of the woman of the future."

ARE LOW WAGES RESPONSIBLE FOR WOMEN'S IMMORALITY?

A RECENT statement made by Lieutenant-Governor Barratt O'Hara, of Illinois, to the effect that "low wages are to blame for most of the immorality among young girls," has served to turn the nation-wide discussion of the social evil into a new channel. Mr. O'Hara is chairman of the commission appointed by the Senate to investigate "white slavery" in Illinois, and he made the statement quoted in connection with the deliberations of that body. He thinks that "there is absolutely no doubt that the solution of the problem is the establishment of a minimum wage for women," and he says further: "Many merchants have attempted to shield themselves by declaring that the low wage has no bearing upon morality, since many of the girls live at home and are not dependent upon their own earning powers for a living. This is untrue in far too many cases. The most significant thing so far discovered is the fact that many girls go astray purely through environment."

Mr. O'Hara's statement and the findings of the Illinois Commission raise squarely the question that stands at the head of this article. New York, California and several other States have arranged for investigations similar to that held in Illinois. Massachusetts has actually passed a minimum wage law, the first enacted in the country. It goes into effect next July, and creates a permanent minimum wage commission which will have the power to establish wage boards in any occupation wherein the wages paid to women employees are inadequate, in the commission's judgment, to self-support and the maintenance of health.

The prevailing sentiment evoked by these developments seems to be a feeling that low wages are a cause, but not the chief cause, of prostitution. The great need of the hour, according to Helen M. Bullis, a former government investigator, is exact definition and accurate information. "The statement has been broadly made," she says in the *New York Times*, "that low wages is the principal cause of prostitution, when it actually belongs rather far down among those causes which contribute to easy seduction or which help women naturally inclined in that way to convince themselves and the sentimentalists who sympathize with them that they are not so much to blame for their manner of life, after all."

Virtue is not a matter of dollars and cents, according to the Rev. James B. Curry, Rector of St. James's Roman Catholic Church, New York. "If a girl or a woman," he declares in *The*

Sun, "wishes to go wrong, she will do so no matter if she is working for \$3, \$30, or \$300 a week." Henry Siegel, employer of more than 6,000 women and girls in his New York and Boston stores, is quoted in the same paper as affirming:

"I resent in the strongest manner possible the insinuation that women and girls employed in stores are or must be as a class immoral. Such an insinuation is not alone cruel and unjust, it is monstrous. This class of working people are as moral as any other class in the world. In fact they are above the average of some others. Good salespeople rank as high in the matter of morals as in their business efficiency."

"I do not know of a single woman or girl in my employ who is immoral, not one; and if there was one I believe I would be aware of the fact."

"Let those persons who are proposing the minimum wage as a cure for vice stop and ask themselves if they thereby are not denying the very existence of their integrity, aside from the attendant consideration of money. Will the sum of \$2 more or less, or \$3, or ten times that amount, save a girl or a woman whose moral nature is bad and who is determined to go wrong?"

Prominent women interviewed by the *New York World* unite in denying that poverty is the chief cause of immorality. "It is the lazy girl," asserts Miss Mary Kelly, of the Upholstery Department of the Greenhut-Siegel Cooper Company, "that goes wrong. It makes my blood boil to hear women say that the women who have fallen to the streets were nearly all hard-working girls. It's not true. They were lazy girls or weak girls or foolish girls." Jeannette Gilder is also impressed by the innate depravity of some women, and thinks that "the blame for the greater part of the immoral relations between the sexes must rest with the woman who yields." She advocates the English remedy of flogging for men and women engaged in the white slave traffic. Ida M. Tarbell says:

"It seems to me that it is a foolish as well as an unjust thing to try and make it appear that the precise economic condition of a girl fixes in any considerable number of cases the state of her morality."

"Two considerations make such a hypothesis untenable. One is that there is no class of people in any civilized country in which the morality of the woman is higher than it is in the very poorest classes; the other is that there is a good deal of evidence to show that there is at least as large a proportion of immoral women among the moderately well-to-do, the well-to-do and the rich as there is among those who are just able to make a decent living."

Hutchins Hapgood, of the *New York Globe*, presents the views of a working

girl who feels that a sense of unhappiness and of disillusionment is the chief cause of prostitution. "The factory girl," according to this worker, "spending long hours in the factory with monotonous machine work, longs for any change. She longs for something to happen that will break the monotony—anything at all. She is willing to risk anything to have 'something doing.'" Mr. Hapgood comments:

"This girl feels, and many girls feel, tho few of them are as self-conscious as she is, that at the root of prostitution is the spiritual demand for a better life than our industrial and social conditions make possible for great numbers of women. They do not go into prostitution for prostitution's sake, but from boredom, from restlessness, from spiritual stagnation and despair. They do not go into it because they are naturally base, nor because they cannot get enough to eat to keep them alive, but because they ignorantly hope that any change may mean something, or because they have lost hope. It is in reality a blind seeking for a better life, or the effect of despair because they have not been able to secure a better life—more amusement, more joy, more love, more pleasure."

"High wages and short hours are of great importance because they add to economic independence, to freedom and so to joy and to contentment. It is the starved soul that goes into prostitution."

The *Chicago Tribune*, in the spirit of this declaration, advocates the multiplication of the resources for clean and constructive entertainment. The *Springfield Republican* says:

"There is undoubtedly much nonsense, demagogism and downright mischief in such an investigation as the committee of the Illinois Senate has been conducting in Chicago. The cue of the day being 'social uplift,' politicians are out for popularity by getting into the uplift game. The temptation to attack the employers, the tendency to draw too sweeping and entirely unwarranted conclusions concerning the \$6 or \$8 a week wage and the girl who falls into a life of shame is perfectly obvious. Such tendencies must be attacked and exposed. There are many other causes of harlotry than the starvation wage. . . ."

"What we now need in connection with the social evil and its causes is not investigation by legislative committees so much as by scientific men who seek neither notoriety nor personal advantage, and who have no ulterior aims in promoting a political program. The social evil has been much investigated already, yet the promised inquiry by the Rockefeller commission, which will study the subject exhaustively throughout the world, is the most hopeful investigation thus far projected. With its data and conclusions laid before students of the question, the general subject of remedies may be approached with more confidence than it is possible to feel to-day."

Literature and Art

A Plea for Sidereal Novelists.

READERS who want a formula to help them know a great novel when they see it should hearken to Prof. William Lyon Phelps, of Yale University. He has been writing (in the *Century*) on the subject of "realism and reality in fiction," and he tells us: "The truly great novelist is not only in harmony with life; his characters seem to move with the stars in their courses." He adds: "The great novelists are what I like to call *sidereal* novelists. They belong to the earth, like the procession of the seasons; they are universal, like the stars." All of which is simply a poetic way of affirming that a great novelist must have a sense of proportion and of rhythm. Professor Phelps makes the point clear when he says that Zola was an artist of extraordinary energy, sincerity and honesty; but, after all, when he gazed upon a dunghill he saw and described a dunghill. Rostand looked steadfastly at the same object, and beheld the vision of "Chantecler." The argument proceeds:

"A commonplace producer of novels for the market describes a group of persons that remains nothing but a group of persons; they interest us perhaps momentarily, like an item in a newspaper, but they do not interest us deeply, any more than we are really interested at this moment in what Brown and Jones are doing in Rochester or Louisville. They may be interesting to their author, for children are always interesting to their parents; but to the ordinary reader they begin and end their fictional life as an isolated group. On the contrary, when we read a story like 'The Return of the Native,' the book seems as inevitable as the approach of winter, as the setting of the sun. All its characters seem to share in the diurnal revolution of the earth, to have a fixed place in the order of the universe. We are considering only the fortunes of a little group of persons living in a little corner of England, but they seem to be in intimate and necessary relation with the movement of the forces of the universe."

The Three S's.

IT IS one of Professor Phelps's paradoxes that the genuine romanticist—such as Shakespeare in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—is the truest exemplar of reality; and if his contention is true, James Stephens' new novel, "The Crock of Gold" (Macmillan), is not so much the fantastic caprice that

it seems as it is a mirror of the actual. However we may classify the story, it is one of the most original of the season. Mr. Stephens has been hitherto known as the author of a volume of verse, "Insurrections." Now he offers a dreamy story of deep forests, rock-strewn pastures and mountain tops, a story in which, tho the human element is present, the fairy folk of old Ireland, with the cloven-footed Pan and the god of Love, Angus Og, play chief parts. "Mr. Stephens," says the London *Saturday Review*, "is undoubtedly



HER MOTTO IS NOBLESSE OBLIGE

Mrs. Humphry Ward expresses through her new novel, "The Mating of Lydia," her conviction that aristocrats should rule, but that they should rule in kindness and justice.

a new power among the writers of Ireland." The *Academy* critic feels like "leaving his post and simply pulling a joyous peal on the bells of praise." Shan F. Bullock, London correspondent of the *Chicago Post*, declares: "Ireland is coming to her own with a vengeance. To her we owe the three most original creative writers of the period—the three S's—Synge, Shaw, Stephens."

A Magic Potion Made Up of Smiles and Tears.

A BEWILDERING book is "The Crock of Gold." It is called a fairy book, a philosophy, a prose poem, a magic potion made up of smiles and tears. There are two Philoso-

phers in it, and a Gray Woman and a Thin Woman. One of the Philosophers and his wife spin round like tops until they die. Everybody in the story spins round—more or less—including the Leprechauns, the little men living among the roots of a big yew tree, and the fairies and elves, and a fat woman with ten children, and a very old woman with stones in her boots. The Leprechauns are heart-broken when Meehawl MacMurrachu, digging in the earth, as the Philosopher has advised, to find his wife's washboard, uncovers and carries off their hoard—the crock of gold. "A Leprechaun without a crock of gold is like a rose without a perfume, a bird without a wing, or an inside without an outside." The little men take revenge on the Philosopher by having him arrested, but a little later they succeed in recovering their treasure. The story ends in a joyous burst of paganism, in which the author faintly traces hidden meanings. The fairies, we read, "took the Philosopher from his prison, even the Intellect of Man they took from the hands of the doctors and lawyers, from the sly priests, from the professors whose mouths are gorged with sawdust, and the merchants who sell blades of grass—the awful people of the Fomor . . . and then they returned again, dancing and singing, to the country of the gods. . . ."

Nuggets from "The Crock of Gold."

ONE Roman Catholic commentator (in *America*) finds in "The Crock of Gold" nothing but "dead leaves glittering in the moonlight." We find, rather, living leaves glittering in the sunshine. Let the reader judge for himself. Here is a string of quotations from the book:

"A secret is a weapon and a friend. Man is God's secret, Power is man's secret, Sex is woman's secret."

"A sword, a spade and a thought should never be allowed to rust."

"Quietness is the beginning of virtue. To be silent is to be beautiful. Stars do not make a noise."

"Men are not fathers by instinct but by chance, but women are mothers beyond thought, beyond instinct, which is the father of thought."

"Right is a word and Wrong is a word, but the sun shines in the morning and the

dew falls in the dust without thinking of these words."

"Young people are fools in their heads and old people are fools in their hearts, and they can only look at each other and pass by in wonder."

"Boys do things for no reason, and old people do not. That is the difference between age and youth. I wonder do we get old because we do things by reason instead of instinct."

"An innocent man cannot be oppressed, for he is fortified by his mind and his heart cheers him. A man should always obey the law with his body and always disobey it with his mind."

"The Crown of Life is not lodged in the sun: the wise gods have buried it deeply where the thoughtful will not find it, nor the good; but the Gay Ones, the Adventurous Ones, the Careless Plungers, they will bring it to the wise and astonish them."

"The Very Image of the Age Is Here."

TWO novels by two famous English women-writers have appeared almost simultaneously—"The Mating of Lydia" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) and "The Combined Maze" (Harper). The first is by Mrs. Humphry Ward, the second by May Sinclair. They "might belong to separate epochs in literature," comments the *London Nation*, "so different are their offerings to the reader." In Mrs. Ward we see a thoughtful and aristocratic matron whose work is almost finished. In Miss Sinclair we feel the urge of youth delighting in new-found powers. The heroine of Mrs. Ward's new book peers behind the curtains of a drawing-room at "the lower classes" and the problems of the day. Miss Sinclair's women walk in the stress and the storm of life. "This difference," as *The Nation* estimates it, "originates in something at once deeper and less deep than character. . . . More than character is here—the very image of the age is here."

"The Mating of Lydia."

MRS. WARD'S story deals with the past. A spirit almost feudal inspires it. More interesting than Lydia and her rival suitors is the central figure of the book, Edmund Melrose, who is thought to have been modeled on the lines of William Beckford. He is a rich man without conscience, one in whom love of art has destroyed natural affection and the sense of duty. In his house in Cumberland he gathers an immensely valuable collection of works of art. His grounds are a tangled wilderness. His tenants are shamefully neglected. He is haunted by evil dreams; reads of labor troubles; and sees, in lurid vision, a triumphant proletariat thundering at his door. In contradistinction to this type we get a picture of a young earl, the



HE TELLS A THRILLING, MAJESTICALLY MOVING STORY

South Africa, the strength of man and the fickleness of woman are the themes of Sir Gilbert Parker's new novel, "The Judgment House."

master of a neighboring estate, who is the perfect type of the young Englishman of rank and means who is faithful to his responsibilities. Mrs. Ward seems to wish to show both sides of the landlord question. Her own sympathies quite evidently are with the present order. But she is not blind to its weaknesses. The last words of the story are addressed to the landlords:

"Grow a few ideas in your landlord garden! Turn the ground of it—enrich it—change it—try experiments! How long will this England leave the land to you landowners, unless you bring some mind to it—aye, and the best of your souls!—you, the nation's servants! Here is a great tract left desolate by one man's wickedness. Restore the waste places—build—people—teach! Heavens, what a chance!"

"The Combined Maze."

MAY SINCLAIR'S new novel deals with the living and confused present, not with the past. Her hero, "Ranny," is a winsome young man who spends his days working in a London office and his nights at a Polytechnic Gymnasium. He worships athletics because they keep a fellow "decent." His god is "decency," and his devil is "flabbiness." He meets his young women friends at the Gymnasium, and they dance there the "combined maze" which gives the symbolic title to the story. There are two women in Ranny's life, and he marries the wrong one. Of Ranny himself it is impossible for any reviewer to avoid saying that of H. G. Wells he is all compact. Before Ranny was, Mr. Lewisham, Mr. Hoopdriver and Kipps

are. "The whole conception," observes the *London Nation*, "is indeed Wellsian; but in some respects this book surpasses its more recent prototypes, for the odd, flustered effect which Mr. Wells's work now too often produces—as of a man beset by documents and unable to select from the tumbled mass—is far from Miss Sinclair's." *The Nation* continues: "She is not, as he is, concerned with remedies; she conceives herself too intensely as artist for that. Her part, as she well perceives, is to show: let others do the cleansing—and most vividly, most ruthlessly and steadily she does show, with all the concentrated ardor of the woman who has mingled in the hurly-burly, and burns to reveal her vision that all may see and mourn as she has seen and mourned."

Albert Edwards's
Second Novel.

ON THE strength of the gift displayed in "A Man's World" and, now, in "Comrade Yetta" (Macmillan), Albert Edwards is hailed by André Tridon in *The International* as "the coming man in American fiction." We feel that the characterization is premature. Mr. Edwards is a writer of rare insight. He brings to our fiction a new point of view and a new and commendable candor. But his talent is as yet in a formative stage, and his second book is in certain respects not so strong as his first. "Comrade Yetta" is the story of an East Side girl who graduates from a second-hand bookstore into a sweatshop, and from there into the Socialist movement. She is sorely tempted by a cadet, and marries a Socialist editor. The atmosphere throughout is that of the radical movement. Mr. Edwards, as the *New York Globe* reminds us, knows his East Side; knows the factories and the relentless employers; knows the sordid family life of most of the people, which makes the "dance hall" seem like fairyland to the girls; knows the East Side "gang" and the leader and the political-social organization, with its picnics and balls; knows the "ladies' parlors" and the settlements and the Women's Trade Union League and the strikes. "He is alive, through and through," says *The Globe*; "he is very much of the period, of the hour, and must be read." *The New York Times Review of Books* comments:

"'Comrade Yetta' is more than an interesting, well-told story, more than a realistic and vivid delineation of flesh-and-blood people, more even than a fearless, scathing portrayal of 'things as they are'—it is a novel which interprets. That strike of the organized garment-workers towards which Yetta's efforts were so long directed is now practically an accomplished fact—something which makes Mr. Edwards's fiction seem almost uncannily

prophetical. Our newspapers have been full of accounts of girl pickets and their doings with the result that many of us greatly want to understand, and it is to this understanding that Yetta's story helps us. A book which can thus reveal a part at least of the intimate lives and hopes and fears of one class to another is likely to prove of permanent value. Whatever enlarges our sympathies and comprehension enlarges our lives; to any man or woman who can aid us to attain this wider vision we owe a debt of gratitude."

"The Judgment House."

A MASTERFUL man of the Cecil Rhodes type, and his wife, a beautiful woman who is constantly using her power to attract other men, are the hero and heroine of Sir Gilbert Parker's latest novel, "The Judgment House" (Harper). The title refers to the Judgment House in South Africa in which a settlement between the two is finally reached. The Boer war supplies a background for the narrative. Sir Gilbert has always been more concerned to tell a story than to point a moral. He "has been content," as a writer in the *New York Times Review of Books* puts it, "to move across his tapestry the majestic procession of events and to leave to his readers the asking and the answering of questions as to its meaning." But his procession is almost always interesting, and, in the present instance, is absorbingly so. The scenes of war and the soldiers, both English and South African, are portrayed with sympathy and vigor, and some of the descriptions of nature have real magic. For instance:

"The influence of an African night was on him. None that has not felt it can understand it, so cold, so sweet, so full of sleep, so stirring with an underlife. Many have known the breath of the pampas beyond the Amazon; the soft pungency of the wattle blown across the salt-brush plains of Australia; the friendly exhilaration of the prairie or the chaparral; the living, loving loneliness of the desert. But yonder on the veld is a life of the night which possesses all the others have, and something of its own besides; something which gets into the bones and makes for forgetfulness of the world. It lifts a man away from the fret of life and sets his feet on the heights where lies repose."

Adding a New Realm
to Literature.

THE novel follows the flag. The fiction writer comes on the heels of the explorer. If Peary has discovered the North Pole geographically, T. Everett Harré has discovered it from the point of view of the man of letters. Out of the Frozen Grail of the North, to use Elsa Barker's memorable phrase, he pours the imperishable wine of romance. He adds the polar regions to the inhabitable globe of the world's story-tellers. "A new realm

added to literature, a new note in our commonplace every-day fiction," exclaims Richard Le Gallienne enthusiastically of Mr. T. Everett Harré's first-ling, "The Eternal Maiden" (Mitchell Kennerley). For that reason the book appeals to the imagination of critics. The *Boston Transcript*, as well as the *New York World*, see in the story a "departure from all ordinary lines of romantic narrative." But tho the setting be new, the tragedy enacted is the old, old story. Mr. Harré's book has the fundamental universally human appeal. Says the *New York Times*:

"Why should the heart of woman forever wander far, to her hurt, when at her feet lies love that would make easy her way? Why should man's heart forever desire the love that will not be his, when maidens willing to be wooed are all about him? The problem is older and more puzzling than the Sphinx and its bounds are those of the human race. And therefore the theme of Mr. Harré's tender and beautiful little love tale will have a universal appeal. It strikes deep into the root-tragedies of human existence."

Interwoven with Mr. Harré's story is the Esquimaux legend which tells of the fiery maiden Sukhehnukh who, pursued by a passionate youth, leaped finally into space and became the sun. Her lover, following her to the leap, fell exhausted into the heavens and became the ever-desiring, ever-sorrowing moon. But love's pursuit, says the *New York World*, "shall endure until in the end of time the sun and moon shall meet, when all mankind shall share in their ineffable happiness."



SHE HAS PASSED FROM POETRY TO
ATHLETICS

In her best book, "The Divine Fire," May Sinclair describes the soul of a poet. Her latest story, "The Combined Maze," celebrates the fine fervor of athleticism.

A Nation of Aveng-
ing Sons.

BULGARIA has found its novelist, and presents in "Under the Yoke" (London: W. Heinemann) a story which Edmund Gosse and other leading European critics hail as a masterpiece. The author, Ivan Vazoff, possesses a nervous force and picturesqueness reminiscent of Maurus Jókai. His own father was killed by bashi-bazouks, and he makes us realize that the armies of the Balkan League are armed nations of avenging sons. Read simply for its story, "Under the Yoke" is absorbingly interesting. Considered in relation to the war that is now being waged, it takes on the aspect of an important historical document. "The first specimen of the literature of a new people," is what Dr. Gosse calls the book in an introduction. He continues:

"'Under the Yoke' is an historical romance, not constructed by an antiquary or imagined by a poet out of vague and insufficient materials accidentally saved from a distant past, but recorded by one who lived and fought and suffered through the scenes that he sets himself to chronicle. It is like seeing 'Old Mortality' written by Morton, or finding the biography of 'Ivanhoe.' It is history seen through a powerful telescope."

The Romance of the
Bulgarian Struggle.

THE period which Vazoff has chosen is that of the darkness before the dawn of Bulgarian independence—the period of abortive attempts which were made in the years 1875-6 to throw off the Turkish yoke. The story passes in the heart of the famous Valley of Roses, where attar is made; and over the fragrant meadows, the hurrying streams, the groves of walnut and pear trees, rises the huge bulwark of the inaccessible Balkan, snowclad throughout the tropic summer and feeding the flowery plain with cascades and torrents. Against this background figures of a truly romantic type are sketched in bold relief: Ognianoff, the hero, a young apostle and teacher who conceives of his life as utterly consecrated to the cause of Bulgarian freedom; Kandoff, a doctrinaire Socialist, Ognianoff's rival for the affections of Rada, a young schoolmistress; Sokoloff, a reckless young doctor; Samanoff, a spy by necessity and not by choice. The memorable passage in which Ognianoff reads his destiny in the flight of an eagle; the scene in a theater where, in the presence of an indolent Turkish bey, songs of Bulgarian insurrections are boldly introduced into a sentimental farce; the memorable love scenes between the hero and Rada; the vignettes of life in Bulgarian farmsteads and cafés and monasteries and water-mills—all these are part of a noble piece of imaginative texture.

THE NEW ART OF ADVERTIZING—OR THE REDEMPTION OF THE BILLBOARD

A NEW spirit is pervading advertizing. Paul Terry Cherington tells us in a recent book — "Advertizing as a Business Force" (Doubleday, Page)—that advertizing is effective in these days only when its application as a creative and directive force is made in the most exact and scientific manner. Professor Hugo Münsterberg has published his masterly analysis of the psychology of advertizing. But the most striking characteristic of the "new advertizing" is its alliance with art. In America this alliance is perhaps still in an embryonic stage; but this may indicate why the American business man must to so great an extent increase the quantity of his advertizing.

In reviewing an exhibition of German applied art, the *Chicago Tribune* calls the attention of American business men to the gorgeous advertizing placards of Klinger and Bernhard, and points out their superiority to the "mild, stupid, machine-made" American posters. "They have style, virility; they are hawks for audacity. Our posters are barnyard chickens by comparison and often dead ones at that. Our business men demand the dull, smooth, regulation, factory-made lithograph; their ideal seems to be that nobody should look at it. The German business man, on the contrary, demands the startling thing with humor in it to hold the eye it attracts."

The Toledo *Blade* is of the belief

that even that greatly overworked American institution, the billboard, which has been despised and rejected by champions of civic beauty, may yet become attractive. The *Blade* prophesies a revolution in the style of billboard advertisements. One thing is certain, we are assured: the new type of poster is not disfiguring. "Surely posters of this sort have more advertizing value than posters of the commonplace sort that seem to be worked up from photographs."

The invasion of the new spirit of artistic endeavor in the field of the advertisement has been brought about, its champions tell us, by aiming not for the literal illustration of a commodity but to awaken the imagination; not for mere representation but for the creation of a spiritual and esthetic atmosphere by a decorative effect. Thus the new spirit in advertizing seems to parallel quite closely—and perhaps dangerously—the new spirit in the fine arts.

Whether the new advertizing had its inception in Germany or France it is difficult to determine. For years artists of the caliber of Steinlen,

exploitation of feminine fashions, however, the Paris artist has, of course, taken the lead. From the time of Watteau, Fragonard and Greuze, we are told, the artist has been in league with the *couturier*. Drian, whose fashion plates are presented to American women in the pages of *The Delineator*, is a dry-point etcher who is said to excel in every way the fashionable Paul Helieu. The late Maurice Boutet de Monvel, perhaps the supreme artist of the age in the depiction of child types, also made drawings to advertize children's clothes. Rouville and Carlègle are among other distinguished French artists who have developed their talents in the field of advertizing art, especially in the exploitation and advertizing of feminine fashions.

The apotheosis of advertizing, as it may indeed be called, finds expression



THE QUINTESSENCE OF DOMESTICITY

Here is an advertisement created by one of America's leading department stores. It is a strong argument for the champions of the "new advertizing" in their contention that advertizing art, like advertizing literature, may be a true work of creative genius.



From the *Gazette du Bon Ton*

BLACK AND WHITE

By a clever juxtaposition of colors, line, and drapery, yet with an extreme simplicity, the artist has successfully conveyed to us that dignified spirituality that we are assured is an intrinsic feature of a Redfern evening cloak.

Toulouse Lautrec, Jules Cheret, and others with great names have not hesitated to make use of their talents in the production of posters for French theaters and merchants. In the ex-

istence of the newly established *Gazette du Bon Ton*, four numbers of which have already appeared, and which our modern *merveilleuses* may purchase for the sum of ten francs per copy. The *Gazette du Bon Ton* is devoted to the exploitation of "arts, modes, and frivolities," and has set a new standard in the art of typography and in the reproduction of color prints. The crafty genii of the Rue de la Paix could have

devised no subtler or more insinuating method to attract their élite than by these wonderful fashion plates that at times suggest the "singing lines" of the Outamaro prints, and at others the daring art of an Aubrey Beardsley.

The *Gazette* has as its aim the creation of "bon ton." Centuries are necessary, its editor informs us, to create "good taste," "just as it takes sixteen quarter-centuries to produce a noble countenance." The *Gazette* has found worthy predecessors in this aim, and it points out that, in this exploitation of woman's dress, it has opened a tempting field to true artists. "For the deli-

Even masculine styles are reawakening interest and being improved.

"The *Gazette du Bon Ton* will be the expression of this art. As La Mesangere used to publish that delicious series of his *Merveilleuses* and *Incroyables*, each number will present a series of water-colors, which will be of two



From the *Gazette du Bon Ton*

THE FLOWER AND THE MIRROR

This is the title M. Brunelleschi gives to this drawing that recalls the art of Aubrey Beardsley, but which was made to emphasize the slightly bizarre charm of a Cheruit evening gown.

cate artist who loves the human form, decoration, clothes, and the varied grace of the universe," asks the editor, "is there a more tempting aim?"

François Watteau, he points out, designed a series of fashion plates; and as early as 1744 the charming Gravelot made another. From 1813 to 1817 the famous Horace Vernet used his talents in this manner. Gavarni and Daumier were at one time advertizing artists, and more recently the famous portrait artist Besnard illustrated fashions. Today we have a still greater need for art in this line.

"A new era, with new means, wishes a new art. To-day, as at the close of the eighteenth century, the entire public is interested in styles. Painters collaborate with the *couturiers*. Woman's dress is a pleasure to the eye that is judged not inferior to that derived from other arts.

represent on the other hand the gowns designed by the *couturiers*, and realized by them; but these drawings will be by the same artists; they will portray the spirit of these *toilettes*, as interpreted by artists. Thus will the indispensable alliance between those who adorn the beauty of woman with clothes and colors be made more complete."

Quite recently there has been a renewal of public interest in the poster and placard throughout Europe. The most definite educative movement, however, which aims to place advertizing upon the plane of a true art is a poster club with headquarters in Berlin, and represented in this country by the International Art Service in the Aeolian Building, New York. This club was founded about seven years ago and for the past three years has been publishing a magazine called *Das Plakat*,



THE BILLBOARD OF THE FUTURE?

Perhaps. In the original of this striking placard the artist has made effective use of pure, firm colors to convey to possible purchasers the beauty of china unsold.

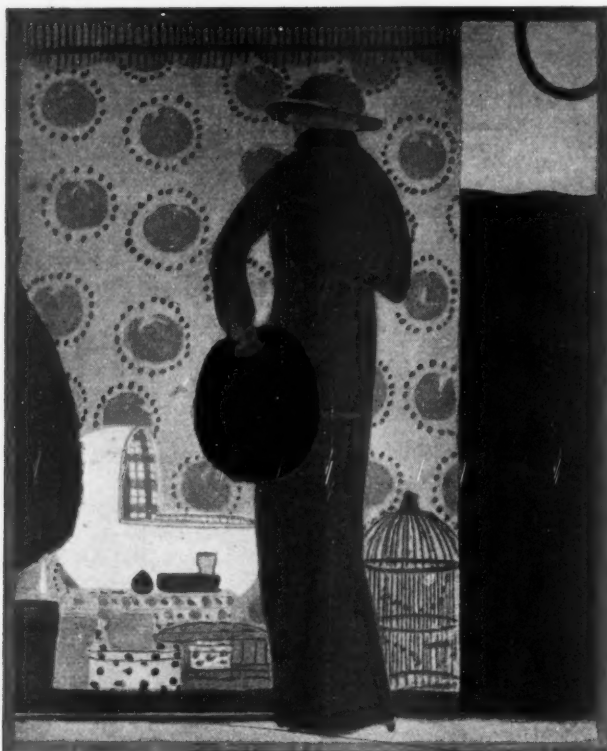
types. One will be ideas of gowns designed by artists: these designs will be by Léon Bakst, Barbier, Bernard Boutet de Monvel, Brissaud, Brunelleschi, Carlègle, Drésa, Abel Faivre, Gosé, Iribe, Carodellaville, A. de La Gandara, Georges Lepape, Martin, Marty, Taquoy, and by such a distinguished artist as M. Maurice Boutet de Monvel.

"Other water-colors will represent

which is devoted entirely to graphic work. The aim of these devotees and professionals in the new art of advertizing is explained by J. C. Dana, a correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*:

"It is not a trade magazine by any means; but is made up by enthusiasts in the art for the pleasure and education of themselves and all kindred spirits, and is perhaps the most elaborate and interesting of all journals in its field. It contains articles on the work of American artists, on the present tendency of Russian art, and on graphic art in Switzerland, England, and France, as well as in Germany. It is quite international in its scope. Every number contains reproductions of originals in monotype and many beautifully printed inserts in color.

"The club also maintains for members a poster exchange, by means of which a library, museum, art school, or private collector can make a collection of the best modern posters of all countries. Copies of posters as published are donated to the club by printers and publishers, and these are distributed among the members for a nominal charge. The more valuable posters, many of them now out of print, are offered for sale or exchange in each number of the journal. By means of the membership list of the club, which contains the names of workers in all parts of the world, it is possible to get into direct touch with the poster designers of any country in which one may be especially interested. Many of the members are pledged to enter into correspondence with co-workers in other parts of the globe for the furtherance of the graphic arts. There is a plan on foot to organize an American Graphic Arts Association which would affiliate with this club in Germany."

From the *Gazette du Bon Ton*

POST-IMPRESSION OF A PAUL POIRET CREATION

It is in this fashion that M. Georges Lepape, one of France's cleverest fashion artists, illustrates the subtle elegance of a tailored gown created by one of the gods of the Rue de la Paix. In his simplicity of treatment M. Lepape suggests the art of the post-impressionists.

That advertizing art is now in a process of "creative" evolution is strikingly evidenced by the fact that cable dispatches have announced the appearance upon London hoardings of truly "post-impressionistic" posters. Moreover, we are promised that in a forthcoming exhibition of advertizers, artists of

the cubistic, futuristic, and post-cubistic school will offer specimens of their skill. It is probable, however, that instead of borrowing from the fine arts, advertizing itself will develop art peculiar to its own needs and aims.

With its more scientific application,

From the *Gazette du Bon Ton*

OUTAMARO EUROPEANIZED

In this delicate characterization of a visiting gown designed by Paquin, there is evident the influence of Japanese art, especially in the artist's emphasis of beautiful drapery, and in his attempt to present the decorative, tho unnatural, features of feminine attire.

Mr. Cherington implies, in his book, it will no longer aim merely to present in illustrative fashion the merits of a commodity, but in relying more and more upon art and the artist, it will do so for certain definite psychological reasons and in the anticipation of certain definite results.

A NEW 'BOMBSHELL' IN THE SHAKESPEARE-BACON CONTROVERSY

INTO the midst of the battle between Baconians and Stratfordians still being waged on both sides of the Atlantic has fallen a bombshell. It was hurled by a Belgian, Célestin Demblon, Professor of French Literature at the Université Nouvelle of Brussels, and a member of the Belgian Parliament. M. Demblon contends that Shakespeare was not Shakespeare, but Rutland; more specifically, that the plays and poems signed Shakespeare were really written by Roger Manners, fifth Count of Rutland, who employed William Shaxper, of Stratford, as a *prête-nom*, because he had reasons for wishing to conceal his identity. This view is not original with M. Demblon. It was put forward in substantially the same form by a German poet and critic, Dr. Karl Bleibtreu, six years ago. But M. Demblon has succeeded in arousing more attention than his predecessor. He has

written a book* and is at work on a second. His argument was recently summarized in an article that occupied many columns of the *Paris Journal des Débats*. His theories are being debated in England and in the United States.

At the beginning of 1908, it seems, M. Demblon read in the *Nineteenth Century* an article that greatly surprised him. Two of its points gripped him in the full force of that term: an account of documents recently discovered at Belvoir Castle, the domain of the Rutlands, by the Historical Commission of Monuments; more particularly, an analysis of a hitherto unknown memorandum, which records that in 1613—a year after the death of Roger Manners—Francis, his younger brother and the executor of his will, paid William Shakespeare the sum of

forty-four shillings in gold for "semi-professional" services. Immediately the idea came to M. Demblon that he must learn more about Rutland, whose complete biography no one seemed to know anything about. After much searching, M. Demblon found in the Dictionary of National Biography a few details in regard to the life of Count Roger Manners of Rutland. These facts sufficed to whet M. Demblon's appetite still further. He found a remarkable agreement between the details of Rutland's life and the characters and chronology of the so-called Shakespearean plays. "The hero of Edgar Poe's 'Gold Bug,' he says, "was not more excited when he deciphered his parchment." Mr. Demblon devoted himself to supplementing the Dictionary life by researches, and he convinced himself that in detail and in the ensemble, the biography of the ex-hummed poet and the elements of his

* LORD RUTLAND EST SHAKESPEARE. By Célestin Demblon. Paris: Paul Ferdinand.

immortal work harmonized at every point.

The gist of Rutlandism may best be given, probably, by reproducing the biographical portraits M. Demblon paints of Shakespeare and of Rutland respectively. It is a case—as in the advertisements of patent medicines—of "Look now upon this picture and then on that!"

Denying systematically (tho, perhaps, unconsciously) the possibility of the testimony unfavorable to Shakespeare of Stratford, and admitting as systematically (and, perhaps, as unconsciously) the probability of the testimony unfavorable to him, M. Demblon, in an extraordinarily long sentence, sizes up the man who, up to a little over half a century ago, was universally considered the greatest of English poets, as follows:

"William Shaxper or Shagsbere:

"Eldest son of an humble, ruined yeoman of Stratford-on-Avon, totally illiterate like his wife, *née* Mary Arden, whom the municipality had made an 'ale taster'—was born in the month of April, 1564—did not attend the primary school at all or attended it only a very short time, for he could not write—helped his father farm, then learned the butcher's trade in his dirty little native town, where the majority of even the public administrators could not read—displayed at an early age a decided liking for drink as several local traditions attest—married at eighteen and a half Anne Hathaway of Shottery, under rather obscure and bizarre circumstances—fled from Stratford in his twenty-second or twenty-third year, abandoning without resources his wife and three children of tender age—left no official trace during the years 1587, 1588, 1590 and 1591 at least, but, according to a tradition gleaned in England by the Italian Riccoboni about 1727, plied the trade of thief, this tradition being confirmed by divers literary works which establish that he practiced likewise the fraudulent recruiting of soldiers and which imply perhaps (tho it may not be affirmed) that he participated in 1587-88 in the expedition of the Count of Leicester into Holland—was vaguely glimpsed for the first time in 1592 in London, where he seems to have begun his career (whatever the year may have been) minding horses at the door of a theater, in any event became attached to the theater in a very modest capacity or as 'domestic' before being given unimportant rôles—would have left no definite trace in London if he had not lived in the house forming the corner of Silver Street infested by the usurers, altho it is possible, according to the document (dubious) of Edward Alleyn, that he also lived in the vicinity of the Bear Garden, faubourg of Southwark—was an *habitué* of London taverns, often shady—was known to the circle of the Count of Southampton under the sobriquet of Falstaff, as is proved by recently discovered letters—was the father of a child brought into the world by the hostess of the Boar's Head, Eastcheap—served as *prête-nom* for works which the clan of Essex-Southampton-Rutland-Pembroke, etc., could not avow and combined

precisely all the qualities necessary for the assumption of this rôle—provided for the proverbial rainy day by a momentary disappearance and by the acquisition of a modest title of esquire upon the presentation of false documents—lived hidden some time perhaps at Belvoir Castle (the home of Rutland) and seems to have known well the County of Gloucester upon the frontiers of which he had after 1602, that is to say toward the age of forty, a poaching adventure for which he was probably whipped—acquired suddenly a certain amount of property at Stratford and doubtless in London, thanks to the money paid him for the risks he had run—returned to his native town at an uncertain date, perhaps in 1605, tho continuing to appear from time to time in London—showed himself a pitiless creditor for petty sums, exacting vengeance with a sort of savagery even from an unfortunate father of a family whose sole fault had been signing obligingly for an insolvent debtor—seems to have settled well-nigh definitely at Stratford toward 1611—lodged under his own roof the town attorney, whose services were necessary to him as an illiterate man of affairs who sold wheat, malt, wool and also practiced usury, occupations involving him in lawsuits which revealed his traits of ruse and cruel avarice—delighted to drink and jest at the tavern, notably in the company of an aged usurer of his feather, John Combe,—dictated a strange will by which his wife was left only a bed and his younger daughter was, perhaps, partially disinherited—and died in the month of April, 1616, in consequence, probably, of over-copious libations."

By adroitly assuming as proven a considerable proportion of the points that call for proof, that is, by resorting to the device of the "working hypothesis" so often employed by the natural scientists, M. Demblon has contrived to set over against this repellent picture of Shakespeare (illiterate, debauched and dishonest) an exceedingly engaging and plausible portrait of Rutland. The first lines of this portrait are drawn as follows:

"Roger Manners, fifth Count of Rutland, born the sixth of October, 1576, lost his father, John Manners, fourth Count of Rutland, in 1588. His mother, Elizabeth Charleton, sent him to Queen's College, University of Cambridge, where he distinguished himself—precisely as Lord Byron was to distinguish himself there towards 1805—by precocious talent and equally precocious passions. In 1596, at twenty years of age, having already published anonymously the first versions of the first two parts of 'Henry VI.,' clumsy college exercises, and, under the pseudonym of 'Shakespeare,' the two little poems, 'Venus and Adonis' and 'The Rape of Lucrece,' he was sent with written instructions from Francis Bacon to the University of Padua: he went *via* Paris, whose court of Henri IV. inspired 'Love's Labor Lost,' and *via* Switzerland. Falling ill, he was able to stay only a year and a half in Italy, sojourned at Padua, Verona and Venice (three names to keep in mind!) and returned to England to

take his law degree at twenty-two (Gray's Inn, 1598). Altho he had not been an exceedingly conscientious student, he became one of the learned men of his time, enamored of letters—also of music—and endowed with an imagination upon which it would be superfluous to insist."

According to this theory, Rutland pictured himself successively in Biron of "Love's Labor Lost," in Bassanio of "The Merchant of Venice," in Romeo, in Benedict of "Much Ado About Nothing," in Jacques of "As You Like It," in Hamlet, in Brutus of "Julius Caesar," in Prospero of "The Tempest,"—as Goethe in "Werther," "Herzog," "Faust," and "Tasso," as Honoré de Balzac in Raphael, in Balthazar Claes, in Albert Savarus, etc. He went through several campaigns, married at the beginning of 1599 the daughter of Sir Philip Sidney, Elizabeth, whose mother, as a widow, had married his friend Essex, the favorite of the Queen and nine years his senior. The Queen appointed him guardian of Sherwood Forest—where were written "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and the admirable dramatic pastoral, "As You Like It." Unfortunately, Essex, discontented and out of favor on his return from his campaign in Ireland, dragged Rutland into the disastrous conspiracy of February 8, 1601—to the preparation of which Rutland, a man blindly loyal to the cult of friendship, contributed by such dramas as "Richard II." and "Julius Caesar," full of allusions, both admiring and cutting, to the Queen. After the failure of this escapade, Rutland vented his grief in the first "Hamlet," written in 1602. Then, after the masterpiece called "Othello" (not published till much later), and followed by "Measure for Measure," the immortal Roger, amplifying his genius, celebrated the accession of the King of Scotland to the throne of England and the submission of Ireland by the most delicate of compliments, addressing to the thrice-crowned descendant of Banquo the mysteriously savage Scotch drama of "Macbeth." The new king sent Rutland to congratulate Christian IV. of Denmark on the birth of a son. The year following (1607) appeared the extraordinary "King Lear," another compliment. Rutland's genius, stimulated alike by ordeals and by gratitude, mounted rapidly to inaccessible altitudes, creating several of the culminating peaks of universal poetry. King James had named him successively guardian of Birkwood Park, of Grantham, of Mansfield, where he wrote (not to count the brilliant drama of "Antony and Cleopatra") works in which his love of the woodland reappears in an easily explicable manner, like "Cymbeline" and "A Winter's Tale." At the end of 1611, a few months before his death—which occurred in June, 1612—he composed his

poetical testament, a souvenir of his brief sojourn in the Azores, regarding which so many more or less ingenious suppositions have been accumulated. Henceforth, M. Demblon prophesies, literary pilgrimages will be made not to Stratford-on-Avon but to the Belvoir Castle at Bottesford, Leicestershire, nearer the marvelous part of the ancient British isle in which Lord Byron and the Lake Poets lived—and near that forest of Sherwood which is filled with the legend of Robin Hood and which has been rendered celebrated by the "Ivanhoe" of Walter Scott.

Besides the points favorable to the Rutland authorship thus emphasized (the visit to Paris, the sojourn in Italy, the embassy to Denmark, the guardianship of Sherwood Forest, etc.), M. Demblon, in the course of his work, presents others which he believes equally entitled to attention, namely: the patrician tone of the plays, which caused Tolstoy to exclaim, "Shakespeare must have been an aristocrat!"; the familiarity they display with ancient and modern languages, politics, war, maritime matters, jurisprudence, science and falconry; and the presence in them of thinly dis-

guised portraits of nearly all of Rutland's friends.

Furthermore, the Rutland hypothesis explains (such is M. Demblon's claim) why there is continual discordance between the characters and the chronology of the dramas on the one hand, and the incidents of the life of Shakespeare on the other; why the ostensible Shakespeare portraits and the ostensible Shakespeare signatures are unconvincing; why the "Sonnets" were dedicated to Pembroke, a cousin of Rutland, and why Shakespeare takes no known part in the plays attributed to him.

PRESIDENT WILSON AS A MAN OF LETTERS

AN EVIDENCE of the growing importance of the literary spirit may be found in the fact that Raymond Poincaré and Woodrow Wilson, the newly elected Presidents of the two leading republics of the world, are both men of letters. Poincaré is a member of the French Academy of Immortals, and Wilson heads the list of members of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Contemporaneously with the inauguration ceremonies in Washington have appeared a reprint of three of President Wilson's literary essays* and a bibliography of his writings compiled by Harry Clemons, the Reference Librarian of Princeton University. "Woodrow Wilson," says Bliss Perry in a new article in the *Century*, "is the first professional man of letters to become President of the United States."

In reviewing President Wilson's achievement, Professor Perry notes that it has been steadily accompanied by a purely literary discipline. "He began as an essayist, and it is as an essayist that his most distinguished writing has been done." The President's style developed early, and he has been known to complain whimsically that he wrote as well in college as he could twenty-five years later. He had been graduated only six years when he published his study, "Congressional Government." Then came his "Division and Reunion" and "George Washington," papers frankly aiming to inform rather than to uncover new facts. These were followed by "The History of the American People," written while he was engaged as a college professor in many other tasks. Professor Perry says: "It was rapidly written, and the circumstances of its composition precluded that long absorption of the author with his 'sources,' that year-in and year-out imaginative living with the past which has entered into the very texture of the epoch-making histories. It is full of admirable characterizations, of skilful summary of events, and

it has given pleasure to multitudes of readers."

Such essays as "The Truth of the Matter," "On Being Human," "Mere Literature," the *Atlantic* essays on "Reconstruction" and "Mr. Cleveland as President," together with earlier papers on Burke and Bagehot, are mentioned as typical products of President Wilson's talent. Foremost among his instructors in thought and style, it seems, has been Burke. Next comes Bagehot. Augustine Birrell, Lamb, Wordsworth, Boswell's "Johnson," have all influenced him strongly. "The intellectual influences that have really counted in Woodrow Wilson's development," Professor Perry notes, "are almost purely English and American. Plato and the Roman consuls have left scarcely a trace, and modern France and Germany quite as little." His reading, aside from technical treatises on law, government and politics, has been well within the limits of the "gentleman's library." But it has been a thoughtful, brooding, vital kind of reading.

His style is pronounced by Professor Perry undeniably "bookish," in the sense that Lamb and Stevenson are bookish. He at times exhibits quaint affectations such as "'Twas," "'Tis," "'Twould." As compared with the unconscious style of John Fiske, or the veracious sentences of James Ford Rhodes, his manner seems to be just a trifle aware of itself. "It is witty, high-spirited, exhilarating writing," according to Professor Perry; "it has the Southern virtues, schooled by stern self-discipline into an avoidance of typical Southern faults; it has sentiment without sentimentality, ease without diffuseness, eloquence without declamation. With all of its delicate, bookish overtones, it remains essentially the style of a speaker. It addresses itself to the ear rather than to the eye, and its occasional over-anxieties are the solicitude of a well-bred converser, fearing to fail to please, or to be misinterpreted."

In his essay on "Mere Literature,"

President Wilson remarked: "It behooves all minor authors to realize the possibility of their being discovered some day and exposed to the general scrutiny." The words now have the aspect of prophecy. From the first there has been in his papers a sort of spaciousness, a consciousness of wide backgrounds and far horizons. It appears in one of his favorite metaphors—the wind blowing over great spaces. "To speak of national affairs is to give hint of great forces and of movements blown upon by all the airs of the wide continent." "His world [Sir Henry Maine's] seemed to be kept always clear of mists and clouds, as if it were blown through with steady trade-winds, which brought with them not only pure airs, but also the harmonious sounds and the abiding fragrance of the great round world." There is the same image of the blowing wind, and something of self-portraiture, in his picture of Henry Clay: "His nature [Clay's] was of the West, blown through with quick winds of ardor and aggression, a bit reckless and defiant; but his art was of the East, ready with soft and placating phrases, reminiscent of old and revered ideals, thoughtful of compromise and accommodation." It is the quick movement of Woodrow Wilson's own mind, blown through with "ardor and aggression," yet "thoughtful of compromise," which is now "exposed to the general scrutiny."

Professor Perry expresses the fear that Mr. Wilson's mind and style may coarsen in the rough battles of the Presidency. Such deterioration is not unknown, and undoubtedly the coarser style appeals to the multitude. "And yet," he adds, "there has been at least one clear-sighted and disillusioned President whose mind and style grew steadily finer and not coarser, whom vast responsibilities made more patient, more considerate of differences of opinion and policy. Let Abraham Lincoln's victory in the great ordeal be a happy augury for his latest successor."

* MERE LITERATURE. THREE ESSAYS. Houghton Mifflin Company.

HOWELLS AS A VICTIM OF THE "DEAD HAND" IN AMERICAN FICTION

IN a revolutionary and highly provocative criticism of the emergent figures in American literature,* John Albert Macy, ex-editor of the *Youth's Companion* and one-time instructor of English in Harvard College, undertakes to tell us what is the matter with William Dean Howells. Mr. Macy's negations are valid, he warns us, only on the hypothesis that he is discussing "a man of genius, one who, within his limits, is a perfect artist," who "never wrote a bad page," and never a sentence that "any one else could make better"; but one who, nevertheless, with twenty such impeccable works of fiction to his credit, has never produced a great novel. Nature, says Mr. Macy, made Howells "witty, genial, sympathetic, observant." To read any of his books "is to get an impression of a man of rare and diversified gifts born to be one of the great interpreters of human life." But something happened to him. Early in his career, while still in Boston and editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Howells was stricken, Mr. Macy gravely asserts, by the "Dead Hand in Literature."

It happened thus: In 1877, the *Atlantic Monthly* gave a dinner in honor of Whittier's birthday. Emerson, Longfellow and Holmes were present, also Mark Twain. Mr. Howells presided. In the course of the evening, Mark Twain told a story about a western miner and three "lirty cusses" who came to his cabin calling themselves Mr. Emerson, Mr. Longfellow and Dr. Holmes. It was a funny story. Years afterward, and in spite of all his discomfort, Mark Twain would always maintain that it was a good story, a funny story. But literary Boston did not laugh. In that arctic atmosphere, the story simply congealed on the teller's lips. Nobody was offended, says Mr. Macy, but everybody was dismal. One laugh, he records and one only—but that was the day after! Mr. Howells, as toastmaster, seriously deplored the disaster, and, what is more significant, continued to do so for thirty-five years. Even to-day, Mr. Macy declares, he does not seem to understand exactly what happened. The dinner was not a celebration but a funeral, and literature itself was there being buried. "This little 'disaster,'" Mr. Macy continues, "unimportant in itself, towers like Bunker Hill monument in the literary landscape, marking the defeat of the local forces. It symbolizes the passing of an era; it is a milestone as well as a tombstone. To read the record of that dinner is to pull the lava

off an intellectual Pompeii. Everything in the Boston mind is just as it was; not a thought has been engendered in any native-born literary intellect since 1877. Old Boston stands there with the paralyzed gestures of death-in-life survival; it has not even decayed; it is simply arrested."

Mark Twain, happily for our literature, "escaped the fall of ashes and lava." He "left Boston and returned to America." Mr. Howells was rescued, but not quite soon enough. He remained too long an editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. "There was in his vicinity," Mr. Macy explains, "no live literature to sustain him, to keep him in a state of courageous contemporaneity with the world about him. He fell back on the past; and even the seven or eight modern European literatures with which he is familiar are, as he speaks of them, remote, romantic, misty. He writes of Tolstoy as he writes of Jane Austen or Dante. He became the Dean of American Letters, and there was no one else on the Faculty. Huckleberry Finn ran away from school and did not go near college until Yale and Oxford played a joke under cover of the academic twilight and gave him gorgeous red gowns. Mr. Howells was very early Europeanized and Bostonized, and his Ohio outlook on life was dimmed by the fogs of tradition."

Howells read French realistic fiction, and he admired its workmanship, but he caught very little of its intensity and candor. He announced the influence of Tolstoy on his works. "There is not one trace," Mr. Macy asserts, "of the influence of Tolstoy, of Tolstoy's body of thought, soul, purpose, method, power, on any page of Mr. Howells that I have read. Tolstoy's terrific sense of life does not ripple the surface of Mr. Howells's placid unemotional work. And his essay on Tolstoy is sentimental, feminine and unimpressive."

Someone has said with malice, yet in Mr. Macy's opinion with a certain amount of critical truth, that Henry James went to Paris and read Turgenev, while Howells stayed at home and read Henry James. Be that as it may, Mr. Howells for years, with no American writer but Henry James to support him, was the sole exponent of realism in this country. Mr. Macy writes:

"The realistic novel grew up naturally from historic roots in France and Russia. It was nurtured by a veracity of mind and a social freedom, utterly alien to the hypocrisy and the superficial optimism of America. Mr. Howells and Mr. James, alert to fine achievement, admired this great Slavic and Gallic performance and

they seem to have said: 'Go to! realism is the real right thing; we will be realists.' They thus accepted the self-imposed limitations of realism, but they could not accept its profound privilege of telling the truth. America would not perhaps have tarred and feathered a man honest and intrepid enough to write as Balzac, Flaubert, Tolstoy, Dostoevski wrote, but it would not have permitted him to be Dean. Mr. Howells's realism is like a French play adapted for our stage; the point of the original is missed, and we wonder, as we watch the Frohmanized translation, how Frenchmen can be so dull. To take the method of realism without its substance, without its integrity to the bolder passions, results in a work precise in form and excellently finished, but narrow in outlook and shallow."

But what if Realism offers "A Modern Instance"? Then it loses its case at once, Mr. Macy thinks. For instead of demonstrating that life is interesting, and the commonplace uncommonly so, Howells's best novels only prove that the commonplace is just as commonplace and realism just as dull and uninteresting as the romantics claim it is. "Living people," Mr. Macy goes on to say, "common or extraordinary, have passions. 'A Modern Instance' is passionless. . . . Mr. Howells's realism, proclaiming the identity of life and literature (and his critical essays proclaim the same truth many times and in admirable manner), leaves the great things in life out. If there were no more passion in the world than Mr. Howells recognizes and portrays, about eighty millions of us Americans would never have been born, and, once born, half of us would have died of ennui." The "matter," then, with Howells, Mr. Macy concludes, may be stated briefly as follows:

"He strips life not only of its false romance but of its true romance. True realism imaginatively understands the romantic feelings of people in ordinary daylight circumstances. A sworn champion of theatrical and juvenile romance, like Stevenson, does not need to be argued into liking the great realists, Fielding or Balzac; he takes to them naturally because they are rich and humane, because they too are men of fancy and see that life is full of terrific tragedies and adventurous comedies. Mr. Howells, narrow in his convictions and timid in his handling of the very passions which make great realistic novels, tilts his lance against Stevenson and other men of exuberant fancy and thinks he is fighting the battle of honest fiction. He is not, and the net result of his critical writings and his novels is to turn the battle against himself. Seldom in his books does he come to grips with a terrible motive or heart-tearing ecstasy—and people have those motives and those ecstasies in real life."

* THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. Doubleday, Page and Company.

RECENT POETRY

JUST how much of Joaquin Miller's reputation was due to his poetry and just how much of the reputation of his poetry was due to Joaquin Miller is an interesting question for discussion. How far would his "Songs of the Sierra," for instance, have gone in England simply on their poetic worth, if they had not been reinforced by the picturesque garb and adventurous career of the author? The same sort of query is pertinent in the case of many poets—Poe and Whitman, Byron and Shelley, and any number of the French poets. One reads into Francis Thompson's poems, it is probable, a pathos that is not really there, but which seems to be there because of the pathos of his life. The tradition of Homer, old and blind, begging his bread from city to city, has deepened the halo of romance that rests upon all his characters. We have almost come to demand of our poets—at least of our minor poets—that they live in attics, or spend their nights in absinthine orgies, or roam the world as penniless vagabonds, or starve, or commit suicide, or be hounded to despair by vindictive wives or brutal critics, or something of that sort. And if there are no such poignant facts in a poet's career, tradition gets busy and supplies them. We have not the slightest doubt that the normal lives of Longfellow, Emerson, Bryant, Lowell and Whittier have had much to do with the disposition in certain circles to sneer at their performances.

Joaquin Miller owes much of his vogue, as we have said, to his picturesque personality; but, thank heaven, he owed none of it to neuropathic debaucheries. He was a right wholesome sort of a man, and so far as we know his life was as clean and decent as his verse.

The *Dial* calls attention to the following verses of Miller's which are less known than they should be. We take the liberty of giving them a title:

DREAMERS.

By JOAQUIN MILLER.

Ah, there be souls none understand,
Like clouds, they cannot touch the land,
Drive as they may by field or town.
Then we look wise at this, and frown,
And we cry "Fool!" and cry "Take hold
Of earth, and fashion gods of gold!"

Unanchored ships, that blow and blow,
Sail to and fro, and then go down
In unknown seas that none shall know,
Without one ripple of renown;
Poor drifting dreamers, sailing by,
That seem to only live to die

Call these not fools; the test of worth
Is not the hold you have of earth.

Lo, there be gentlest souls, sea blown,
That know not any harbor known;
And it may be the reason is
They touch on fairer shores than this.

The new volume by Alfred Noyes, "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern" (Stokes & Company), is full of narrative and historic and dramatic interest rather than poetic or at least lyric interest. It has this, too, but not in great abundance. There are not many passages that lend themselves well to quotation, and the songs that appear here and there are a disappointment. Hardly one of them will stand by itself. The best of them is the first one:

MARCHAUNT ADVENTURERS.

By ALFRED NOYES.

Marchaunt Adventurers, chanting at the
windlass,
Early in the morning we slipped from
Plymouth Sound,
All for Adventure in the great New
Regions,
All for Eldorado and to sail the world
around!
Sing! the red of sun-rise ripples round
the bows again,
Marchaunt Adventurers, O sing, we're
outward bound,
All to stuff the sunset in our old black
galleon,
All to seek the merchandize that no
man ever found.

Chorus: Marchaunt Adventurers!
Marchaunt Adventurers,
Marchaunt Adventurers, O, whither are
ye bound?—
All for Eldorado and the great new Sky-
line,
All to seek the merchandize that no
man ever found.

Marchaunt Adventurers, O, what 'll ye
bring home again?—
Wonders and works and the thunder of
the sea!
Whom will ye traffic with?—The King of
the Sunset!
What shall be your pilot then?—A wind
from Galilee.
Nay, but ye be marchaunts, will ye come
back empty-handed?—
Ay, we be marchaunts, tho our gain we
ne'er shall see.
Cast we now our bread upon the waste
wild waters.
After many days, it shall return with
usury.

Chorus: Marchaunt Adventurers!
Marchaunt Adventurers!
What shall be your profit in the mighty
days to be?—
England!—England!—England!—Eng-
land!—
Glory everlasting and the lordship of
the sea!

That voluntary vagabond, Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, has assembled a number of his poems in pamphlet form, and entitled it "Rhymes to be Traded for Bread," which he distributes with

a free hand as he goes preaching his "Gospel of Beauty" through many states. All he asks in return is "a handout and a bed in the hay." We have not been honored with a copy for review, but the St. Louis *Mirror* reprints the following as one of the strongest poems in the book:

JOHN P. ALTGELD.

By NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY.

Sleep softly. . . . Eagle forgotten . . . un-
der the stone.
Time has its way with you there, and the
clay has its own.
"We have buried him now," thought your
foes, and in secret rejoiced,
They made a brave show of their mourn-
ing, their hatred unvoiced.
They had snarled at you, barked at you,
foamed at you day after day.
Now you were ended, they praised you
. . . and laid you away.
The others, that mourned you in silence
and terror and truth,
The widow bereft of her crust, and the
boy without youth,
The mocked and the scorned and the
wounded, the lame and the poor,
That should have remembered forever
. . . remember no more.
Where are those lovers of yours, on what
name do they call,
The lost, that in armies wept over your
funeral pall?
They call on the names of a hundred high-
valiant ones,
A hundred white eagles have risen, the
sons of your sons.
The zeal in their wings is a zeal that your
dreaming began,
The valor that wore out your soul in the
service of man.
Sleep softly. . . . Eagle forgotten . . . un-
der the stone.
Time has its way with you there, and the
clay has its own.
Sleep on, O brave-hearted, O wise man
that kindled the flame,
To live in mankind is far more than to
live in a name—
To live in mankind, far, far more than to
live in a name!

The *Independent* publishes the following in facsimile of the author's handwriting. The poem is founded on an ancient Asian myth:

THE MAKING OF WOMAN.

By STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

When now the high gods had perfected
man,
The making then of woman they began;
But no material durable was left,
So from the slight and subtle she was
weft.
And they took counsel: for her soul was
drawn
The mystery and the moment of the dawn.
And for her fragile face they sagely took
The primrose opening pale with upward
look;
And for her motion stayed a fleeting star,
Therefore so bright she seems and so
afar!

They gave her the first leap of the loosed deer,
Then rustling secret of the fringed mere,
And elfin mischief of the guilty glade,
Lighting whereon a mortal grows afraid.—

The dance of fays upon illumined bank,
The frolic and the freak, and moonshine prank.

The tremble of first dew upon the grass,
The yearning of the moon as she doth pass;

Then the suspense of the o'erbrimming billow
And dream of noon-breeze upon wild-flower pillow.

They gave her golden music's dying strain,
The quiet prattling mercy of the rain.
They stole her heavy sorrow from the sea,
And yet from running brooks their laughing glee,

And thus with subtle touch and yet most sure,
They fashioned a frail thing that shall endure.

The following poem is from *Ainslee's*. It has Mrs. Wilcox's usual felicity both of thought and expression, and that is all that need be said. We have taken liberties with the title. She calls it "A Vagabond Thought." We like our title better:

A VAGABOND MIND.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Since early this morning the world has seemed surging
With unworded rhythm, and rhyme without thought.

It may be the Muses take this way of urging
The patience and pains by which poems are wrought.

It may be some singer who passed into glory,
With songs all unfinished, is lingering near

And trying to tell me the rest of the story,
Which I am too dull of perception to hear.

I hear not, I see not; but feel the sweet swinging
And swaying of meter, in sunlight and shade,

The still arch of Space with such music is ringing
As never an audible orchestra made.

The moments glide by me, and each one is dancing;
Aquiver with life is each leaf on the tree,

And out on the ocean is movement entrancing,
As billow with billow goes racing with glee.

With never a thought that is worthy the saying,
And never a theme to be put into song,

Since early this morning my mind has been straying,
A vagabond thing, with a vagabond throng.

With gay, idle moments, and waves of the ocean,

With winds and with sunbeams, and treetops and birds,

It has lited along in the joy of mere motion,

To songs without music and verse without words.

Mr. Cawein's new book, "The Poet, the Fool and the Fairies" (Small & Maynard), has a good deal of make-believe, which is fanciful and often beautiful but not vital. We still like his nature lyrics best of anything he does. We select the following to reprint:

WHEN THE YEARS WERE YOUNG.

By MADISON CAWEIN.

The turtle's egg by the shallow pool
Whitened a spot on the sandy gray;
And there by the log, where the shade greened cool,
The whippoorwill's nest on the brown moss lay.

I went by the path that we often went
When the years were young and our hearts were, too;
And the wind, that was warm with the wildrose scent,
Breathed on my eyes till I thought it you.

'T was the old, wild path where the horsemint grows,
And the milkweed's blossom makes musk the air;
And I plucked for your memory there a rose,
As once I had for your nut-brown hair.

And I came to the bridge that is built of logs,
Where the creek laughs down like a dimpled child;
Where we used to hark to the mellow frogs
When the dusk sat dim in the ferny wild.

And I stood on the bridge and I heard your feet
Tremble its floor as I heard them when I was a boy, whom you ran to meet,
Bare of foot and of years just ten.

The old log-bridge in the bramble lane,
Where the black-eyed-Susans make bright its marge;
Where the teasel's tuft is a thorny stain,
And the wild sunflower rays out its targe.

Where berries cluster their ripened red,
And, under the bush, on the creek's low bank,
The bob-white huddles an egg-round bed,
The kingfisher flits and the crane stands lank.

Your small tanned hand again was laid
In the briar-brown clasp of my freckled own;

And down from the bridge we went to wade
Where the turtle's egg by the water shone.

And again I heard the wood-dove coo;
And the scent of the woodland made me sad;

For the two reminded my heart of you,
When you were a girl and I was a lad.

It is not well for a man to go
The old lost ways that he went when young.

When Love walked with him, her eyes aglow,
A blue sunbonnet beside her swung.

It is not well for woman or man
To come again to the place they knew
In the years that are gone; where their love began,
The love that died as all things do.

It was not well for my heart, I know,
On the old log-bridge in the woodland there:

Your eyes looked up from the creek below,
And in every zephyr I felt your hair.

Your face smiled at me, your beauty yearned
In every flower, or song I heard:
No matter—wherever my eyes were turned
You stood remindful with look and word.

You laid your hand on my heart: your hand,
Once light as a wisp and wild with joy;
And my heart grew heavy, you understand,
With the dreams that died with the girl and boy.

It was not well for my heart and me
On the old log-bridge in the woodland glen;
For there I met with your memory—
And the days that are gone come not again.

The Smart Set, under its new editor, Mr. Willard Huntington Wright, is devoting more attention than any other of the magazines to poetry. In its April number it has contributions from Bliss Carman, Richard Le Gallienne and a dozen other poets. We reproduce Mr. Le Gallienne's:

A BALLAD OF TOO MUCH BEAUTY

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

There is too much beauty upon this earth
For lonely men to bear,
Too many eyes, too enchanted skies,
Too many things too fair;
And the man who would live the life of a man
Must turn his eyes away—if he can.

He must not look at the dawning day,
Or watch the rising moon;
From the little feet, so white, so fleet,
He must turn his eyes away;
And the flowers and the faces he must pass by
With stern self-sacrificing eye.

For beauty and duty are strangers forever,

Work and wonder ever apart,
And the laws of life eternally sever
The ways of the brain from the ways of the heart;

Be it flower or pearl, or the face of a girl,
Or the ways of the waters as they swirl.

For beauty is sorrow, and sorrowful men
Have no heart to look on the face of
the sky,
Or hear the remorseful voice of the sea.
Or the song of the wandering wind in
the tree,
Or even watch a butterfly.

Ah! Beauty is such a hallowed thing,
So holy a flower in the garden of God,
That none but the holy should dare to
look
On the painted page of that sacred book,
Look in the eyes of spring,
Or hear the morning sing.

Any one who has seen New York
City from the North River in the dusk
of a winter evening will recognize the
faithfulness of this fine description in
Scribner's:

THE SHADOWY CITY LOOMS

By LLOYD MIFFLIN.

In deepening shades the haunting vision
swims;
A denser grayness settles o'er the
stream;
The domes are veiled; the wondrous City
dims—
Dims as a dream:

The night transforms it to a palace vast
Lit with a thousand lamps from cryptic
wires;
The vaporous walls are phantoms of the
Past,
Strange with vague spires:

Huge, peopled monoliths that touch the
skies,
Whose indeterminate bases baffle sight,
Each with its Argus, incandescent eyes
Pierces the night:

Undreamt-of heights of glimmering mar-
ble loom
Like some enchanted fabric wrought of
air;
Gigantic shafts of insubstantial gloom
Lift, shadowy, there:

Could fabled Camelot of the poet's dream
Surpass these towers soaring from the
mist?—
These steel-ribbed granite miracles that
gleam
Dim amethyst? . . .

Slow on the tide, from murky coves re-
mote,
The freighted barges move, laboriously,
While some palatial, golden-lighted boat
Steams for the sea:

Now that the moon is breaking through
the cloud
The radiant halo o'er the City pales;
Shimmer the dusky wharves with mast
and shroud
And furlèd sails:

Soft strains of music, hovering, drift
away;
In cloudy turrets toll the spectral bells;
While the sea-voices, from the wastes of
gray,
Send faint farewells:

The homing sloops are sheltered in the
slip;
The silence deepens; and up-stream,
afar,
A fading lantern on an anchored ship
Seems a lost star.

Forty-two songs and sonnets appear
in a crude-looking little volume pub-
lished by the author, Robert Loveman.
Mr. Loveman has already had four
volumes of poetry published, the best
known being his "Songs From a
Georgia Garden." This new volume
is entitled "On the Way to Willow-
dale." The poems are slight, but mu-
sical. Here is one of the best:

SONG OF THE WIND

By ROBERT LOVEMAN.

The wind has a mind of his own,
He's a lover and rover free,
He mutters among the clouds,
He flutters above the sea;
He ravages regions rare
Where savages leap in glee,
He strips the forests bare
In autumnal ecstasy.

The wind is a child of earth,
Of ocean, air and sky,
He joys at a young world's birth,
He moans when the old ones die;
He can woo a nodding rose to rest,
Or trample an empire down,
He's sceptered king of everything,
And the high stars are his crown.

We rather think that wine has had
all the lyric praise it is entitled to, and
some day we would like to write an
essay on the effect of the poet's lauda-
tions upon the people's libations.
There isn't any crying need of more
laudations. Omar Khayyam and Fitz-
gerald between them said about all
there is to say. And yet we can't help
reproducing this from *The Atlantic
Monthly*: it is so happily conceived and
so gracefully expressed:

AN OLD MAN TO AN OLD MADEIRA

By S. WEIR MITCHELL.

When first you trembled at my kiss
And blushed before and after,
Your life, a rose 'twixt May and June,
Was stirred by breeze of laughter.

I asked no mortal maid to leave
A kiss where there were plenty;
Enough the fragrance of thy lips
When I was five and twenty.

Fair mistress of a moment's joy,
We met, and then we parted;
You gave me all you had to give,
Nor were you broken-hearted!

For other lips have known thy kiss,
Oh! fair inconstant lady,
While you have gone your shameless way
'Till life has passed its heyday.

And then we met in middle age,
You matronly and older;
And somewhat gone your maiden blush,
And I, well, rather colder.

And now that you are thin and pale,
And I am slowly graying,
We meet, remindful of the past,
When we two went a-maying.

Alas! while you, an old coquet,
Still flaunt your faded roses,
The arctic loneliness of age
Around my pathway closes.

Dear aged wanton of the feast,
Egeria of gay dinners,
I leave your unforgotten charm
To other younger sinners.

Here is a new note, in a poem from
Poetry. Mr. McCoy has achieved a
difficult feat in his attempt to personify
two streets. But he seems to us to
have "made good":

A SWEETHEART: THOMPSON STREET

By SAMUEL MCCOY.

Queen of all streets, Fifth Avenue
Stretches her slender limbs
From the great Arch of Triumph, on,—
On, where the distance dims.

The splendors of her jewelled robes,
Her granite draperies;
The magic, sunset-smitten walls
That veil her marble knees.

For ninety squares she lies a queen,
Superb, bare, unashamed,
Yielding her beauty scornfully
To worshippers unnamed.

But at her feet her sister glows,
A daughter of the South:
Squalid, immeasurably mean,—
But oh! her hot, sweet mouth!

My Thompson Street! a Tuscan girl,
Hot with life's wildest blood;
Her black shawl on her black, black hair,
Her brown feet stained with mud;

A scarlet blossom at her lips,
A new babe at her breast;
A singer at a wine-shop door,
(Her lover unconfessed).

Listen! a hurdy-gurdy plays—
Now alien melodies:
She smiles, she cannot quite forget
The mother over-seas.

But she no less is mine alone,
Mine, mine! . . . Who may I be?
Have I betrayed her from her home?
I am called Liberty!

From a new volume of verse, "The
Youth Replies" (Sherman, French &
Co.):

TOUT PASSE

By LOUIS HOW.

The sea is singing on the beach,
Where it has sung a million years;
Softer than even yours its speech,
Its waves are saltier than your tears.

How many million years to come
Shall tides make yellow shingle wet,
After your voice at last is dumb,
And after even I forget!

THE EDGE OF THE WORLD—A FANTASY

One hardly knows whether to call the following a story, a drama, a poem, a fantasy, or an allegory. Perhaps it is safest to call it all these. We have made below a few selections from the pages of Katherine Howard's delectable little book entitled "The Book of the Serpent," and we reprint them with permission of the publishers, Sherman, French & Company. One gets here the picture of a sort of up-to-date Bergsonian Creator, at work in his laboratory, experimenting with various dust-heaps.

AMONG the rocks there was a hollow where He had His working place.

The splintered rocks were as a wall between Him and the Seas, and the fierce Winds which roamed beyond came tame to Him.

The place was full of quietness and warm with the Sun's warmth.

The Turtle and the Grasshopper sang pleasantly. . . . And all the days were happiness—and all the nights were rest.

HE WORKED every day at something. It was fun to watch Him—everything was so interesting. The Turtle looked on and admired, and the Grasshopper rubbed his knees violently whenever he liked anything especially well.

He made the dust into little heaps first, and they kept asking questions: "What's this heap for," and "What's that heap for?" One heap was quite a distance away from the others. "What's this heap for?" they asked. He was busy, but they had much curiosity and kept asking. "Now, don't bother me," He said, "that's Artists. I'm going to make Artists out of that."

They were very interested and watched Him closely, but they could not see Him put anything different in it from what He had put in the other heaps. But they saw him take some of the dust away and make little vacant places here and there. "That must be the way He is making them," said the Grasshopper,—"just by taking things out; that's a jolly receipt."

The Serpent was passing by and heard them talking, so he sat on his tail and watched them over the wall of rock—it looked so interesting that he came over.

"Oh!" he said, "that's elimination,—it's the easiest way to make things. First you make, and then you simplify,—it's not so hard to be a Creator, and make things. You start them all alike, and then you take something out of one heap and put it in another and you take more things out of some heaps than you do out of others. Oh! it's easy to be a Creator; why don't you set up for yourselves?"

Just then He looked up and saw the Serpent. He said, "Run along, now, I don't want to hear any of your Socialistic ideas." And He chased him away.

The Serpent trailed off—right through the middle of the Artist heap.

"Oh! Oh!" said the Turtle, "now that's spoiled. Isn't it too bad." He didn't say anything for a minute and then He looked amused. "Well! Well!" He said, "that's

just the thing; that signature is hard to forge."

HE WAS in the hollow among the rocks again and He was working very hard this time on just one heap. He kept putting things in and He seemed especially interested. Every once in a while He sighed to Himself, and finally a great tear dropped into the center of the heap.

They said, "When you made the Artist mud, you took things out, and now you put things in. Why do you do that? What are you going to make now?"

He said, "I'm going to make Mothers out of this heap."

"But," they said, "the Serpent told us it was the best way to take things out, and you are putting them in."

"Well," He said, "maybe the Serpent doesn't know the receipt for Mothers. You needn't worry because I don't take things out—that will be done afterward—and there won't be much of anything left except the tear I just dropped in."

HE WAS in his working place among the rocks, but He was not working this time. He was just thinking. When He made Man He had thought, "Now I have something to be proud of, something which will be a credit to me." He had made monkeys and monkeys for studies when He had the Man idea, and finally He made Man. "Now," He said, "I have a friend and pretty soon I'll take Him into partnership."

It was strange, but often after He had made things there seemed to be a lot in them that He had not put there and the more pains He took with them the less they seemed to belong to Him—it was hard to keep on making things when they acted this way. After a while He took courage. He said, "If I keep on trying, perhaps I'll get something good."

The Turtle and the Grasshopper were glad when they saw Him look cheerful again,—the monkeys all looked cheerful, too. Somehow He took much comfort with the monkeys, altho they were only studies. . . . They never talked back at Him and called Him out of His name as Man did.

He was still thinking about Man. The Turtle heard Him say, "He seems to know more than I do. At the rate things are going, I may have to resign altogether."

"But you have us," said the Turtle, "why don't you take us and start another World where we won't have Man to interfere with us?"

"Yes, do, please do," said the Grasshopper.

He thought a while longer, and then He went to work. He sifted the dust three times to be sure that there was not anything wrong with it and then He sifted it over again.

The Turtle and the Grasshopper were very much excited. "What? Oh! what are you making?" they said. "You were never so careful before."

"Well," He said, "I don't just know. —I'm using Man for a study and I don't exactly know, but something to beat Man, and I'm going to call it Woman. It is my intention that when I get it made it will keep him so busy that he won't have time to bother me."

IT WAS evening and the Bird returned and said, "I have found Woman,—she is alive upon the rocks, and she has Man with her. He was afloat upon the waters and she has brought him up upon the rocks and he is dead."

They went to find her, and the Bird flew on before to show the way, and when they found them, she had covered his body with her long thick hair to make him warm.

She held him close, and called to him, and finally she kissed him on the mouth.

She kissed him long and tenderly, and he drew in her breath and lived.

And He said, "She has given him life, She has forgotten self—and She shall be the Mother of a Race."

HE RESTED on the rocks and Woman sat beside Him. She looked far off across the waters and she sighed. And when she turned she saw Man coming toward her on the rocks, and hanging from his hand was the dead Bird, the same that found them that time of the great Tempest. Man had into my hand, so then I killed it."

The Woman asked him why he had killed the Bird. He answered, "Because it flew so high. I called it and it came into my hand, so then I killed it."

The Woman took the Bird from him and warmed it in her bosom. She wrapt it 'round with her long hair and sang in a low voice a song that had the movement of a wave. There came a look of longing in her eyes and when He saw the look, He touched the Bird so that it fluttered against her heart and lived.

So then He said, "This thing shall make your happiness,—all through the ages you shall sing the cradle song and while you sing the wings of love shall cover you."

Finance and Industry

The New Administration
and the Money Trust.

FOR eight years the American people have been waking. At last they have not only reached the wide-awake stage but have jumped out of bed. It takes no Jules Verne's vision to read the letters of fire which during the past twelvemonth have sprung to the American horizon: "Give us relief or we will give you revolution." Thus runs Mr. Lawson's broadside in *Everybody's* against the "System." He proudly points out that the conclusions of the Pujo Committee coincide with his own observations. The now famous charts of the Committee seem to prove beyond doubt the interlacing of banking and corporate wealth through interlocking directorships, voting trusts, stock control and other devices. The firm of J. Pierpont Morgan is shown at the center of the so-called Money Trust's affiliations, both in New York and in other cities. The death of Morgan will not, so at least is the general belief, impair the strength of his firm, for in the last few years this Titan of finance has been steadily shifting his burdens to other shoulders. Alert men represent the power of the System. The new administration will attempt to right the wrongs done the people by the System in the past half century. None, Mr. Lawson remarks, doubts that President Wilson and the New Democratic Congress will from the very start set about inaugurating reforms. But all students, the author of "Frenzied Finance" goes on to say, have grave doubts of their ability to inaugurate successfully the right reforms. Here is the situation as it appears to Mr. Lawson's always vivid imagination:

"The new administration is about to begin its cut-out-for-it-by-the-people work. The people are in the public square awaiting the result. They have, in unmistakable ways, signified their intention to remain there until they get results. They have also in a score, and another score, of ways shown that they not only know what sort of results they are waiting for but that their patience is not safety-valved against too long a wait. The handwriting is on the wall, and it reads:

"The new administration will attempt to relieve the present dangerous high tension by legislation on: Income Tax; Tariff; Stock Exchange—Money Trust."

"The System, after over twenty years of fighting the creation of an income tax,

have been compelled to bow to the inevitable; but not until February, when thirty-six of the states decreed that the Constitution must be amended to admit an income-tax law to the Federal statute-books.

"Equally inevitable is a new tariff law, and the System bow to its coming, likewise. For while an income tax will work wondrous benefits for the people, and while a tariff, correctly adjusted, will also benefit all the people, the System know that *no income tax and no tariff law, however honest, can seriously interfere with their own pillaging of the people, provided that the System may control the Stock Exchange and its wardman, the money trust.*"

Mr. Lawson Paints
a Dismal Picture.

IN A pessimistic mood Mr. Lawson paints a dismal picture of the reform car of the new administration wrecked by a rise in the ground cunningly constructed by the System to fool the racer. The driver, he remarks, must learn the track and be careful to adjust the speed to the tricks of the road. This, if Mr. Lawson guesses correctly, is the situation in Washington:

"A tariff bill will be presented to Congress. The System will not fight it hard. The bill will pass.

"An income tax bill will be presented. The System will not fight it hard. And it will pass.

"A Stock Exchange bill will be presented, practically the one contained in my last chapter, and a money trust bill. And then all the power of the System will be bent to the breaking-point to kill them. This is the way the Stock Exchange gambling fight will come:

"The Pujo Money Trust Investigating Committee will present a number of bills for the control of the clearing-house, the insurance companies, corporations, trusts, and the Stock Exchange, all having for their end the killing of Stock Exchange gambling. The Pujo Committee will present with their bills incomplete evidence—incomplete because of lack of time, but nevertheless absolute proof of the System's grip on the people's throat.

"The Committee will show that, if it has an extension of life (the Committee's life ends with the present session of Congress, which created it), it will continue its exposures until every one of the great robberies of the people by the System in the past has been exposed and that such exposures will absolutely convince every honest man and woman of the necessity for passing the bills recommended by the Pujo Committee."

Shedding No Crocodile's Tears
for William Rockefeller.

IF THE Pujo Committee is allowed to go, its revelations, Mr. Lawson confidently predicts, will be such as to startle the country. Past exposures, in comparison, will seem mere shadow dances. The System knows this and will bring every one of its guns to prevent the Committee from getting an extension of life. The fight, says Lawson, has already begun:

"It has taken the form of an attempt to prove to the people that the whole Pujo Committee is its counsel, Untermyer: that the Committee's members are to a man a lot of long-eared, thick-tongued, film-eyed asses who have bartered away not only their authority and official individuality but their personal intelligence and self-respect as well; bartered them to Untermyer, Esquire, who is pictured as a fiend incarnate, with no object in carrying on the investigation save a desire to secure from William Rockefeller for his personal benefit the secrets of the Amalgamated Copper crime.

"At the present moment a large number of the great dailies, tagged as the inky buzzards of the System, are, not by insinuation but by assertion, attempting to prove that the Pujo Committee's pursuit of William Rockefeller is complete evidence of its domination by its counsel."

The "sob sisters" of the System in the press raise a maudlin cry over "hunting a sick man to death's door simply because he is rich." For that matter, the death of J. Pierpont Morgan was attributed to the activities of the Pujo Committee, altho subsequent reports mention that the uncrowned king of Wall Street died of an internal disease. Mr. Lawson admits that Mr. Rockefeller is a very sick man. He cannot, however, help the recurrence of the thought to his mind of "the Amalgamated Copper crime." If, he maintains, "the System's sympathy tanks are overflowing, it would be more to the point for its tearful press to tap a tiny stream here and there for the mothers, wives, daughters and sisters of the scores of tricked and robbed, convicted, pauperized and suicided victims of this hideous crime—women who because of it have been driven to the asylum, the poor-house, the red-light streets, and the grave—than to spend time wailing over the Pujo Committee's brutality to William Rockefeller—even tho he is (and he is) the best of all the System's masters."

(Continued on page 418.)

The Victor system of changeable needles gives you complete musical control

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(Continued from page 416.)

The Recommendations of the Pujo Committee.

THE majority of the Pujo Committee, it will be remembered, suggests, in the form of two bills, legislation prohibiting:

Bank consolidations, unless approved by the Comptroller of the Currency.

Interlocking bank directorates.

Interlocking stock ownership among banks.

Voting trusts in banks.

Security-holding companies as adjuncts to banks.

Deposits of funds with private bankers by interstate corporations.

Fiscal agency agreements with interstate corporations which give banks a monopoly of security sales.

Underwriting by national banks.

Borrowing from their own banks by officers or directors.

The Committee likewise recommends legislation providing for:

Competitive bidding for interstate security issues.

Limitation of number of directors of banks.

Publicity of assets and stockholders of banks.

Railroad reorganizations under supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

On the day before the Pujo Committee report appeared, J. P. Morgan & Co. addressed a letter to Mr. Pujo which he declared "came manifestly too late to be of any value." In this letter the great banking firm against which the Committee has concentrated its fire denies in toto the premises and the conclusions of the Committee. "The battlefield," as the editor of *Moody's Magazine*, who evidently shares Mr. Lawson's misgivings, remarks, "seems to be set for an Armageddon contest between the new Democratic Congress and the great captains of finance. May the Lord have mercy on us innocent bystanders."

Elucidating the Sherman Law.

THE Sherman Law compels competition, and jails the successful competitor. That is one interpretation of this much discussed statute. Lawyers and judges confess their inability to express clearly the meaning of the act. Yet successive court decisions seem to bring a little light into the legal chaos. The *World's Work*, whose editor has just been honored with an ambassadorship by the new administration, discusses at length the various judgments of the Supreme Court in the Trans-Missouri Freight Decision, in the Northern Securities case, the Addison Pipe Case, the Standard Oil, the Tobacco Trust and the Union Pacific decisions. It ana-

lyzes the recent conviction of the directors of the National Cash Register Co. for bribing their competitors' employees, their maintenance of spies, their bearing of false witness against their neighbors to ruin their credit, and their harassing of their rivals with strike suits and fake patents. The decision in the Bath Tub Trust case and in the suit against the United Shoe Machinery Co., won by the Company, and the conviction of James A. Patten for his corner in wheat are likewise considered. In the light of the new cases it seems plain (to the *World's Work*) that the Sherman Law provides as follows:

(1) A corporation cannot make agreements with its competitors to fix prices or to limit output.

(2) The amalgamation of the control of two, even slightly competing, railroads under any guise is illegal.

(3) Corners in articles of commerce are in restraint of trade.

(4) Corporations cannot use methods which are held to be unreasonable under the common law to crush competitors and establish monopoly. Every new case helps to make more definite what is and is not *unreasonable* restraint, and this process will eventually build up a body of decisions behind the Sherman law adapted to the complexity of our conditions because evolved from them.

"But on the other hand there is no limitation upon what parts of a business one concern may do, or upon what proportion it may do."

Wilson's Attitude Toward Big Business.

A STUDY of the famous "Seven Sisters"—the anti-trust bills advocated by Wilson in New Jersey in the last weeks of his governorship—clearly reveal, the writer in the *World's Work* goes on to say, the attitude of the President toward Big Business:

"These laws hold to be illegal combinations or agreements to create or carry out restrictions in trade or to acquire monopoly; to limit production or fix prices; or to prevent competition in manufacturing, selling or buying. The Sherman Act covers these clauses.

"The New Jersey laws also prohibit a company to buy or hold the securities of a competitor. This prohibition has no analogy in the Federal law at present, but there is such a provision, aimed at practical monopolies that are maintained through interlocking directorates, in a trust control bill presented to Congress by Senator Williams, of Mississippi.

"The New Jersey laws prohibit discrimination in prices or service between communities, directed against the use of unfair competition temporarily by a large concern to drive out a local competitor. Under the rule of reasonable interpretation of the Sherman Law such practices, in the case of the Cash Register Company, for example, were held illegal.

"These laws have also provisions against stock-watering and kindred prac-



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tices, but these are primarily matters under state control.”

The adjustment of big business and democracy, we are assured, will go on as it has been going on, only perhaps with less apprehension in the business world, for it has been proved that eggs wrongly scrambled can, if necessary, be unscrambled at the Government's bidding, just as a business poorly organized can be reorganized at the bidding of its owners or creditors.

The Lesson of the Ohio Disaster.

IN TIMES of great disaster, such as the San Francisco earthquake, the Baltimore fire, and the floods of the Ohio Valley, individual citizens as well as the Federal Government rush to the succor of the stricken regions. With unquenchable courage the sufferers from these calamities rebuild their cities and homes, repair the overwhelming damage to their property and their business enterprises and take up again without delay or repining their work of activity and achievement. Such courage and efficiency, remarks the renowned Contributing Editor of the *Outlook*, give clear proof of the efficiency of the American people to solve the problems of their national life, no matter how great those problems may be, when they once grasp their true proportion and significance. In the summer of 1912 the Government appropriated \$6,000,000 for the purchase of food and for repair of broken levees in the Mississippi Valley. But we nevertheless failed to read the most striking lesson that the flood should have taught us, a lesson reiterated last month in Ohio, in Indiana, and in the State of New York. For, as Mr. Roosevelt points out, not one cent was appropriated for the solution of the monster economic problem involved, or for the correction of the fundamental evil that has been created through the changes wrought by man in the watershed of the nation's greatest drainage system.

“In January, 1913, a single tributary, the Ohio, rose, and floods in the valley of that river did great damage between Pittsburgh and Cairo, and so swelled the waters of the Mississippi between Cairo and the Gulf as to cause the breaking of the Beulah levee, in the State of Mississippi, a second time within twelve months, thereby flooding the cotton plantations of four most fertile counties.

“Levees built on the lower Mississippi will not prevent great and destructive floods in the Ohio and the Missouri Rivers, and these floods, forming without check as a result of accelerated run-off from denuded mountain sides, tile-drained farms, and generally improved drainage, gather enough force by the time they reach the Mississippi River to destroy

the levees and turn farms into reservoirs. In this way much valuable property is destroyed, navigable channels are spoiled, power and needed water are wasted, and all because the Nation has been so poor in purpose that it has not seen fit to turn a National agency of waste and destruction into a National agency of prosperity."

Mr. Roosevelt's Fourfold
Remedy for Floods.

WHILE President and since, Mr. Roosevelt has given much thought to the problem of the floods that again and again threaten the prosperity of the country. He is convinced that the floods which spread havoc through the tributary valleys of the Mississippi can be prevented. The remedy he proposes is fourfold:

"1. The Mississippi River must be treated as a unit, with all its tributaries, from source to mouth.

"2. The levee system must be brought up to standard for its entire length, and thereafter maintained by the Federal Government.

"3. The levee system must be supplemented by adequate revetments that will protect caving banks; and

"4. The levee system must be further supplemented by source-stream control which will lower the crest of the floods in the Mississippi Valley and thereby relieve the pressure on the levee.

"Source-stream control will mean flood waters conserved for use in the irrigation of dry lands, for the development of hydro-electric power, and for the supplementing of the dry-season flow for the purposes of navigation.

"Bank revetments will mean prevention of soil erosion, of soil waste, and of the formation of navigation-impeding sand bars.

"The building of standard levees by the Federal Government, fully justified by the fact that the necessity therefor arises from the increasing volume of flood flow in the drainage of many states, will mean uniformity, economy, and systematic protection in so far as levees can be made to protect the low country."

The treating of the Mississippi watershed as a unit from the mouths of streams to their sources, Mr. Roosevelt goes on to say, will mean the co-ordination of the work of the federal engineers, of the reclamation service, of the forestry bureau, of the division of soils, of the geodetic survey, of the Mississippi river commission, and of the national effort to turn floods into power, arid regions into gardens, and marshes into farms. "All this might be done by one act of the Federal congress. We can lift the rivers out of politics," he concludes, "by enacting a single adequate measure, establishing a policy, and providing continuing funds, exactly as was done in the case of the Panama Canal."

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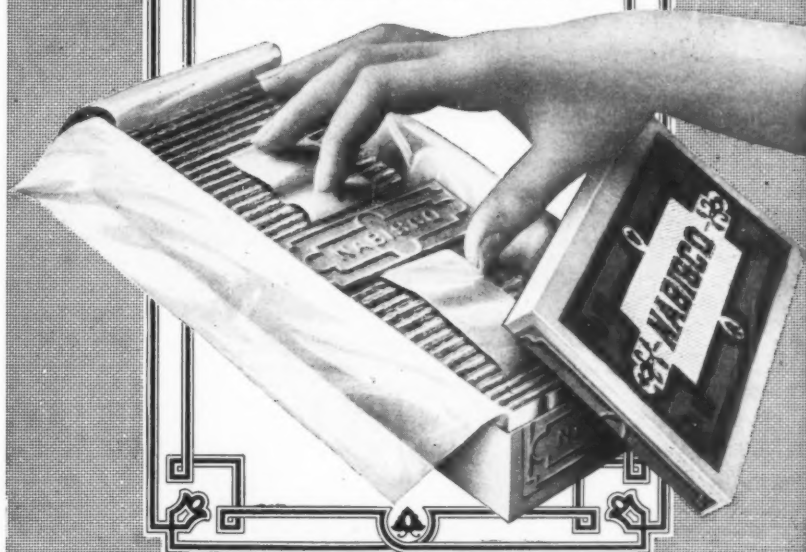
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Retrieving a Railroad
From the Flood.

WHAT are the first steps of a railroad in case of a disaster like the floods in the Ohio Valley? That was the question asked by a reporter of the New York Times *Annalist* of the official spokesman of the Erie Railroad. The division superintendent seems to be of greater immediate importance and usefulness than the officers of the road at such times. "What," the reporter inquired, "are the first tidings at the approach of a flood?" "First," replied the official in question, "a trainman reports to the nearest telegraph office that the water in Buck's Creek is rising. A second one confirms it. The section foreman goes out to see. If it looks serious to him he reports to the division engineer, who, as he comes, picks up a string of cars loaded with stone and runs them out on the bridge to hold it down. Maybe the bridge and cars all go. That calls for the bridge gang, with a pile driver and other equipment. When the water recedes, a temporary trestle bridge is built in a few hours. If it was a washout, it is the business of the division superintendent to have cinders and slag enough there to make a temporary fill as soon as the water goes down. They never fill up to grade at first. The point is to get trains through. If the washout was ten feet deep the temporary fill may be only two or three feet, on which a temporary track can be laid. Afterward a steam shovel gets into the ditch alongside the right of way and hoists up the material needed to elevate the track to grade." A railroad, it seems, restores itself almost automatically. That, the official explained, is what a railroad organization is expected to do. Neither wrecks nor floods take it by surprise.

Opening the Line
After a Deluge.

THE Erie System, which was so greatly affected by the recent disaster, is divided into an Eastern and a Western section. There is a general manager East and one West. Each general manager has an engineer in charge of way and structures. Next lower down in the organization, the official explained, are the division superintendents, each of whom is responsible for his allotted piece of road and everything that happens on it. Divisions are 100 miles long, more or less. Each division superintendent has an engineer of way and structures. Now come the floods. If it is anything in reason, the division superintendent and his engineer take care of it themselves. If it is a washout, they are there with their slag and cinders and extra rails before the water has begun to go down, and as it falls back they follow it out with a temporary track.

"Suppose that half of a man's division washes away all at once. That is more than he can restore in a few hours. He calls for help, and it is then up to the general manager and his engineer of way and structures to provide means and material and labor. The big engineer knows where every cinder heap is, where the extra rails and ties are, where the cranes and pile drivers are waiting, and all of these things at his direction begin to move toward the distressed division. The big engineer probably goes along to boss the division engineer, and maybe the general manager goes to boss the division superintendent; but it's a mighty big job the division superintendent cannot handle for himself, if he has the equipment and men. Here is a present situation in which a number of divisions are in trouble simultaneously; fortunately, they are all western divisions. Surplus material, construction equipment and labor on the eastern division, therefore, moves westward as certainly as air moves to fill a vacuum. One division superintendent after another is assisted to fill his washouts, lift his bridges back into place, build his trestles and make contact with the next division, where the thing is repeated, and so on until the East meets the West, and the line is open. It will be a pretty rough line. The fills have been makeshift, and are much below grade, and the trestles are good for only six miles an hour; but it is an open road, and that is the first thing it works from the bottom upward, you see."

Morgan's Rise to Greatness.

MORGAN'S greatness depended largely on his psychological insight in the choice of his partners. He never did anything himself that could be relegated to others. He never relegated to others the responsibility for decisions that must be made by himself. In his long business career he absorbed the brains and the energy of no less than five generations of partners. George Kibbe Turner, in a study in *McClure's* of the growth of the firm of Morgan, written shortly before the demise of the head of the house, remarks on this point: "He has taken them (his partners) at their prime, worked them to their limit, made them millionaires many times over, and then, when at last they have all but broken, he has again renewed the youth and energy of the firm by fresh blood from the next generation."

"Once every decade the Greatest Merchant has beckoned, and a new generation have come in, climbed up the worn marble stairs, passed under the weird stone sisters at the entrance, and sat down at their desks in his dark old counting-room. Two or three more men have reached the highest ambition of American business—they are Morgan's partners.

"Always they are seasoned men—as a rule, between forty and fifty years old;



The Power of Silent Service

If the crowd on the stock exchange kept quiet and let one man talk, that man could be heard in every corner of the room. But the shouting members produce a composite of sound, so that no one trader is understood except by a small group around a particular trading post.

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quirements of those who demand "Standard" quality at less expense. All "Standard" fixtures, with care, will last a lifetime. And no fixture is genuine unless it bears the guarantee label. In order to avoid substitution of inferior fixtures, specify "Standard" goods in writing (not verbally) and make sure that you get them.

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always they have fought their way up outside—for no one, except Morgan's family and his old partners' boys, has worked up to partnership inside his New York house; and at the end of ten or fifteen years they have gone out again, aged between fifty and sixty—tired men, usually, sentenced for their remaining life to the minor satisfactions of the retired multimillionaire. And, as they have passed out, Morgan has stood there, calling in another generation.

"It is fifty-six years ago now since first he came to business in America. Along the East River, when he came, still sat, in their dusky counting-rooms, the old sea merchants of New York, whose traditions he was to perpetuate. To them, year after year, came up the Yankee boys, for apprenticeship in the sacred mysteries of business; and, decade after decade, they took one or another of these into partnership, as Morgan takes his partners now. They split up their businesses, as the sea-going Yankees split the interests in their ships, into halves and quarters and sixteenths, and even into sixty-fourth parts; and the new partner took the share allotted to him."

Morgan's First Business Alliances.

MORGAN'S first partnerships were really business alliances. In 1864, at the age of twenty-seven, he entered his first, made with an older man, Charles Dabney, a New Englander by birth. Four years later Dabney retired with a competence of half a million. In 1871 Morgan associated himself with the Drexels, rich private bankers in Philadelphia. Three years later the firm occupied the famous building opposite the New York Stock Exchange. The Drexel interest still centered in Philadelphia Morgan took charge in New York. In 1876, we are told, Morgan was ready to choose his partners for himself. The first of these was Egisto P. Fabbri, an urbane but daring and pushing Italian.

"Fabbri worked inside; Morgan pushed and jammed and dragged in business to him: government bonds, Northern Pacific, New York Central, the West Shore and the Long Island railroads. Fabbri worked out the detail. And together they turned out good securities for good customers, who would come again and ask for more. It was hard work. American financial goods—corporation and too often State as well—had been fraudulent, or worthless.

"It was extremely strenuous work. Fabbri, a man a little older than Morgan, wore out under it in about ten years. He took his fortune,—estimated between \$10,000,000 and \$20,000,000,—went to Florence, bought a castle, and took up the pastimes of an Italian nobleman; fed and drank and got medals from the King. He was fifty-seven when he got through; eight years afterwards he died."

In the middle of the '80's five more men came in—three into the Philadelphia house; two, George S. Bowdoin

and Charles H. Coster, into that of New York. In New York the active work fell to Coster, who had been in Fabbri's old mercantile establishment

Morgan's Partners

GENERATIONS in Wall Street seem to be short. In the '90's, Mr. Turner continues, generations again changed. Morgan's father, head of the London house which Peabody had made, died. The third generation began to arrive from school and college—young Morgan, young Drexel, young Bowdoin. The younger men came into the old counting-room

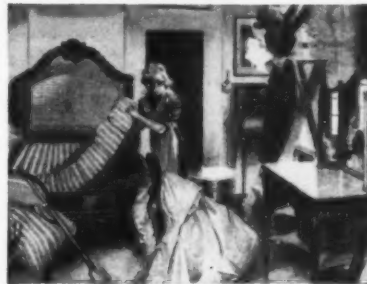
"Then Anthony J. Drexel died, and the last of the Drexel family left the firm. In London and Philadelphia and Paris, as well as in New York, Pierpont Morgan was head of the house.

"The railroads had gone to smash in the panic of 1893; American securities were a mess again and Europe was again disgusted. Morgan and Coster set out to rearrange them. Coster, a man with a mathematical brain, worked at the detailed sorting out of the wreck. Morgan, with a clairvoyant mind and a genius for adjusting the relative rights of all kinds of security holders, listened, and changed, and growled assent. Coster, now a man with a weary face, marked by a constant expression of wonderment,—as if surprised at what he saw the world was capable of doing to itself,—wore himself out on these problems. His vitality was almost gone. One Thursday in March, 1900, he took pneumonia. On the following Tuesday he was dead. He was forty-eight, and left a fortune estimated at from five to ten million dollars. Mr. Morgan, still as vigorous as ever, was about to secure another generation of partners."

Robert Bacon, subsequently of national fame, was already in the firm at this time. Then, just as the burden was slipping onto his shoulders, the Northern Pacific crash, occurring in Morgan's absence, proved too much for his nervous system. He retired from the turmoils of Wall Street to the comparative ease of an ambassadorship.

The New Desk of George W. Perkins.

THIS generation was followed by a fourth, of which George W. Perkins was the most picturesque, if not the most important. Mr. Turner says of him that on his face the insurance agent's smile had been developed to its highest perfection. Perkins was in Mr. Morgan's office one day, standing by one of the old mahogany desks. "How would you like that desk?" asked Mr. Morgan abruptly. "Why, I'd like it, Mr. Morgan," replied Perkins, somewhat confused and puzzled. "It's yours," said Morgan, and left the room. The next



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Establishing the Morgan Dynasty.

FOR three years after the crisis, George W. Perkins remained Morgan's chief lieutenant. There was, however, a feeling in Wall Street that Perkins was growing too dominating, too decisive, in the Morgan business. "So far," remarks Mr. Turner, "there had been one will only in the house of Morgan—directing, dissenting, approving, exploding like the wrath of God on a perishing world." In January, 1911, Perkins retired from Morgan's with a great fortune. But now, with the revolving seasons, the North American continent started to tip again toward the sun for the opening spring of another decade, and, says Mr. Turner, it was time for Morgan—over seventy now—to choose his fifth set of partners. At the head of his firm, as he saw it, and the events have justified his vision, was not a Perkins, nor a Coster, but a Morgan. Junius Morgan was put through a severe training before his father accepted him as a partner. He had his apprenticeship and hard knocks to boot. Again there was need of active new members, and J. Pierpont Morgan reached out into the banking world for new recruits. In 1909 Morgan took Harry Davison, then a man of forty-two, from the First National

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Bank. He was regarded as one of the ablest and most aggressive among the younger bankers, and was the chief founder of the Bankers' Trust Co.

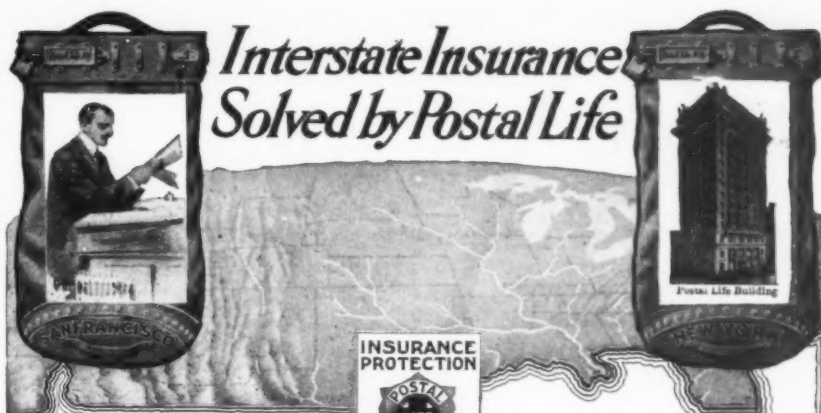
"Davison came in on January 1, 1909. (Practically all of the changes of the Morgan firm come at the beginning of the calendar year.) Two years later, at the opening of 1911, came Davison's personal friend and business associate, Thomas W. Lamont. And at the same date came in another banker, William H. Porter, for the past eight years the president of that strong tower of the middle ages of New York finance, the Chemical National Bank.

"The choice of bankers as his partners was, in a way, new to Morgan. But these men were not merely technical bankers, trained to the narrow specialties of commercial banking. Two of them had had their big successes in the financial banks and trust companies, which, after all, were principally in buying and selling and estimating the value of securities and of enterprises, in much the same way that the firm of Morgan was. The third, as president of a great bank more commercial in its line, had had his own large training in the same kind of work.

"And with these men the present firm of Morgan was completed."

Uncle Sam's Trial Balance.

NOT a little disappointment and impatience have been felt by students of social and industrial progress at the tardy publication of the facts gathered in the federal census of 1910. The first completed volume has only now appeared, three years after the collection of the material. The average man, as Kate Holladay Claghorn remarks in *Survey*, is repelled by long, dry columns of figures, and will not try to understand them. Consequently, he thinks them useless and their preparation merely an excuse for drawing fat salaries. That may account for the parsimony of Congress in cutting down the appropriation for the proper tabulation of facts gathered in the Census to one-half the sum needed. It also accounts for the belated appearance of much information of import, not only to the sociological student but to the manufacturer as well. Most of the general results of the census given in the first volume have already been given to the public piecemeal. But marshalled together for the first time they gain new and striking significance. In the decade ending in 1910, 16,000,000 persons were added to the population—an increase of 21%—which is the first gain in the ratio of increase since 1860. This gain, Mrs. Claghorn thinks, may be the first indication of a shifting of our economic base from agriculture to manufacture that will have far-reaching social results. This solution is sug-



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gested by the fact that while the less densely settled agricultural sections of the Far West showed the highest rate of increase, their actual gain amounted to less than 3,000,000, while the strongly industrial states of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, making up the Middle Atlantic group, with a low rate of increase (higher, however, than the average for the country), actually gained nearly 4,000,000 inhabitants.

Increasing Rates of Foreign-Born in Our Industrial Life.

THE foreign-born, it seems, have maintained about the same relative proportion to the general population since 1860. In 1910 they constituted 14.5% of the total population, and their numerical increase is a little over 3,000,000 in ten years. The second generation make up 20.5% of the total. Their importance, Mrs. Claghorn goes on to say, has been steadily increasing in relative importance since 1870. The negro population, on the other hand, has dropped from 15.7% in 1850 to 10.7%. Less than one million of the total increase was furnished by them. They are being supplanted in the South not by foreigners either of the first or second generation but by native whites. The pure native element, however, has dropped from 50% to 40% of the population in New England, and from 48% to 44% in the Middle Atlantic States, with a corresponding gain for foreigners of the first and second generation. This, Mrs. Claghorn thinks, reflects the growing part played by the foreign-born in our industrial life. For of the 4,000,000 total increase in the Middle Atlantic States, over a million and a half were foreign-born. The net result of the racial changes in the United States has been a constantly decreasing proportion of the native whites of native parentage from 1860, when they constituted nearly 60 per cent. of the total population, to 1910, when they were just short of 54 per cent., or little over one-half.

Where the Foreigner
Forges Ahead.

THE chapters on illiteracy and school attendance give a disconcerting impression to the native American. For it is evident from the statistics that the children of foreign-born parents more quickly and more fully avail themselves of our educational systems. It is cheering to note, Mrs. Claghorn remarks, that the percentage of illiteracy in the population of ten years of age and over has decreased from 17 in 1880 to 7.7 in 1910; that the rate for natives of native parentage has dropped from 7.5 in 1890 to 3.7; that the second generation of



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foreigners show the phenomenally low rate of 1.1 per cent., and that, notwithstanding the great increase of immigration from countries in which the rate of illiteracy is high, foreign-born whites show an actual decrease in illiteracy from 13.1 per cent. in 1890 to 12.7 in 1910. On the other hand, as Mrs. Claghorn remarks, it seems inexcusable that in the year 1910 there should be over 295,000 native white persons of native parentage, ten years of age, in the northern states, who can not read and write; 46,294 in the far western states, and 1,118,573 in the southern states. And that the total number of illiterates of native white birth and parentage is exactly four-fifths of the total number of illiterate foreign whites.

Fresh Air as a
Salesman.

THE modern business man looks to psychology for aid. He also must pay tribute to hygiene. No investment is more profitable, commercially speaking, than expense incurred in providing the proper sanitary conditions for employees. Scientific ventilation seems to be one of the most important chapters in the science of business hygiene. This is no less true of the winter than of the summer months. It is not sufficient to keep employees comfortably warm. They must also be supplied with the proper amount of humidity. "You must choose between humidity and stupidity in your store, office, or factory, in the winter months," Sidney G. Koon remarks in *System*. If, he says, you would keep your clerks alert and obliging, your customers good-natured and impressionable, you must provide for them more moisture than ordinary heating and ventilating apparatus provides. In cold weather the air in the average business building is said to be dryer than in the desert of the Sahara. Air drawn in from the outside, whether through the windows and doors or through the intakes of a blower heating and ventilating system, contains a relatively small amount of moisture. The colder the day, the less the moisture. Modern steel-makers, in order to obtain the dryest possible blasts for their furnaces, drive the air through huge refrigerators before using it. When air from the outside is heated to living requirements, the moisture is further reduced and the comfort and working efficiency of the occupants is greatly decreased. On an ordinary winter day, Mr. Koon assures us, with an outside temperature of thirty degrees and a relative humidity of sixty per cent., the amount of water vapor contained, when the air is heated to seventy degrees, will

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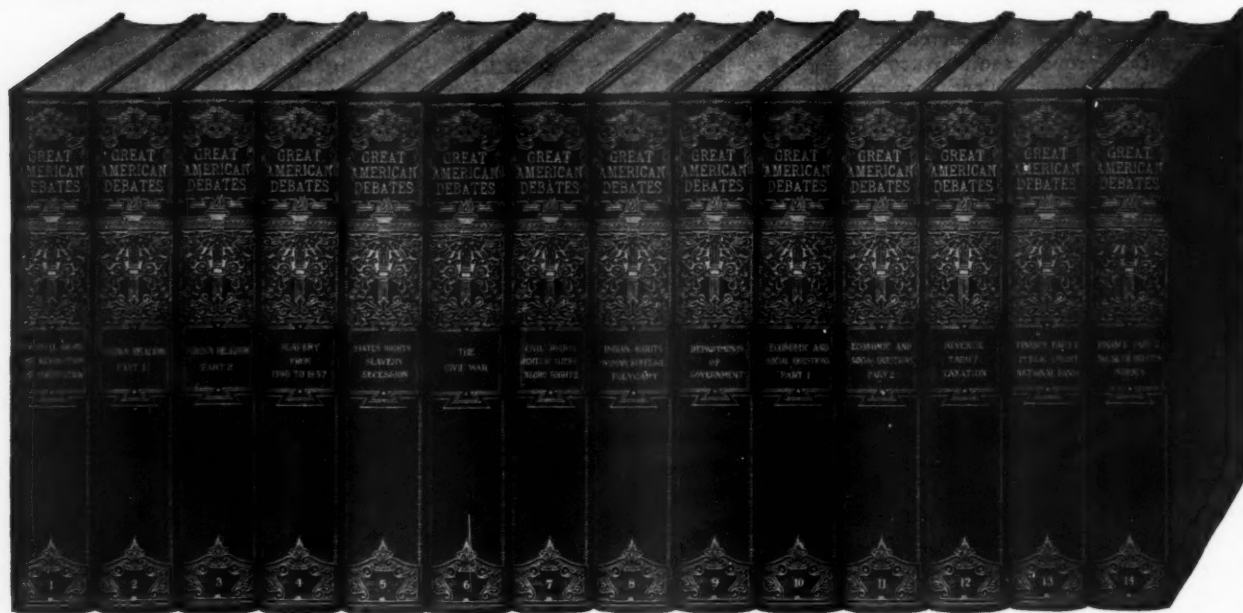
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"Usually a shower or series of sprays is placed somewhere in the ventilating system. Drawn through this curtain of water, the air is loaded with moisture either before or after it rushes through the heating chamber and the fans which force it through ducts to all parts of the building. The water, of course, is used over and over again, being pumped up from the pan in which it is caught and through the spray nozzles again, thus completing the cycle.

"Experiments in stores, office buildings, factories and schools seem to establish beyond question that such a tempering process is a necessary and profitable part of every ventilating and heating system in winter. Tests made in one large organization, housed in a building in which humidified air at a temperature of sixty-four degrees was substituted for dry air at seventy degrees, showed the occupants to be more comfortable, much more efficient and less easily tired late in the afternoon than they were under former conditions. A notable change attributed to the new system was the reduction of friction in handling the day's work. Infractions of discipline were cut to less than half the number which had taken place before the change."

The Future of the Parcel Post and the Farmers.

THE biggest thing in the future of the Parcel Post, Uncle Sam's most important recent experiment, is the network of rural free delivery routes—one million miles in all, four times the total railroad mileage of the country. These million miles of post roads, according to Barton W. Currie in *The Country Gentleman*, tap more than six million farms, and before the new postal regulation can be a great comprehensive success these six million farms must all be shipping standardized farm products into the hands

\$5,000 a Year from Ten Acres

With Six Months Vacation



Independence and a Competence for Life

Five Thousand Dollars a Year

net income from ten acres of matured apple and cherry orchard in the frostless and wormless Bitter Root Valley with a home and six months vacation annually in one of the most magnificently endowed natural environments on the Creator's footstool, with golf links, hunting, fishing and mountain climbing and with neighbors of culture, education and refinement—is the opportunity we offer you.

We believe you will investigate this opportunity because this appeal for investigation is directed to broad-minded and sensible readers, living in an age of scientific progress which has made the impossible of yesterday the reality of today. This is not an offer of something for nothing. It is an opportunity for you to make an immensely profitable compact based on mankind's partnership with Nature. We are now growing more than three thousand acres of fruit trees, one to three years old, for satisfied customers who would not consider selling their orchards at a large advance over their cost.

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A Bitter Root Valley apple orchard bears commercially in its fifth year. Ten acres, fully developed, should be capable of returning you during early maturity, strictly net, a profit of \$2,000 to \$5,000 yearly. Beginning with the 10th year from planting, judged by experience of others, to acres should net you an income of \$5,000 yearly and employ only half your time.

If you have a fair-sized income now and are willing to improve your condition, you do not need much capital to possess one of these big-paying orchards.

Our Proposition and Plan

briefly stated is this: We will sell you a CHOICE 10-ACRE ORCHARD HOME TRACT (spring of 1912 planting) best standard varieties apples and cherries—with the Company's definite written contract to care for and develop your orchard under expert horticultural supervision for five full growing seasons from date of planting, including all land taxes and irrigation charges. You may, if desired, assume personal charge of your orchard at any time and secure a refund.

The land should easily become worth conservatively stated, in fair comparison with other improved land, \$1,000 an acre. There is a clear profit to you of 100 per cent on a 5-year investment to count on at the outset. Only a \$300 cash payment required now to secure your orchard tract—balance in easy payments divided over a ten year period. Your payments for the first few years are practically ALL the cash outlay you will have, as your orchard tract should meet all payments falling due while in commercial bearing period and yield you a handsome profit besides. Our reservation plan provides for inspection of the land by you, and your money back if dissatisfied.

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Street No. or Rural Route.....

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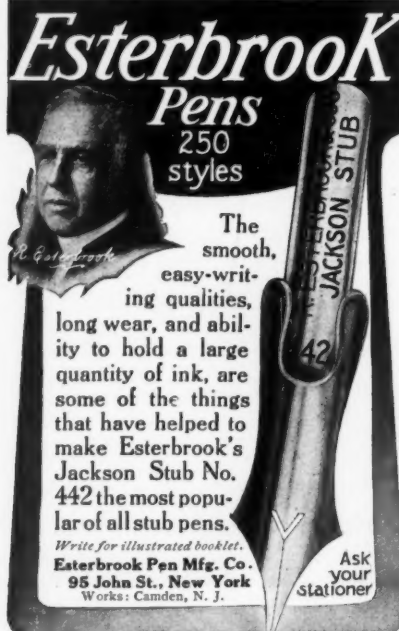
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of the consumer. In the matter of these rural free delivery routes, Mr. Currie maintains, Uncle Sam has the whip hand over the express companies and the railroads.

"The express companies cannot begin to drain these arteries of the farmers' traffic. In the first place they cannot afford to without shaving another big slice off their fifty or one hundred per cent. dividends; in the second place they will have their job cut out for them to compete with Uncle Sam in the town and city fields when some future Postmaster-General simplifies and perfects the parcel post to the point where it is a huge business proposition for the farmer as well as for the merchant.

"Just now it is costing the Government \$47,000,000 annually to maintain the R. F. D. routes. The revenue derived is \$7,000,000, wherefore the balance on the wrong side of the ledger is \$40,000,000. And so it might have continued had not the progressive furor, stress and strain of the last national election compelled definite action on the parcel post measure. Even under the present incomplete and somewhat intricate parcel post regulation this R. F. D. deficit will be cut down. That it shall be wiped out altogether may be achieved by an adequate extension and simplification of the present system.

"All this will be a gradual process, necessarily, and the Postmaster-General who blazes the trail will have a big job on his hands; but in the end it is coming, just as surely as profitable and scientific farming is coming. The parcel post is not only going to enable the farmer in the aggregate to buy from the producer of merchandise on a vast scale, but the farmer is going to be enabled to sell to the consumer of foodstuffs on a gigantic scale—and these superlative size adjectives are not one bit extravagant."

Simplifying the Parcel- Post System.

THE great mailing houses and department stores are using the parcel post system to advantage, but the farmer, Mr. Currie goes on to say, is not uttering any loud sounds of exultation. A system that is so smeared and messed up with arithmetic that it requires the aid of a map and an index and a correspondence school course in rates is not going to be of any material help to the little producer. Of course, Mr. Currie remarks, Uncle Sam will sell you a parcel post guide for seventy-five cents, with accompanying map to help you puzzle the whole thing out; but the experience of the past few months has shown that shipping by postal express, so-called, must, to afford the benefits demanded, be so simply governed that the shipper can carry it all in his head and need not have a battle with the mail clerk every time he wants to send a consignment, "not to exceed eleven pounds." Senator Bristow, who is one of the members of the congressional committee on parcel post, and his colleagues have advanced ideas on postal development. "I believe," Senator Bristow

declared in the course of an interview with the writer, "in a gradual raising of the weight limit. Were we to put it up to one hundred pounds at once it would mean the extermination of the express companies, and we are not ready for that yet. It is not any great step from a hundred-pound limit to a freight post, and then we would be face to face with the prospect of Government ownership of railroads. That is the situation in England and Prussia, where the weight limit is much higher than ours. So it may occur in the United States, but certainly we cannot hurl ourselves headlong into such a mammoth business enterprise. There will be ample and extraordinary opportunity for the farmer to benefit by the parcel post long before such a revolutionary departure, if he will only study his opportunities and standardize his products."

Postmaster Hitchcock's
Poor Guess.

ONE day last December, some men sat in a Washington Club discussing the probable effect of the parcel post, which was scheduled to begin operation on the first day of the new year. Postmaster General Hitchcock was asked how many parcels he thought would be carried the first week. "Well," he replied, "my conservative estimate would be half a million. Stretching my guess to the utmost I should say it would not exceed a million." But he was not a good prophet. The number of packages carried during the first week was seven millions. During the month of January, one of the slackest months in the year, and before the machinery of the service had really limbered up, forty million packages were handled by parcel post. This, Mr. Currie remarks, is at the rate of 480,000,000 packages a year, more than twice as many pieces as were handled by fourth-class mail in the fiscal year ending June 1912.

"It must be borne in mind when estimating the parcel post service that practically all former fourth-class mail is now classified as parcel post. The total of fourth-class mail for 1912 was 239,982,313. The figures for January, 1912, were not available in Washington.

"In the 40,000,000 total for January, 1913, the shipment of farm products was certainly a negligible factor. Before the February business was well under way the prospect was that 100,000,000 parcel post packages a month would soon be a modest average and that the Post Office Department would before long be doing sums in billions when reckoning the annual total. The postmaster of St. Louis notified Washington early in February that by the end of the year 100,000 parcel post packages would be mailed at his office daily. This would be 3,000,000 a month for just one post office. St. Louis' January total outgoing parcels was 728,018.



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Thousands of youngsters ask for Heinz Peanut Butter every meal. Just because of its delicious flavor. Parents have a deeper reason for wanting them to have it. Children's food must go into *growth*, as well as satisfy appetite. They need *protein*. And

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is rich in this valuable element. Little folks revel in it while it builds them up. The choicest peanuts, picked over and over to exclude all but the perfect kernels—roasted till the delicate flavor is fully brought out—then salted and ground. Made into creamy butter. One of the best of the

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And grown folks rival children in demanding Heinz Peanut Butter. Many housewives use it for cooking and for the table. Fine for luncheon sandwiches. Get a jar today.

Others of the famous "57": Euchred Pickle, Chili Sauce, Vinegars, Tomato Ketchup, Baked Beans, India Relish, etc.

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Have You Tried the New Heinz Spaghetti?

—Real Italian Style
—with that delicate *finer* flavor—the piquancy and richness of the dish as served in the most famous restaurants of Italy.

Better even than best home-made. Appetizing—digestible—nourishing. Prepared in a jiffy.



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BEST RETAIL TRADE

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B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., \$1.00 and \$1.50 the garment.

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CURRENT LITERATURE PUBLISHING CO., 140 W. 29th Street, New York

"An analysis of this experimental business reveals that January's 40,000,000-package record represented almost wholly a city and town traffic. Chicago, the home of the great mail-order houses, handled 4,168,153 parcels; New York was second with 3,519,788. Then came Boston with 1,151,408; Philadelphia with 1,035,000; St. Louis with 917,809; Cleveland with 879,768; Brooklyn with 834,000; Detroit with 510,072; Cincinnati with 412,381; and Kansas City with 357,102. Practically half the business was handled in the big cities, and from records obtainable it is safe to say that seven-eighths of the traffic was outgoing mail from the towns and cities."

C. O. D. by Parcel Post.

THE parcel post, as a writer in *System* remarks, supplies a new link in the service chain which binds the consumer to the retail store. The last important link was forged a dozen years ago when the telephone captured city and suburban residence districts and brought the farmer within speaking distance of the stores in his market town. It facilitated ordering and put the buyer in quick touch with the source of supplies. In the cities its influence on trade was felt immediately, but in the country the problem of getting the goods to the buyer remained, until its happy solution by the parcel post service. It is only a question of time when the weight limit will be increased and the cost diminished. As the parcel post develops, various improvements add to its value. Already, as Hugh Thompson points out in *Munsey's*, it is possible to send parcels by special delivery. The C. O. D. system is being added to the service, and will be undoubtedly of vast benefit to the public.

"The plan will not be in operation until the 1st of July, but it was fully worked out by Mr. Hitchcock, and represents his parting gift to the service. Its *modus operandi* is as follows:

"If a New York tailor wants to send a suit of clothes, valued at thirty-five dollars, to a customer in Washington, to be paid for on delivery, the only postage required is the proper amount of parcel post stamps. The carrier who delivers the bundle in Washington collects the thirty-five dollars by issuing a post office order made payable to the New York tailor. Thus the only fee for the transaction is the price of the money-order, which, in this case, would be fifteen cents. Much time, trouble, and expense are saved by empowering the carrier to make out the order."

While the returns of the Parcel Post have been soaring, the stock of the various express companies have suffered severe declines. The development of the service seems to point to the ultimate assumption by the Government of the entire service. The governmental railroad in Panama and the proposed federal railroad in Alaska are straws pointing whither the wind blows.

How to Provide for
One's Old Age.

A BRIGHT financial publication, *Investments*, prints an interesting table, compiled by P. W. Brooks, demonstrating how the investment of twenty-five dollars a month for a period of twenty-five years may insure a competency for one's old age. We are also told the result of the investment of five hundred dollars a year in a similar manner. Probably a higher rate of interest than that indicated in these figures could be obtained by purchasing an annuity, but in that case the buyer must be prepared to sacrifice his principal. The compilers of the table advise investments in bonds only. They would have the investor steer clear of stocks and the Stock Exchange. The table presupposes that gilt-edged five per cent. bonds are always purchasable at par and that money on deposit will invariably yield four per cent. annually. If this presupposition be granted, then the investment of twenty-five dollars a month (\$300 a year), with interest promptly reinvested, will yield an annual income of \$710 after twenty-five years.

INVESTING \$25 PER MONTH				
Year.	Par Value. Ann'l Inv.	Bond Int. @ 5%.	Total Principal.	Surplus on Dep. @ 4%.
1	\$300		\$300.00	
2	300	\$15.00	615.00	\$15.60
3	300	30.00	945.60	47.44
4	300	45.00	1,292.44	96.18
5	400	60.00	1,656.18	58.45
6	400	80.00	2,138.45	40.00
7	400	100.00	2,440.00	41.62
8	400	120.00	2,861.62	64.11
9	500	140.00	3,304.11	4.27
10	400	165.00	3,769.27	72.07
11	500	185.00	4,257.07	59.38
12	500	210.00	4,769.38	72.18
13	600	235.00	5,307.18	7.47
14	500	265.00	5,872.47	75.40
15	600	290.00	6,465.40	68.04
16	600	320.00	7,088.04	91.60
17	700	350.00	7,741.60	43.28
18	700	385.00	8,428.28	29.42
19	700	420.00	9,149.42	51.42
20	800	455.00	9,906.42	6.68
21	800	495.00	10,701.68	1.75
22	800	535.00	11,536.75	37.13
23	900	575.00	12,412.13	12.62
24	900	620.00	13,332.62	33.94
25	900	665.00	14,298.94	
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Will yield \$710 annual income after 25 years.

On the same plan an investment of \$500 a year will yield after twenty-five years a principal of \$23,840.96 and an annual income of \$1,190.

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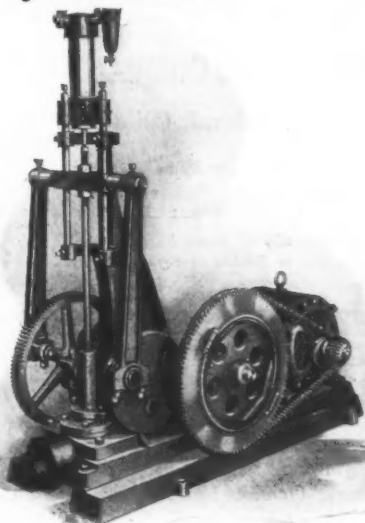
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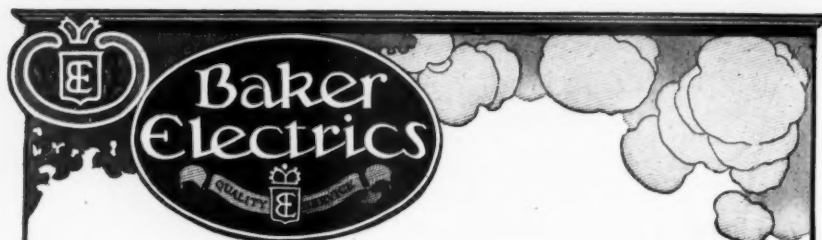


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Shear Nonsense

The Los Angeles Times gathers a number of sayings of well-known men, all of them edifying:

PRECISION.

President Wilson, at a dinner in Washington, said of a statistician:

"His figures are so precise that one inclines to doubt them. He is like the American sugar planter in Hawaii who, taking a friend to the edge of a volcano, said:

"That crater, George, is just 70,004 years old."

"But why the four?" George asked.

"Oh, I've been here four," was the reply. "It was 70,000 when I came."

PERSEVERANCE IS NOT EVERYTHING.

At an Easter breakfast John D. Rockefeller, Jr., once said:

"The road to success is called Perseverance. Perseverance conquers everything. But—"

Mr. Rockefeller, with a smile, took up an Easter egg. "But," he added, "let us remember that a hen on an egg of porcelain perseveres."

THE CONSCIENTIOUS CENSOR.

Mayor Gaynor, condemning the censorship—whether of books or plays or motion picture films—said at a dinner in New York:

"Censors are always—or practically always—foolish nuisances."

"They say that an English censor once passed a play called 'London Life.' In the third act of this play the hero, entering a restaurant, calls for a chop and a mug of musty ale. But opposite this speech the censor wrote:

"During Lent the order must be a glass of water and a plate of dry toast."

NURSING HIS JOB.

Senator Lodge was talking in Boston about certain investigating committees.

"They are like the brook," he said, "they flow on forever. Some of them, in fact, remind me strongly of Si Hoskins."

"Si Hoskins got a job last spring at shooting muskrats, for muskrats overran the mill owner's dam."

"There, in the lovely spring weather, Si sat on the grassy bank, his gun on his knee, and finding him thus one morning, I said:

"What are you doing, Si?"

"I'm paid to shoot the muskrats, sir," he answered. "They're underminin' the dam."

"There goes one now," said I. "Shoot, man! Why don't you shoot?"

"Si puffed a tranquil cloud from his pipe and said:

"Do you think I want to lose my job?"

HIGH FINANCE.

Thomas W. Lawson, the Boston financier, said the other day of a scandalous financial deal:

"These people traded on popular ignorance. They were like Calhoun Clay, who opened a bank in Nola Chucky."

"All the colored people around Nola Chucky deposited their savings in Calhoun's bank, and Cal soon began to wear, instead of cowhide boots and jeans, patent leathers and broadcloth."

"Then, one day, Wash White called at the bank and said:

"I'd like to draw out my money, sah."

"Your money?" said the banker, lighting a ten-cent cigar.

"Yes, sah, my ten dollars."

"Your ten dollars."

"Yes, my ten dollars what I 'posited last summer."

"Why, man alive!" shouted Banker Calhoun Clay angrily, "don't you know the interest done et that up three months ago?"

Here are four lexicographical jokes that are wandering around through our exchanges:

ETHEL'S GUESS.

A Southern mother was questioning her little daughter in geography.

"Who was the first to go through the Straits of Magellan?" she asked.

"Magellan with his squadron," quickly replied the child.

"What do you understand by his squadron, Ethel?"

The question was not in the book, but Ethel was quite equal to the emergency.

"Why, it's one of those women that ain't quite white, mother."

A SECOND EDISON.

FARMER. Yes, sir, that hired man of mine is one of the greatest inventors of the century.

CITY BOARDER. You don't say! What did he invent?

FARMER. Petrified motion.

THE APPROPRIATE THING.

"And these," said the jeweler's assistant, "are some new souvenir spoons we have just got in, madam."

"Oh, ain't those lovely?" cried Mrs. Neuriche. "I'll take a dozen. My new French chef makes perfectly delicious souvenir."

T. R.'S FAULT.

There is an old mammy cooking for a Philadelphia family, who has been greatly exercised over the soaring price of eggs.

It was during the time of excitement caused by Schrank's bullet fired at the ex-president that Aunt Calline's mistress came into the kitchen one day in time to hear the old woman mumble:

"Ef hit hadn' 'a' been fo' dat Roosevelt de price of 'em wouldn't 'a' gone up no higher!"

"What are you talking about, Aunt Calline?" inquired her mistress.

"Didn' I heah you-all say dat as soon as de pres'dent was hit wid dat bullet he went somewheres an' got eggs raise?"

Religious topics, it is said, should not be raised in social gatherings. Perhaps this anecdote furnishes an explanation:

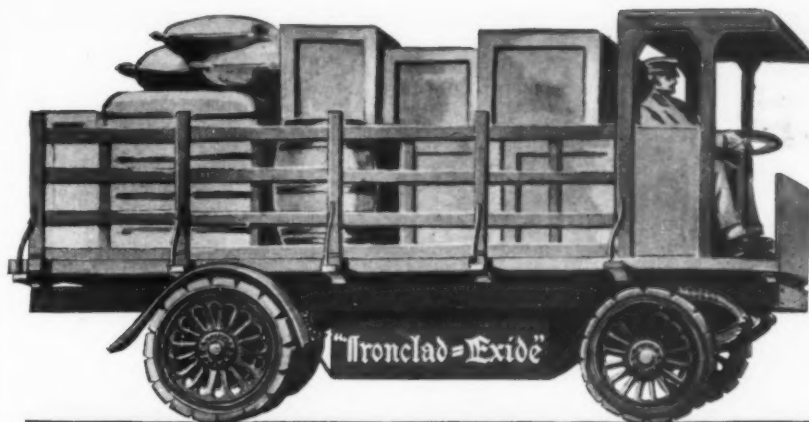
AVERSE TO PERSONALITIES.

Senator Bailey, of Texas, the day of his farewell address, was asked by a correspondent to criticize two committees. He refused, however, to do so.

"I decline," he said, "for the same reason that led a cousin of mine to decline to argue about theology."

"I cannot discuss heaven or hell," my cousin said. "I have friends in both places."

It was a humorous paper—*Punch*—that gave the advice "don't"—to those about to marry, and the humorists continue to make



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sport of love's young dream, sad to say. Witness the following:

AN ENDEARING ACT.

WIFE (pleadingly). "I'm afraid, Jack, you do not love me any more—any way, as well as you used to."

HUSBAND. "Why?"

WIFE. "Because you always let me get up to light the fire now."

HUSBAND. "Nonsense, my love! Your getting up to light the fire makes me love you all the more."

PROBABLY SHE WOULD.

Mrs. Newbride came hurriedly into her husband's study one morning.

"Herbert, dear," she said, "this recipe for lemon pie says to sit on a hot stove and stir constantly."

"Well, Alice," replied the doting husband, "if you do sit on a hot stove I think you will find that you *will* stir constantly."

A SAGE INQUIRY.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, addressing the students of Smith College, told a story.

"A young man," she said, "fell upon his left knee, clasped his hands and cried: 'Miss McClintock—Mabel—if you refuse me, I shall never love another woman.'"

"And does that promise hold good," said the young girl, "if I accept you?"

SHE HAS CHANGED HER MIND.

Miss Helen Gould—now that she is Mrs. Finley J. Shepard—may sometimes think, perhaps, of an Easter party that she once gave to some poor little girls at her country house at Irvington.

At this party Miss Gould showed her juvenile guests the treasures of her house—her pictures, her tapestries, her carved Italian chests, her rare books. She also showed them a beautiful statue, saying:

"And here, my dears, is a statue of Minerva—a modern French masterpiece." "Was Minerva married?" a little girl asked.

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"No, my child," Miss Gould answered. "Minerva was the goddess of wisdom."

The Irish cook continues to add to the hilarity of nations. *Lippincott's* and the *Ladies' Home Journal* are responsible for these:

NO TIME FOR FRIENDS.

Ellen, Mrs. B.'s cook, had invested several months' savings in an elaborate Easter hat and gown, and had selected her afternoon off as the day in which she should burst forth in all her glory.

Having carefully arrayed herself, and longing for admiration, Ellen made an excuse to go into her mistress's presence, and waited for a compliment.

Knowing what was expected, Mrs. B. exclaimed:

"Why, Ellen, how splendid you are in your new hat and gown! I hope you will meet all your friends this afternoon, so that they may see your fine clothes."

Ellen smiled graciously at the compliment, but tossed her head at the suggestion.

"Me friends, mum? What'll I be wantin' to see them for?" she asked scornfully. "Sure, I don't care to make me friends jealous. It's me enemies I want to meet when I'm dressed up!"

HOW COULD SHE TELL?

"Norah," said the mistress, "are these French sardines that you have given me?"

"Shure, Oi don't know, ma'am," said the new cook; "they were pasht spakin' whin we opened the box."

HE COULD TAKE HIS CHOICE.

A man from the city went to a small country town in New Hampshire to spend his vacation. At the station he took the stage, which was drawn by two dilapidated horses, and found that he had no smaller bill than a five-dollar one, which he handed to the driver.

The driver looked at it for a moment or so, and then said: "Which horse do you want?"



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